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Overland Monthly

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Woman's Part in the World's Work

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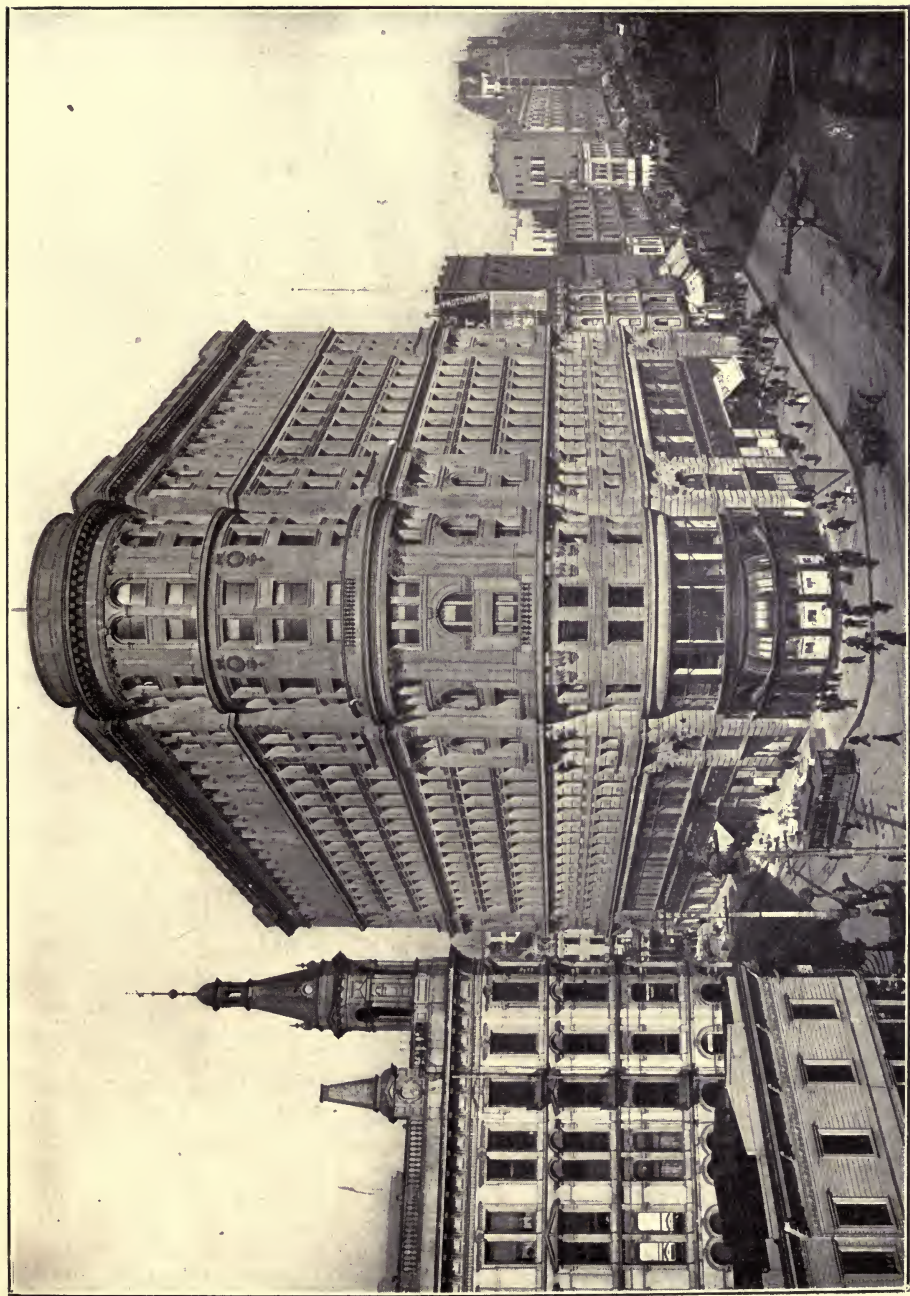
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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

VOLUME XLVI



JULY-DECEMBER ∴ ∴ ∴ 1905



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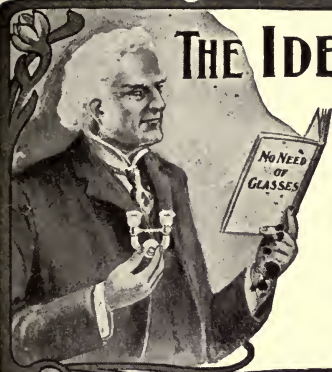
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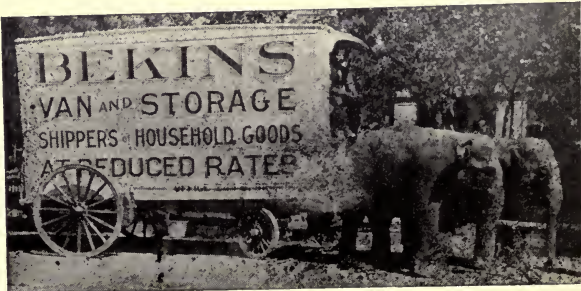
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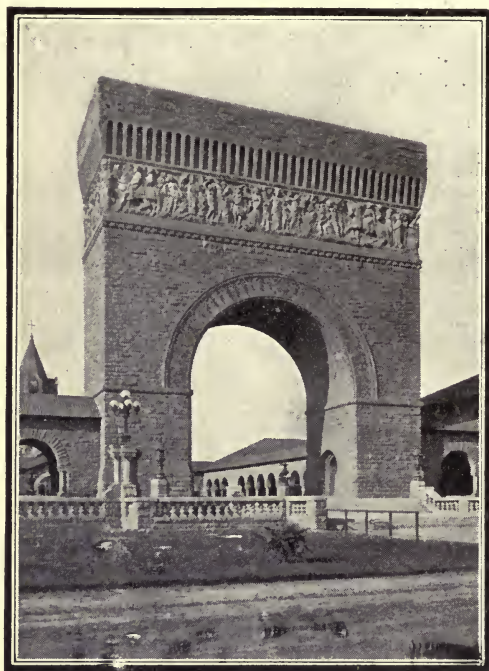
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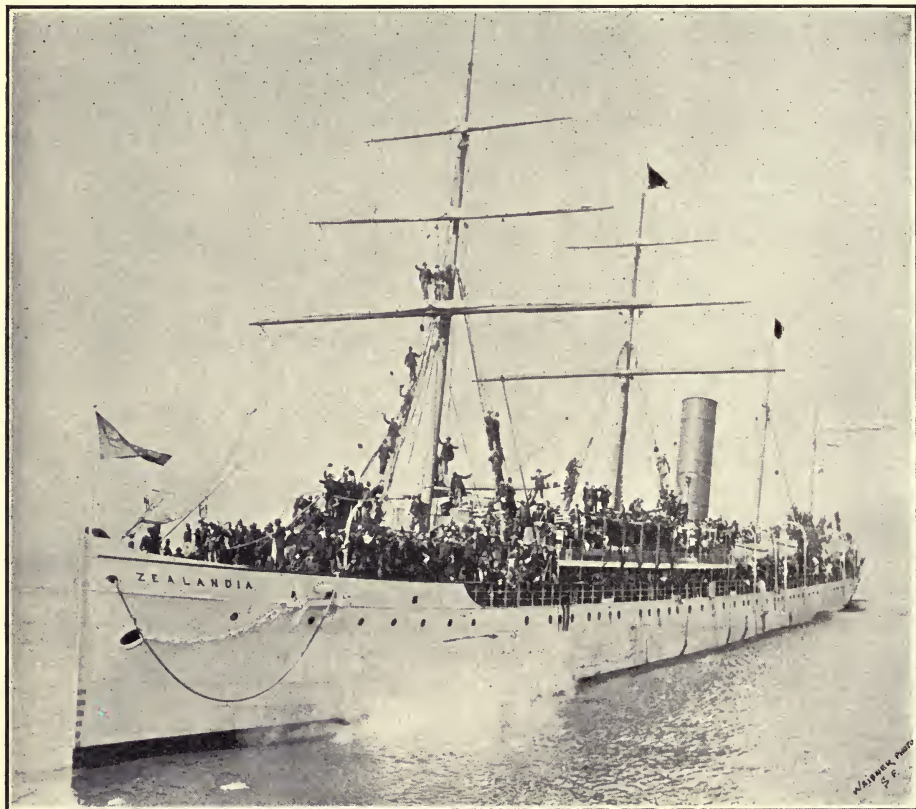
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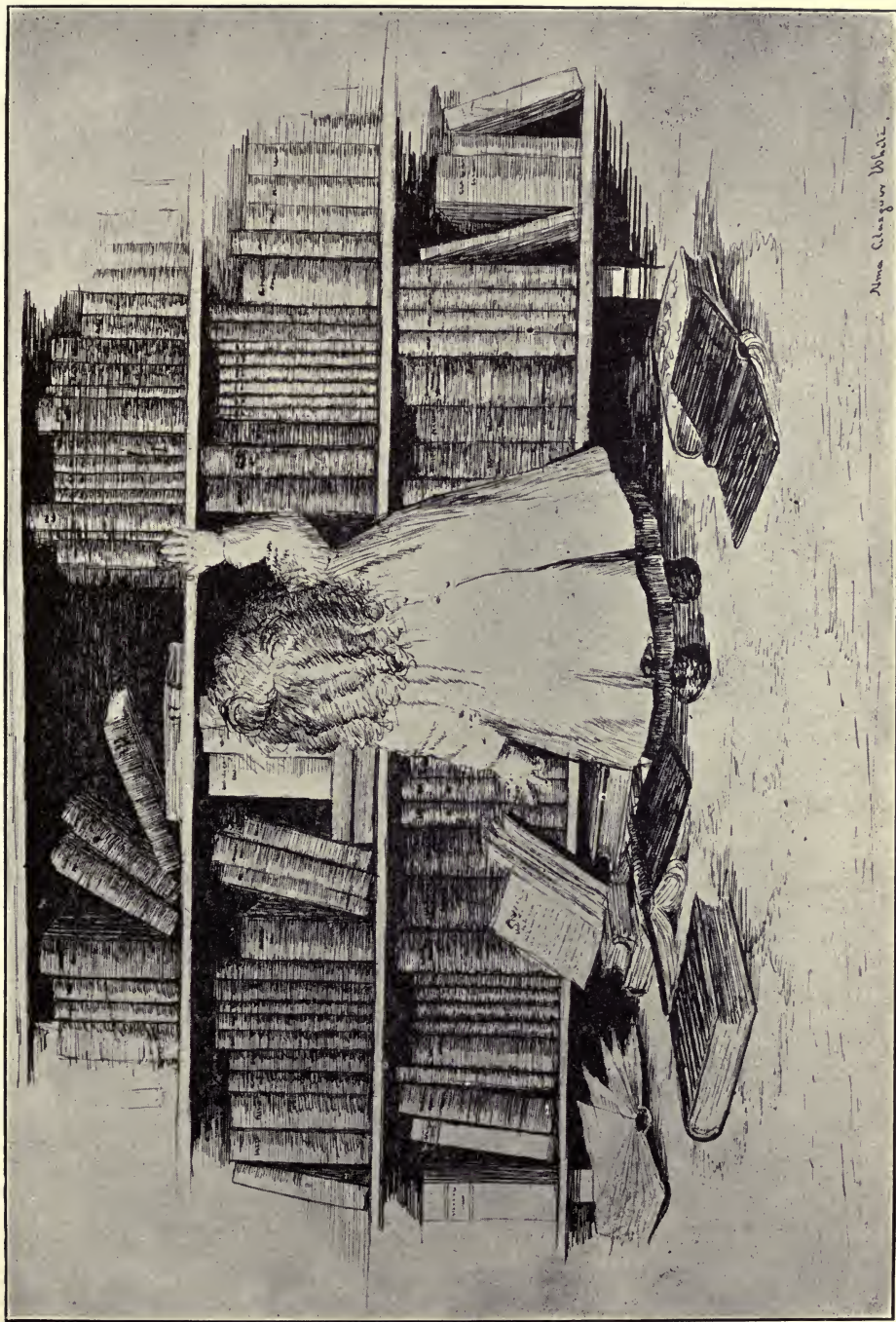
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Alma Glasgow White

A study in a study, by Alma Glasgow White.



A study in black and white, by J. F. Raphael.

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No. 1



Kasaan. A typical native village.

Canoeing Through Southeastern Alaska

By Laura W. Maxwell

THE canoe packed, our three trusty chiefs at their paddles, their grim features set, we stepped into our places. The sun was just tinting the snow-tipped mountains, when with the dip of the paddles, one low guttural command from the Chief Yethnow, we found ourselves started on our cruise up the inside passage through Southeastern Alaska.

The marvels of that trip cannot half be told—the English language offering no adequate expression for

the grandeur of those wooded isles and mountains.

As it was daylight for twenty hours of the day, and twilight for the rest of the twenty-four, we can hardly say that we camped at night, but rather we took our rest wherever the Captain Chief could descry a clearing sufficiently large to accommodate our small stretch of canvas. We made a landing, each one glad to rest his weary bones, after the long hours sitting flat on the bottom of the canoe, the posture



Burial house, Kasaan.

one must take in order "to trim ship." We could not enjoy the delightful relaxation of a run on the



Chief Yethnow.

beach, there being no beach in many places. The water is so deep that an ocean-going vessel can skirt the edge and the passengers pluck the branches as they pass.

Our passage lay between thickly wooded isles on one side and the mountains on the shore line, with heavy chaparral growing among the great firs, cedars and pines—the fallen trees covered with moss, ferns and wild flowers.

We wound in and out among the wondrous isles, catching tides,



Totem poles at Hawkan.

being caught by treacherous currents, swirled about by frantic eddies, until we came at last to Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon's Entrance. These are the only places where one is exposed to the sea and sea-sickness, in which we of a higher civilization indulged. Our trusty braves paddled on, never missing a stroke, and utterly unmindful of our misery.

We passed through the perilous straits, a trifle pale and green about the mouth, but eager to press on,

so wonderful was the scenery in its ever-changing greens, yellows and browns. Dixon's Entrance passed, we had to look forward to our first glimpses of real Indian life, among the native villages of Howkan, Klinckwan, Kasaan and Metlakahtla. The latter is a model town, conducted by the most admirable old man in Southern Alaska, Dr. Duncan. He has civilized the most warlike tribe of Alaskan Indians, the Haida, and has lived among them for years.

Metlakahtla is conducted in a manner to put some of our American cities to the blush. The municipi-

pal affairs are in the hands of a town council, presided over by Dr. Duncan, the only white resident. The council has under its jurisdiction a fine school system, a water supply, fire department, a general merchandise establishment, and a flourishing salmon cannery. The town is run on a co-operative plan, the funds employed being furnished by the immense supply of canned salmon shipped out each season.

All hail to Dr. Duncan! His has been the true missionary spirit!

Howkan and Klinckwan very closely resemble each other, and as Chief Yethnow had originally



An Alaska Indian child.



Klinekwan village in festive holiday attire.

hailed from the latter place, our welcome was a royal one. Many the dance-mask, hat, coat and blanket that were donned in honor of our arrival. In festive holiday attire the population came to the shore to give us greeting. When the crowning event of the day—the pot-lach—was spread, my hair stood on end and my toes curled, for floating in fishy oil were the luscious salmon berries and other fruits of the forest and swamp. My appetite vanished immediately. I followed its wise example and fled into the wilderness to take my berries direct from the bushes.

In my wanderings I came upon a little knoll at the rear of the village, where stand some of the oldest totems in Alaska. So aged are they that very little of the carvings remain, and the eagles have built their nests where once stood carved histories of a family long dead.

We started at dawn toward Kasaan. The changing tides aiding and retarding our progress, we at last reached the village, one night, as

the sun in all its glorious, golden splendor sank behind the hill, lighting the tree tops, totems, and water with its golden arrows. As we neared shore, there was no sign of life—only hush and stillness in the village. The brooding silence brought a change of countenance to old Yethnow. In all our dangers of tides, currents, storms and my capsizing the canoe as I attempted to land my cramped legs, his stoical expression was there—no smile, no fear, was ever depicted in those lines, but now a dreadful gloom had settled upon his face. The village was deserted! On reconnoitering we discovered in the center of a miniature forest on the hill a bier of cedar boughs, on which lay the remains of old Chief Kootznahoo. He had ended his hunts, and only waited for the Great Raven to carry his earthly body where it might follow his soul into the body of some eagle, coyote or raven—his ultimate destination, whichever the Great One ordained.

Placed about the chief were all the trophies of his hunt, dance and fam-

ily heirlooms. Surmounting all was the most beautiful Chilkat blanket that eye ever rested upon. At his head stood a great piece of copper, engraved with the signs and symbols of his tribe. These "memorial tablets" distinguish the resting places of the greater chiefs and families from those of their humbler brethren.

The totems in Kasaan were most interesting because of their age, variety and numbers. These totems are really the archives of the Alaskan tribes, their carvings preserving the tribal genealogy and traditions, as well as the family exploits in the dances, and hunting and fishing expeditions. They are variously placed in the villages, the larger ones standing in front of the houses, the amount and variety of the carving testifying to the greatness of the family, or exploit. Again, they act as grave stones. At Kasaan, a large

totem stands for the whole burying ground, while each family or grave has its small or individual one. In the structure of the houses a large totem is the supporting timber at each corner. The carving can only be seen from the interior of the one large room, which is always occupied by several families, each one paying for so much floor space.

Among the most interesting of totem records is the explanation of the seasons of light and darkness in Alaska, which I transcribe from the poor English of old Yethnow:

Many years ago, when the Indians first landed on the shores (he gave no date or previous place of existence) all was darkness, and they knew not to what country they had come. In their desolation, a great black bird fluttered into their midst, attracted by their fires. In an humble voice it asked for food and shelter, promising in return to carry one



Totems.



Frame of native house. The carving can only be seen from the interior of the one large room.

of the chief's sons to a place where he could find light and corn. He would conduct him back, that he might act as guide to his chieftain father and tribe.

The chief grasped at the first ray of hope, and yielded his son. The raven had misjudged its own strength, which the long flight had weakened, and dropped the boy over a huge rock, thus crippling his back. Instead of flying from the wrath of the Indians, which was terrible to behold, the raven returned and begged for clemency. The petition was granted under promise that he would return with corn and light when the tide had turned one hundred times.

The raven, much relieved and grateful, started on his southern flight, mindful of his honor and his promise. The Indians lived on in darkness, with always an alert sentinel left to count the tides. Lo! with the turning of the ninety-ninth tide, a great black cloud arose over the hill, and its shape was that of the raven. Its wings began to rise, and

from under its black depth a wondrous ray of light blazed forth, which almost blinded the sentinel, so accustomed were his eyes to the darkness. The sentinel gave a shout of joy, which brought his chief and tribesmen to the shore. Then followed a great feast and much rejoicing.

At long intervals, the raven appeared, soared higher each time, and lifted its wing until there was an immense ball of fire left in the heavens—when away flew the cloud-like bird. As the light grew in strength and warmth, the earth was covered with corn, the forests abounded with all good things, and the streams were filled with fishes. A great festival was held in honor of the raven; he was immortalized on their totems, and to-day is held sacred by many tribes.

All this was told us amid the hush that pervaded Kasaan. No amount of persuasion would induce our chief to stay until the tribe returned to hold the funeral rites. So we unwillingly paddled on, encountering many

tides, turns and mishaps, until at last we arrived at the entrance of Wrangel Narrows, most interesting to a navigator. Our stoical chief had no compass, chart, or table of tides—only his “Injun-knewity,” to pilot us through. My heart sank within me, but as we neared the entrance, old Yethnow rested his paddles, gave his low guttural command and through the Narrows we glided like a leaf on the water. The paddle of the coxswain, an Indian youth, son of Yethnow, dipped occasionally as we reached some swirl, rock, or curve of an island.

The abandon, the boldness and ease with which that current carried us on was the most exhilarating experience of our trip. The old bald eagles flew about and perched upon every tree having a dead top or limb, ready to swoop down upon the unsuspecting herring, which they follow all through the Alaskan waters.

It was all so free, so wild, so

grand. This was Alaska, with myriad flowers in bloom, ferns and an undergrowth so impenetrable that the deer and bears can hardly make their way through. This was what we encountered in place of the ice and cold, barren drifts of snow which we had expected would greet us.

Klentech, the third Indian, general roustabout, steady paddler, fisherman, hunter and trapper, kept us supplied with fish, venison, grouse, plover, and all the wild game with which the islands and mountains abound.

As we passed through a narrow strait, not twenty yards away, two beautiful deer were swimming across the channel, leaving their island home for a mountain fastness.

We zig-zagged our way in and out among the islands, passing Wrangel and the canneries of Tonga and Petersburg, until at length we came to the ambitious metropolis of



Indian graveyard.

Southern Alaska—Juneau. A typical Fourth of July celebration was in full swing, with pie-eating contests, greased pig, and other elevating sports. But the great event of the day, and the only one that could induce us to remain, was the canoe race. The event was to be "paddled off" at 10 p. m., when the sun was just taking its last peep over the hills as if loth to leave the world at such an unseasonable hour.

Each of the three canoes was manned with sixteen men at the paddles and a coxswain, who was gen-

mid-air, to claim their trophy of blankets and tobacco. The defeated crews floated away on the tide with more hatred in their hearts for the ever-despised Auks. No potlach or pipe of peace has succeeded in bringing into a state of friendship the outcast Auks and the other tribes. The bitterness of their victory could hardly be realized.

We found the town too civilized for us, so we paddled on our wandering way towards Sitka, where we were to make a long stay and visit all her beauty spots.



There was no sign of life, only hush and stillness in the village of Kasaan.

eral whipper-in and rooter. They were garbed in just as little as the law would allow. Shirts open at the throat, hair back, and features set. As the signal was given, the paddles dipped with one accord, like the wings of a great night bird, and with a dash, on they came, bow and bow. So evenly were they matched, it looked as though the stake-boat would be passed, a tie. But the loss of a paddle to the Douglass canoe, lack of judgment by the coxswain of the Thlinkets, and the victorious Auks came bow on, with paddles in

Our only experience on this run was passing through Peril Straits, and rightly named they are. We lay at rest, or rather "laid to" at the entrance, being swirled and swished about, until I almost upset the canoe in trying to keep my equilibrium. My efforts to find the reason for the delay were fruitless. Yethnow refused to impart any information, if he had any. I afterwards learned from an old pilot that should a navigator miss the right tide at this place by only a few minutes, his craft, whether canoe or cruiser,



Sardine Lake in Bloody Canyon.

Photo by Mary Randall.

would be dashed to pieces on the rocks that line the southerly shore.

At last we made for the passage, when a rapid sweep caught us up like an empty shell and tossed us hither and yon; one moment advancing, the next apparently retreating. But from no expression, facial or oral, among our Indian canoesmen could we gain a gleam of information—nothing that proclaimed either danger or delight. The low guttural commands came quick and sharp. the coxswain's paddle dipped, and we rushed out of the swirl to be carried on and on by as peaceful a tide as ever mariner wished for.

Many hours passed, my powers of endurance grew less and less as my legs cramped more and more, and our supply of provisions dwindled. I knew that our haven of rest, Sitka, would be a very heaven indeed. When we swept around the last bend and floated into the little bay, it was truly fairy-land. No harbor could equal the picturesque one which confronted us, with its little

isles a mass of green, touched here and there with brilliant patches of columbine, blue bells, buttercups, and phlox. With snow-capped Edgecomb toward the sea, with its ever-changing color, and proud Verstovius rearing his crest as monarch of the island.

We beached our canoe, our braves sought their friends, and we our haven. Sitka proved a most picturesque old town, with its old log houses, its modern frame ones, its marine guard, Indian village, churches, women's clubs, and all the devices with which modern society beguiles the time in isolated places.

Oh, the luxury of a bed, a fine dinner, and tub, which we enjoyed at the Baranof, an old log house which does duty as a first-class hotel, seeming palatial after our cramped quarters. We were up betimes, ready to enjoy what was before us. Our first pilgrimage was to the Greek church, which has become dear to my memory from all



Block house. Last remnant of Russian fortifications.

the sacred scenes, solemn and picturesque in the extreme, that we witnessed under the quaint roof. The paintings on the walls are the works of the great masters, and many a silent hour I spent in gazing at the delicate work and coloring, dimmed by time.

One can hardly realize that the beautiful ikon of the Madonna is the work of an artist and not life itself, so delicate are the shadows and colors, and so mild and sympathetic the expression of the hands and face. These are the only parts of the painting visible, as the rest is covered by a most beautiful drape in silver and gold metal-work, barbaric in its glitter and boldness. Other pictures are treated in the same way, the most notable one being an ikon of "The Last Supper," which is placed over the portal leading to the altar, where the priests alone are admitted. The robes are most costly and magnificent, as are the crowns, incense-burners and candle-sticks.

The services are most solemn and impressive, and one must needs bow his head as the little choir boys chant their *Te Deum* at matins, and sing their glad Easter carols.

From the calm of the quaint church service we were prepared for

the walk out the Indian River road to the "Point," where the water is all rippling, gurgling joyousness. A small doe and fawn were taking a drink at the river's brink, only to scamper and leap into the woods at sight of us. They need have had no fear of us; we cared not for sport, only to enjoy all the beauties the great Creator had given us.

On our return from the river, through a joyous tangle of vines, trees, ferns, and flowers, we visited the old block-house. This is the last remnant of the old fortifications used by the Russians in mounting their guns against their enemies.

A snap-shot of the oldest log trading house in Alaska claimed us next. Thousands of dollars have passed in and out of its low doors, and under its moss covered roof the women and children found shelter in war times from the Indians.

Why go abroad to Norway and Sweden; why climb the Alps, or rush the Nile, when we have within our own borders such glories of mountain, forest, sea and sky, with glimpses of the old Indian life fast dying out, Russian life in its greatest simplicity, and all this surrounded by the comforts of American civilization.





Electric sheep shearing machines.

Electricity as Applied to Agriculture

By L. Ramakers

ALTHOUGH electricity has for some time past already been used for municipal and industrial purposes, so far it has received but little attention on the part of agriculturists. In counties endowed with natural hydraulic power, usually situated at some distance from the towns, the electricity required for industrial purposes has to be conveyed, by means of poles which are as numerous as they are unsightly, over the fields and through the villages without stopping there; however, of late years, it has been recognized by such villages and townlets that they could advantageously utilize some of the

power passing along overhead for lighting purposes. Many localities, even the most remote and those situated in the mountains, have passed at one leap from the smoky oil lamp to the electric incandescent light, which is now to be seen not only in the drawing room of the castle, but also in the farmhouse, the barn and the stable.

Here, however, it has so far stopped short in good old Europe! nait'h'less, Fairy El Electra would gladly do still more, of which she knows herself to be capable. Besides lighting the farmhouse, she would willingly take upon her shoulders the execution of the various farm

operations requiring the aid of motive power, thus doing away with the hand labor of the farm servants and the strength of the horse, which should not be employed in turning a threshing machine or a mill but rather in conveying from place to place the produce of the farm.

Judiciously employed, electricity seems called to create, at a more or less distant date, a veritable revolution, which will cause agriculture to enjoy a prosperity hitherto unknown, due to economic reasons. Electricity, it may perhaps be objected, is expensive and not easy to generate. Thanks to the continual progress made in the technical world we may say that such pessimistic ideas are quite unfounded. As a matter of fact, the costs of putting up an electric central station are much less in the country than in the town, and the subsequent working expenses are a mere minimum in comparison; finally, there is no lack of the requisite sources of energy for the generation of electricity, many being even quite gratuitous. Amongst these latter we may mention the wind, which, by means of suitable motors, may be made to drive dynamos charging reserve ac-

cumulators (for use when the weather is calm); and then we have water-falls, which are already being turned to account far and wide. Failing these, there are steam engines already in use in agricultural districts and in connection with other industries more or less indirectly related to agriculture; oil motors, spirit motors, etc. A priori, it may appear somewhat Utopian to foresee the day when our farmers will use electricity, and put up dynamos on their farms. This, however, is not astonishing. We have already seen the coachman and the carter turned into chauffeurs, the oil lamp cleaner into an electrician, and the copying clerk into a typewriter.

Electricity could be used for many different purposes in agriculture, pre-eminently for cultivation. In the opinion of Mr. E. Guarini, electric engineer, who has made a special study of this subject, the new science of electro-culture affords a vast field for hope and progress. This investigator states that the effect of light on plants is due to simple electric phenomena, and that, consequently, light can be replaced by electricity; still, some rational means for a suitable application of



Electric threshing.



Electric plow with motor.

electricity have still to be discovered. The possibility of this has, nevertheless, recently been fully confirmed by the experiments made by Professor Selim Leinstroem who, by electrifying plants at night, has found that the electric current produced the same effect on these plants as the light of the sun.

From experiments, made to a slight extent in other countries, it has been found that by electrifying seeds, their germination was notably accelerated. For instance, some peas treated with electricity germinated in two and a half days instead of in four; some haricots in three instead of in five; some barley in two days instead of five, etc.

Although the beneficent effects of electricity upon plants has now been established, its method of operation has not yet been thoroughly elucidated. That it is a complex matter we are aware. Electricity electrolyses and decomposes the salts contained in the soil and forms others which can be more easily assimilated by the plants. It increases vitality, and thus favors the exchange of gases between the leaves and the atmosphere, promotes respiration, the fixing of the carbon, and the nutrition and multiplication of the cells; finally it influences the circulation of the sap by imparting more

energy to the osmose and thus forces the nutritive juices into the capillary vessels in the tissues of the leaf.

It is of course understood that electro-culture does not obviate the necessity for tilling and manuring the soil. In connection with the former, however, the farmer may also obtain valuable aid from electricity. In this connection we are once more upon the practical domain to the fullest extent.

Tilling the soil with the aid of cattle is expensive; the use of steam engines is not much cheaper, whilst it is difficult to put into practice. In this dilemma, attention was turned to electricity, and electric plows have been constructed which give excellent results. These plows are of two types, one having a single and the other a double motor. Several other models have been constructed, but they have now been abandoned.

The single motor plows consist of four parts; first of all the plow has usually two series of 3, 4, 5 and even 6 shares. One series serves for the outward journey, and the other for the return. Either the one or the other is caused to act by making the plow oscillate. The latter travels from one side of the field to the other, or to put it more exactly, from the windlass to the point

of support by means of a wire cable. The motive truck carries one or two drums driven by an electric motor. The point of support is formed by means of a truck fitted with cramp-irons. The motive truck and the truck with the cramp irons move automatically at each furrow, the extent of their movement varying according to the width of the furrow it is desired to obtain.

The double system motor differs from the above merely in that the cramp iron truck is replaced by a second motor truck.

The first system is more suitable for work of slight depth in light soil, the second being used for depths of from 1 ft. to 1 ft. 4 in. in compact ground.

These machine plows are constructed for traction powers of up to \$2,000 kilos, and for working speeds of up to 1, 2 and 1-6 meter per second; they are fitted with electro-motors of from 40 to 60 h. p., according to the speeds for which they are required. The dimensions of the motors are such that they will produce the maximum traction power of 2,000 kg. with speeds stated.

Electric tillage is already in use on several large estates in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Italy, and notably on the farm of Quednau, and on the estate of Count Vittorio Asarta at Praforiano. On this latter estate, when experiments were being made, three acres were treated in ten hours. This plant, which has now been increased, is still at work and is giving very interesting results.

With one of these electric installations in Austria, three acres fifty are treated in a working day of ten hours, the depth of the furrows being from 25 to 30 cm. With surface working, 5 acres 70 can be tilled. The average practical speed is from 1.60 to 2 m. per second.

Although electric plowing enables considerable saving to be effected in comparison with plowing by the

aid of cattle, it requires the investment of a considerable amount of capital, so that it has not much of a future before it as regards small farms. This drawback, however, may be overcome by using electric plows on several farms, paying so much for their hire.

When used on large estates, such as those mentioned above, directly the crops have ripened, threshing machines, winnowing machines, etc., come into use. All these require motive power, and this can be obtained more cheaply, more conveniently, more easily and with less danger from electric motors than from any other type of motor.

However, in order to be really practical, it should be possible to transport them with ease, up to the vicinity of the machines which they are to operate. To this end, they are permanently fixed upon a wooden base, if they are of small size, or upon a small wagon, if they are too large to be carried along by men. When made in this way, one or two motors will suffice to deal with work upon a large scale, provided, of course, that they be attended to in an efficient manner to enable them to keep continually at work driving one machine when another is not in use.

As will be seen from our illustrations, which we owe to the courtesy of the firm of Siemens-Schuchert, of Berlin, which was one of the very first firms to take up this new branch of electricity, all agricultural machines are adapted to be driven by electricity. Amongst others we may mention — besides threshing machines—chaff cutters, carrot and beetroot cutters, etc., winnowers, centrifugal cream separators, pumps of all kinds, oil cake crushers, mills of all types, elevators, sheep-shearing machines, churns, separators, fans, grindstones, etc.

Certain machines, such as threshers, etc., require the full power of a

5 to 20 h. p. motor; others, of smaller size, only take one of from 2 to 3 h. p., and in this case three or four can be driven by the same motor, with the aid of a shaft for the transmission of the movement.

Electric-motors can be well utilized for every purpose that has to be faced in the working of a large estate. They can even be turned to account in the kitchen. Hence, on many estates, there are to be found coffee mills, sewing machines, etc., driven by the aid of electricity;

rooms, kitchen utensils, flat-irons, etc., are even heated by electricity.

In conclusion, we must not omit to call attention to the great advantage to be derived by using the electric light on farms, because, as a matter of fact, it not only obviates all risk from fire (provided the wiring has been properly laid), but it also enables work to be carried on in the open air—a point of vital importance when work in the field has often to be carried on without a moment's delay.



Electric separators and butter working machines.



What Matters It?
The dreary hollows where
my eyes once shone,
Ask: — "God, to what end and where?"
The while my lipless mouth
Derisively
Grins widely at the folly of it all.
Eleanore F. Lewys.

The Epic of the Oak

By Ray E. Chase

Within this brown shell lies enrolled
All that the Universe can hold:
Beginning of a mighty tree,
And with it—God; all mystery.

I.

THE old tree stood on the great island between Sandy Gulch and Chico Creek. This was before the great flood—I don't mean the one that made the tract an island by opening up the new channel, but the later one that caused the big cut-off in Chico Creek just above the present town—long years and decades before any white man saw the island. The old tree had been a stout young oak when Columbus left the port of Palos; it had fallen and rotted, and the last trace of the mound it made had long been gone before any white man came to Chico. But in that year, the year I have in mind, it was a grand oak.

Every year it dropped its acorns by the thousands. How many thousands I dare not say. I have never counted the acorns of a valley oak—but certainly by many thousands. Most of them could not grow because they were already well eaten by the worms. Of the others most were taken by woodpeckers and lodged tightly in holes in the bark, where they would have no chance to grow. Squirrels and gophers took many of those the worms and the woodpeckers missed. A few of those still left fell where they could grow, and did grow—or, at any rate, began to grow—for as soon as a tender leaf was shown it had to run its chance of being nibbled off by a rabbit, browsed off by a deer, gnawed away by an insect larvae, or of falling a prey to organized appetite in some other form. A young

oak grows slowly, and this danger is always threatening it until it has reached a size too large for any animal entirely to destroy it. Then the wind may blow it down, or if surrounding trees protect it from this danger, it must struggle with its overtopping neighbors for enough of sun to live upon.

Such an oak as this was produces during its life acorns numbering into the millions, but only a few of them all develop to the stage of producing acorns in their turn; of those that do so, most live short lives—for oaks. On the whole, the destruction just keeps pace with the increase, and for each full-grown tree that perishes there has been produced one full-grown tree to replace it.

This is nature's way of keeping even: for every oak that is to be, a million and one acorns are made and a million destroyed; but until it has met its fatal disaster, each acorn is a potential oak tree.

II.

This seedling you have crushed
'neath your heel,
Whose weight an infant could not feel,
Is but two months old? Nay, all of time
Since the protophyte lay in the primal slime
Have been needed to make it. Sun and shower
And air and soil—Creative Power—
Through a hundred million years
had toiled
To shape what your moment's whim
has spoiled.

On this particular spring there lay to the east of the old oak and just

outside the shadow of its branches a rotten log. It had lain there many years. A child could have kicked it into pieces. But there was no child there to do so, and so it happened that one of last year's acorns from the old tree had found a lodgment in it near the base, where a deep cleft opened through it nearly to the soil below, and the soft sides were almost ready to crumble down of their own weight. A fortunate toss of the limb to which the acorn clung had thrown it here, and this spring it was no longer an acorn. The thick cotyledons had become slowly thicker as they soaked the moisture of the fall rains from the rotten wood; the brown shell had split, and the tiny hypocotyl had pushed out and turned downward over its surface in blind obedience to the stimulus of gravity. Then later a tiny pale-green leaf unfolded, and another, and another.

The oakling was perhaps three inches high when one morning a rabbit, hopping in desultory-seeming fashion about, poked his nose curiously into the cranny in the rotten log, and the three tender leaves were gone—that is, nearly gone, not quite—the rabbit doesn't particularly like oak leaves; there were plenty of other things about for this one; he wasn't hungry anyway; so he left the bases of the leaves, and did not even take the little terminal bud. The cotyledons were not very thick by this time, and had grown shriveled and spongy, but they still held enough of food to keep the bud alive till it had unfolded three more leaves, and in these, by the help of the sunlight of the long spring days there was developed enough of food to build a tiny woody stem a third of a foot high and to drive a wiry root through the rotten wood into the earth beneath. Then the rotten log helped to keep moisture enough in the soil to preserve the life of the seedling through the dry, hot summer, and the first year of the haz-

ardous life of a baby oak was safely past, for it was too small and too well-hidden to run any measurable risk from deer or rabbit through the winter, and cold is not a danger on the lower Chico Creek. In early November it shed its three leaves and began its first yearly rest.

III.

A hundred years!

What hopes and fears—

Oh, human heart, what smiles and tears;

What infants born, grown old and gray;

What great plans tried and thrown away—

What wondrous things have had their day

In a hundred years.

I cannot tell you in detail the story of the young oak's life. Before I had ever seen it, two hundred years and near a score, had brought to it their summers of food-building sun, their winters of rest; a hundred and four score years and more it had stood before I was born. I can only piece out its story from the fragments of the lives of other oaks which it has been permitted me to see.

In some way it escaped the dangers that beset a tree during its first few years of life. It reached maturity and lived on, a great, vigorous, glorious tree.

Year after year, decade after decade, passed. The flowers bloomed about the tree; great golden poppies, pale cream-cups, purple brodiaeas, blue lupines, white-tipped and dainty finger-leaved, quaint scarlet bladdery clovers, in the spring; sunflowers in the fall. Birds nested in it; linnets, robins, once in a long time a pair of orioles. Animals played about it; squirrels climbed through its branches; alert, quick-eyed, darting lizards ran over its gray bark; rabbits hopped about;

sometimes in winter or early spring a deer strayed by; even a bear had come once or twice. In those days the salmon ran up Chico Creek in great swarms in the season, and Indians used to come and camp not far from the tree to fish. Their brown babies rolled about under it; the older children clambered through it or swung on its low-hung branches.

The children used, too, to gather its acorns and those of other oaks—the children and the women—and peel them and pound them up in their stone mortars; for the acorn meal made the Indians' bread in those days—and that was another reason why so few acorns became trees.

Then came the day when these children came back to fish, and their children swung on the branches, but the tree seemed not to have changed.

But it did change slowly, and the trees about it changed. When the tree was sixty years old, its branches interlaced at the tips with those of the mother tree. The older oak was thrifty looking, but an elder bush grew out of the great fork fifteen feet from the ground, and that meant that the great tree was rotten at the core for at least a short distance down from the fork.

That was the year of the great March wind, the wind that blew down so many trees through all the valley. The daughter tree was not injured by it, but the older one was split, and all the mighty top, except one branch, came crashing down and lay broken and mangled and scattered on the ground it had shaded so long. The one branch left had now the whole enormous root-system to draw upon for moisture, and it flourished accordingly. For nearly thirty years more it put out every spring its leaves and its pale-green tassels of staminate flowers; and every year it bore its slender, long brown nuts. But year by year the trunk rotted, and at last there came

the wind that was just too strong to be borne, and there was nothing left erect but the jagged stump, already rotted almost to the ground on one side. Yet before that stump had fully rotted down, another decade had gone by and a year or two more; and there had come the hundredth spring since the acorn was planted in the rotten log.

IV.

For a hundred years the sun and shade

Have fitfully over its branches played.

The birds among them their nests have made,

The wanton winds about them strayed—

For a hundred years the tree has stood.

There is none nobler in the wood.

A century-old oak is a grand and a beautiful thing! And our tree was finer than most. The bird upon its topmost twig swung a hundred and two feet above the ground. From tip to tip across its lowest branches it measured over a hundred feet. Three thousand men could stand beneath it. A thousand could be seated there in comfort. And yet it was a young tree. Just in its prime and pride; vigorous, shapely, without a scar. Its trunk was more than three feet through. Its bark was thick and rough and lichen-flecked, but under it the sheet of tender living cells kept up their wonderful rhythm of rest and growth and division, and layer after layer they made wood within and bark without, and the old bark stretched and cracked and peeled and fell in scales, but as a sign of life, not of death. The limbs were knurled and bent, for always as new buds unfold, the tender twigs would twist and turn to bring their leaves best to the sun; and so its crooked branches, like its peeling bark, but spoke the vigor of

its life. The top was not quite round and true like a formal, man-made dome; the limbs reached farthest out on the side where there had been most light. On the side toward where the mother tree had stood was still a deep notch to tell of the interfering branch that had once reached within the circle of our young tree's growth. Thus when it had yielded its symmetry, it was the fit and purposeful yielding of plastic life. It reared its head aloft, bearing the tons of wood and leaf. It defied the tempest at its worst and wildest. Yet the straying sunbeams had guided and molded its mighty shape in every detail. And it lived and grew, and had lived and grown for a hundred years!

V.

When the time and the men are
come, at length,
Then the law of the Lord shall be
known;
For in Time doth the word of God
gain strength,
And the heart of a man is His
throne.

This was the spring of a wonderful year, this hundredth spring of the oak. Not for the tree, nor for anything about the tree; here all was as it was wont; but on the far eastern shore, where a race of men had come and made their homes, whose children were not brown and did not play naked under the trees, strange things were doing. These men were white, and they dressed not in blankets, but in coats of scarlet or coats of gray; and they marched in great bands to the sound of fife and drum; and they fired upon one another with death-dealing guns, and stabbed and slaughtered. They shouted and talked. They moved not quietly, and directly, and irresistibly on, as our tree grew, but seemed as beings mad. Yet, under all the tumult, and through it all, there worked a pur-

pose; and one day, when the spring was gone, and the summer was in its fullness, a body of them gathered together and declared that purpose, beginning, "When in the course of human events." Then men knew that out of this awful travail a nation had been born.

The nation lives, and, grown to the fullness of manly vigor, matches itself against the strongest of the earth, unafraid and jubilant in its strength. And this, our tree, was a hundred years old at the nation's birth.

VI.

Except ye become as they,
As the children in their play,
Ye shall not enter: So
The Master taught them, long ago—
Not Heaven can hold nor earth can
bear
Aught so precious or so rare
But it's highest worth were height-
ened
When a childish face had brightened
To behold it.

The tree grew. The nation grew. Nearly three-quarters of another century went by, and the nation in its growth had reached the tree. Yet a few years later and the Indian no longer camped there. The white man had come and settled. His grain fields filled the open land all about the patch of wood where stood our tree. His children played where the brown babies had frolicked a few decades back. Often they came in great crowds, and their parents came with them, for the woods became a famous picnic ground.

Our tree was still the finest there. It showed no wound nor damage. Its top was but little higher than on its hundredth spring, but its lowest limbs spread farther. The longest now reached out over seventy feet from the trunk. It bent downward so that near the end it came within a yard of the ground, then turned upward, making a splendid low swing.

Children used to clamber on it, and bounce and swing, six and ten at a time. The trunk was now nearly five feet through.

VII.

As the sun's soft rays to the mighty tree,
So a woman's love to man's soul shall be,
Feeding its strength and building it still;
Bending and shaping it by her will.

All the children loved the tree. Nearly all who knew it loved the tree. But of those who came about it, there were two who knew it better and loved it better than did all the rest: a man who was tall, strong and noble; a woman who was unfaltering and true, and because she loved the man. They both loved it, too, because the children loved it, and they loved the children. They loved it for its beauty. They loved it for the tale it told of the past. They loved it because it spoke to their hearts of the Power and Goodness that runs through all the universe.

And these two owned the tree and protected it.

VIII.

The heart of a man and the heart of a tree
Are dust at first, and at last shall be
Dust again.

And there came a day when the man's great heart was still, and the woman's heart was torn. Then the tree came to belong to some one else. And then new sounds were heard in the wood. Axes rang, saws rasped and growled, trees crashed

and thundered to the ground. And our tree fell in its turn. The axes trimmed its branches. The saws cut it into lengths. Ax and wedge split it into sticks.

This was three years ago. The tree is ashes now. A cottage of unpainted boards stands where it used to stand.

There was one who knew and loved the tree, and who wondered and grieved at its fall. He wished to know its age, and he counted the rings in the mighty trunk. There were two hundred and sixteen.

IX.

What hath God wrought
That cannot be bought!

There were cut from the tree twenty-six tiers of wood. It sold for two dollars and three-quarters a tier. The tree brought to its new owner seventy-one dollars and a half.

X.

For what is Beauty, and what is Truth?
Why should the heart of man feel ruth?
'Tis gold buys power; gold measures worth;
What is not bartered for gold on earth?

Man is greater than the trees. He is the chief among God's creatures, and what he needs he must have. Man needed the land where the old tree stood; he needed the wood to burn. The tree fell, and it must have been right. But it was a beautiful tree. And it took it two hundred and sixteen years to grow.

The Nobler Part

Florence Rosina Keene

"A boy with a heart like the knights
of old,
And eyes that with love and honesty
shone,
Brave and tender and loyal and true,
Enshrined in his heart like a queen
on her throne—
His mother—only a woman.

"A youth who is nearing a man's
estate,
Still keeping the truth of his boy-
hood dreams,
Noble because of a woman's love,
His life with new hope and beauty
teems
Because of his sweetheart—a wo-
man.

"A man whose love for his fellow-
men
Makes his life a blessing, as day by
day
He works for Justice and Love and
Right—
His inspiration he says alway,
His wife, and only a woman."

THERE has been so much in-
sane ranting during the last
decade regarding woman's
sphere that the question often arises
in the thoughtful mind: "What
glory that she has not does woman
yearn for, and what privilege con-
ducive to the ennobling of her char-
acter or work has man withheld?"
Like a child crying for the moon,
on being satisfied she finds that the
bon-bons, always considered her
rightful due, are sweeter than green
cheese.

The woman's share in the world's
work is, and always has been, the
nobler part. The woman, in creating
a happy home, brings earth life
nearer to the heaven of our dreams

than is found by man in the business
world. In building a character, she
is building for eternity, and on the
mother that sacred responsibility
falls chiefly. In earning dollars, in
building up a business, in winning
the world's meed of success even—
a name—man is building merely for
this temporary earth life; at death's
portal these things alone avail him
nothing.

Ignorance, superstition, conven-
tionality, bigotry, have availed noth-
ing to the woman in any age who
was great enough to rise above them
to the heights achieved by man in
art, literature or science. The his-
tory of a nation wherein the influ-
ence of some woman has not gained
recognition is yet to be written.

From the earliest dawn of civili-
zation, woman's influence has been
shown. "Division of labor began
with the invention of fire-making,
and it was a division of labor based
upon sex. The woman staid by the
fire to keep it alive, while the man
went into the field or the forest for
game. The world's industrialism
and militancy began then and there.
Man has been cunning in devising
means of killing beast and his fel-
low-men—he has been the inventor
in every murderous art. The woman
at the fireside became the burden
bearer, the basket maker, the
weaver, potter, agriculturist, domes-
ticator of animals—in a word, the
inventor of all the peaceful arts of
life."

As civilization progressed and by
degrees man lifted the heavier bur-
dens from the frailer shoulders of
woman, and with the development
and increasing refinement of heart
and mind strove to shield her more
and more from the rougher, grosser

side of life, I wonder if the primitive woman raised her voice in a discordant howl at the encroachment of man upon what had been hitherto accepted as her rightful portion of the needful labor of the world.

It was woman who led in the world's dawn in the creation of invention of the beautiful. Otis Tuf-ton Mason, in his work, "Woman in Primitive Culture," gives woman the greatest share of the credit in the invention of language or human speech, as the founder of society and the patron of religion. He says: "To sum up the results of our study, women in primitive life had their share in determining the relation of geography to history, in the conquest of the three kingdoms of nature, in the substitution of other forces to do the work of human muscles, in the elaboration of industrial and aesthetic arts, in the creation of social order, in the production of language, in the development of religion. I mean they had a peculiar part, aside from that they would have to play merely as human beings."

Woman has no reason to be ashamed of her past, no excuse for being dissatisfied with her present, and the future will be what she makes it. For as Tennyson says:

"Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed,"

And he bids woman

"Drink deep, until the habits of the slave—

The sin of emptiness, gossip and spite and slander die.

Better not be at all than not be noble."

In the face of the generosity of our country's broad institutions, which gives to each a free education to build their character upon, with the liberality of our social life and advantages, with the freedom with which each is allowed to choose an

earnest part in the world's work, there is no longer any excuse for pettiness as an attribute of woman's life. If a woman's character in this day and generation does not blossom forth into a beautiful flower, casting fragrance and loveliness down the pathway of life over which she travels, it is her own fault, and is because she is casting aside gems far more precious than diamonds in the eternal count.

Women blame men that they do not come up to their ideals. But woman is mother to the man, and man is, consequently, largely what woman makes him. If the great majority of womankind were truer to their ideals and demanded a higher type of manhood, we should soon possess it. A man seldom rises above the ideals of the woman who bore him.

There never was a great man, it has been said, that did not owe his success in life to the inspiration of some ideal woman. With some it was a mother, some a sister, others a sweetheart, and sometimes it was merely a true woman friend. Abraham Lincoln probably would never have been the man he was had his step-mother been a different woman; the mother of Phillips Brooks, being dissatisfied with the amount of good she was able to accomplish on this earth, resolved to dedicate the lives of her sons to her God, and who can doubt that she succeeded when considering the purity of thought, the nobility of deed, in the career of her brilliant son, Phillips Brooks.

Wordsworth, nature's gentle poet, said of his sister, Dorothy:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
She gave me cares and delicate fears."

Eugene Field, the poet of childhood, said the woman who cast the greatest influence over his life was his grandmother. I might go on and

cite endless cases where a true woman has inspired a noble life, and what worthier monument to her fame?

Examples might also be given, sad to relate, of women whose life inspiration was such as to blight and degrade the lives of all who came under their influence.

It has never been by praying on the highways or shrieking on the platform that woman has been able to exert the greatest influence or lend the noblest inspiration to the world's workers, nor yet by physical beauty or grace of manner alone, but by being simply a woman, earnest in purpose, true of heart, noble

and pure in her thought and action.

Again I quote, from Mr. Mason: "If all mankind to come should be better born, and nurtured, better instructed in morals and conduct at the start, better clothed and fed and housed all their lives, better married and encompassed and refined, the old ratio of progress would be decupled. All this beneficent labor is the birthright of woman, and much of it of woman alone. Past glory therein is secure, and it only remains to be seen how far the future will add to its lustre in the preservation of holy ideals."

The Passing of the Spanish in California

By Dolores Estrada

WHAT visions of splendors and romances present themselves to our imagination, when Monterey, the old Spanish and Mexican capital, is mentioned! It stands on the shore of Monterey Bay, a short distance from Del Monte, the famous fashionable winter resort of California.

Many think this bay more beautiful than the Bay of Naples. The writer has seen both, and considers them equally lovely, but quite different from each other. The soft, balmy atmosphere is so restful to tired nerves.

The old adobe houses, with their red-tiled roofs and their white-washed walls, now yellow, as it is years since most of them have been touched with a white-wash brush, make such a soft, lovely picture, as they blend with the greens and browns of the mountains, which surround the little town on three sides. While in front, glisten the ever-

changing colored waters of the bay.

Only an artist who is a genius with colors can give an adequate picture of this gem of American scenery.

But alas! the town, with its quaint old customs, its old adobes, and even its people, who spoke the soft, musical language of a nation across the seas are rapidly passing away. By the end of the century, all will be gone. Upon the hill above the little town, overlooking the bay, stands the barracks, which the government has recently built. The streets are now thronged with soldiers. Many new business blocks are being built; the old is giving way to the new.

As we stroll through the streets searching for the old landmarks, we reach the home of Senorita Bonifacio, or the "Senorita of the Rose," as she is called by many.

The story that has made her famous is this: Over her front porch climbs a beautiful "Cloth of Gold

rose," which, it is said, was planted by Gen. Sherman. When William T. Sherman was a young lieutenant he was stationed in Monterey. While there he lost his heart to a beautiful Spanish girl. Upon receiving his recall to New York, he went to bid her good-bye. As he was leaving, he cut a slip from a rose bush with his sword, planted it, and said if it grew and blossomed it was to be a sign to her he was true, and that some day he would return and make her his bride.

This is a pretty story, but quite without any foundation. The Castilian rose which the Spanish brought from Spain was the only rose that bloomed at the time when Sherman lived there. It is a pink rose, not very large, but has an exquisite perfume. Moreover, the Senorita loved a man from her own people, whom her family forbade her to marry, and to whose memory she has been true all her life.

A little further down the street, on the corner, stands a large white store. The foundation and part of the walls of this building are the same that formed the famous old gambling house, "Bolo d'Ora," which was built by Alvarado. The name was taken from a golden ball, which hung over the front of the door.

More romance and mystery are associated with this place in the minds of the Spanish people than with any other place in Monterey. Here ranches so large a man could ride all day on horseback and not reach their limit; ranches that to-day are worth hundreds of thousands, were lost and won in a night. Lives were taken, families ruined, friendships broken, over the gambling tables in this old house.

After Alvarado became Governor, married and had a position to keep up before the world, he changed the gambling house into a mansion and held his receptions and entertained his guests in the rooms that could

tell many tales of horror if the walls could only have talked.

Hardly an American remembers this famous old "Bolo d'Oro," but the Spanish have not forgotten it.

Across the street stands the little, low Spanish theatre. It is now used for storing hay. The plays performed here were not great, but the people enjoyed them. The actors came from Mexico, stopping at the various towns along the coast. They were easily able to pay their expenses. This was quite distinct from the American theatre which is also a low building, standing nearer the bay and higher back on the hill. The Americans, not understanding the Spanish language, were lonely, and wanted amusements of their own—so gave a number of plays in this building which were very successful. This has been called the first theatre in California, which is a mistake. It should be called the first American theatre in California. At that time, the Americans in Monterey were soldiers, stationed there to keep California for the American Government.

The taking of California by Commodore Sloat was one of the most brilliant exploits in the annals of naval warfare. Not a drop of blood was shed nor a gun fired. It was a master stroke of strategy, and for it, Commodore Sloat earned the admiration and gratitude of the nation. A fine granite monument has been begun by a number of patriotic men to perpetuate the memory of this great man and the work he accomplished, but strange to say, there has not been enough patriotism felt by the people of California to finish it.

Not long after the Americans took possession of California, gold was discovered, and men began to rush in here from all parts of the world. It was necessary for the strangers to find accommodations. The Spanish people could not take them into

their homes. There were no hotels or public boarding houses.

The Spanish, when traveling, either stopped at the missions, where they were always welcome, or else visited friends.

The Washington Hotel was opened in this emergency. It was a small store owned by Montenegro, who sold it to Tresconi and was turned into a hotel by him. Many a miner who had his little sacks filled with gold dust, stopped here for a few days, and when he left had hardly enough gold to pay for his last meal.

In the bar-room of this old hotel lives have been taken, ranches have changed hands, and the only title-deeds given were the points of pistols. The earnings of months of hard work were swept away in a night over the gambling-table. Gambling was the favorite amusement of the miners, as it was of the Spanish.

However, in the long ball-room of the hotel, which occupied one entire side of the building, the gallant young officers of the American army gave many delightful balls and dinners to the beautiful, dark-eyed Spanish señoritas. The young soldiers were admired by the Spanish maidens, and some preferred them to lovers of their own people. The Pacific Hotel was started some time after the Washington. This was also kept up by miners. Close beside the present wharf stands the old Spanish customs house. From its flag-pole floated the first American flag—the one Commodore Sloat had put up to show that California belonged to the United States Government. The building was in a shabby, run-down condition, but has lately been restored. Many of the famous old buildings have entirely gone to ruin, not even an adobe being left to mark the spot where they stood.

Northern California has left but few of its old historic relics, and its people know or care but little about

its past history. This is a great mistake. Some day when it is too late they will realize it.

A little out from the center of the town, in the direction of Del Monte, stands San Carlos Chapel, which was founded six months before Carmel Mission. This chapel was smaller than the present church, and was intended to be used by the Spanish soldiers and officers stationed in Monterey, while Carmel was built for the Indians. Father Junipero thought it was better for the Indian youths to be away from the soldiers. Here they could carry on their work without interruption. Not only was religious instruction given them, but they were taught how to make oil from the olive and wine from the grape. They built the Mission, digging stones from the mountains, as well as their own adobe houses—some from the abalone shells. They had flocks of sheep; from their wool they wove cloth, and many other useful occupations the good fathers taught them.

The Indians loved Father Serra, and were broken-hearted over his death. Many articles belonging to the Mission were lost and stolen then, as there was no one to take care of them. A few have been saved, some of which are kept in the San Carlos Chapel, and are shown to tourists.

Carmel, when seen by moonlight, is simply entrancing. I doubt if any spot on earth can be more gloriously beautiful. Words cannot describe it nor language portray it.

As I stood one moonlight night on the top of the old stone steps and leaned against the belfry, I thought how, when all were asleep and quiet had fallen on the busy Mission, the good Father Serra must have often stolen to this lonely spot to think. While gazing on the hills standing out clearly in the bright light, for moonlight nights were ever the same, and the lights and shades.

were just as they were then and ever will be (people only come and go—nature remains just as in the beginning), he must have often longed for the country, home and friends which he had given up in order to teach ignorant savages the true faith.

Father Serra was a very brilliant man; honors and power had been offered him in his own country, yet he preferred hardships, dangers and suffering to luxury and ease. His life was given for the benefit and up-

lifting of the poor and degraded, and his work was not wasted. Though the Indians have passed away, and the Mission is not used yet, his name will be remembered as long as California stands. Every one who visits it, no matter what his religion is, feels the respect and reverence every true man has for the one who gives his life for a principle and sacrifices his ambitions and desires in order to devote his life to the good of mankind. Such a one was Father Junipero Serra.

On a Lumber Schooner

By Margaret Troili

A VOYAGER on one of the steam lumber schooners, that travel up and down along the coast north of San Francisco Bay, sees an almost continuous slope leaning to the sea from the rising crest of a wall of hills. These hills are often coronated with trees, or the sides are thickly set with them, or they crowd down into the between-hill gulches. On these open, seaward slopes, a single house may face the ocean, or two and three neighbor each other, or a cluster of them gather into a town on the edge of the bluff. It all looks vague and friendless from the sea, perhaps because beyond the driving breakers that whiten against the blurred coast line there are no land sounds. Only the quiet houses are visible, and the smoke signal of a mill in its gulch.

But along the bluff there are pleasant roads that bind all the busy mill towns into one linked chain. Sometimes the town lies on the gentle sea slope, or descends into the flats by a sea-going stream, or settles on the very beach, hardly beyond the reach of the tide. There

have been sights in such a town, of leading citizens sawing drift wood on the main street. If the town crawls to the edge of the bluff, there will be a bird-cage poised on the extreme point of it, fitted with big timbers and cables. Otherwise, a wharf steps out into the sea from the town, and thither come the steam schooners and make themselves secure with many lines to buoys and bulk-heads. Then they creak and rock, while the lumber is lifted on in big slings or sent down, a plank at a time, by the crew. When the steamers come in under the bluffs, the little bird-cages thrill and shake with the imprisoned engine which works the cables, down which whizz the loads of lumber, to be deposited gently on the steamer's deck. Like so many eager ants, the crew attacks them.

The ante-room of the town from the sea-side is usually the lumber-yard, with its narrow ways between high, neat piles of boards. The hotel will be a box-affair, one of those airy structures where you may hear your neighbor's last comfortable

grunt as he turns in bed, and the next morning the resounding step of the "morning waker" as he knocks at the doors of the stage-travelers.

Sounds of heavy, booted tread on the wooden side-walk, a wagon rattling past, some hilarious outburst from the bar below, and as a background, the steady grind of the sea, are all the afternoon sounds. Towards six o'clock, the mill whistle bellows, the hotels ring the bells or sound the gongs and triangles, as a summons to supper, and the heavy feet on the side-walk multiply. In the dining room the stranger receives due attention, and the waitresses, of fluffy hair and many smart bows, wait on him with tight-lipped reserve.

The streets blossom with electric lights; the main street quite glorious with a few blazing signs, the off-ways dark with a single swinging bulb in some distant cavern of darkness. The stranger will do well not to venture away from the lighted main street, for there are wide, deep gutters, and treacherous step-offs, and non-present side-walks. Later the band begins to play. It is the voice, the utterance, of the small town. Boys and girls in their best come tripping down the street. There is a dance in the hall.

Early in the morning the mill whistle blows again, in long, weird blasts that break harshly the dreams of the sleepers. It will blow again at noon, and then it is more cheerful. Indeed, it blows for meals, work-time, bed-time and all other times necessary for every day. The smoke from its slack-fires will tell indoor people which way the wind is blowing. "Mill-time" rules the clocks and watches of the town, in defiance of Lick time. The mill dominates the town. It will ask you what you are doing in town, and you will have to explain. Its breath of steam and smoke is life to the town, and when its pipes and smoke-

stacks no longer breathe, the town lingers deathward. This lingering is sometimes arrested when the surrounding country has developed its agricultural resources, and the town revives through the electric process of buying and selling. But many a mouldering pile, adopted by blackberry vines and deserted by its cluster of cabins, bears evidence to the finality with which the mill town ceases to be.

But while it does exist, it is a bustling place, very busy cutting up lumber and sending it away on steamers. The lumber train screeches away back in the woods, and presently rounds the curve into town, every car laden with rough sections of trees. Presently it returns, empty, to the logging camps. There, in the dim gulches, and on the high, sunny ridges, men are tearing down the forests. The crash of trees shocks the air like thunder. The logs lie supine on the shadeless slopes, waiting to be dragged down. This is a lonesome country, a zone of silence and solitude between the active mill country along the coast and the quiet farming region in the valleys.

The monotony of town life usually develops the strolling habit, and the strolls lead to the discovery that half of the town lies in the woods. It is not all contained in the compact bunch of houses near the bluff. Little home-farms have snuggled in among the trees on the uncleared land. Touching elbows with the town may be a small settlement—probably the home of foreigners. Russians, Fins, Italians, come to the mill coast town in large numbers. Many a foreign name swings on the saloon and store signs, and many of the doctors translate the usual information on their office-doors into Finnish. All these sturdy new-comers belong to the cause of progress. But a walk on the beach or the bluff may lead one to the poor hovels of the Indian village—the usual ap-

pendix to the mill town. On the beach the huts are in danger from the tide, and from fire because the chimneys are of wood. The very old people and the children are there, the squaws and younger men being at work in town. It is the old wild life which has sicklied in the smoke and steam of the mill. And yet, how picturesque this little village looks. It lies in a pine grove, with a green lawn between it and the bluff, and beyond is the sea assailing the rocks with its white infantry, and now and then lifting a signal column of spray over the edge of the land. An old fisher, bent under his oars, comes up the path from the bluff. There are shadows under the pines, but the higher slope is still warm with sunshine. And there, in the sunny caress, lies a neat shingled cottage with green corners and casings. A squaw is washing dishes inside. The other houses are gray and weather-worn. In a little kennel-like shanty sits an old woman in a bed which occupies the whole floor space. Two or three children play near by, and a very old woman is feeling her way with the aid of a stick along the path between two houses. Her legs and feet are bare, her skirt and shawl very shabby. A buxom, red-waisted squaw comes to the door, and the three children run into ambush, turning round eyes and thumbs in mouths when safe at mother's skirt.

There is poverty, want and sickness in the Indian camp. But on the whole, the mill town is prosperous. Its economic force is the "company;" the moral, the churches; the counteracting, the saloon; the

social is hardly definable, for the town is a town of workers. If there is social position, it is taken by the ladies of the company, the bank, the doctors, dentists, and professors' wives, and the young people whose fathers have made money in the mill. There may be glimpses of fashion on the street, but one skirt-pattern has been known to rule the ladies of the town. It amuses itself—the women of the churches arrange socials, entertainments, surprise parties, for the ministers, and the town attends with a contributory cake. Traveling shows stop overnight, and the schools give entertainments, and there is the weekly dance, when the band plays. Political meetings occur in season. Many a county judge will then break into eloquence.

As it supports itself and amuses itself, the town also finds its highest interest in itself. Isolation makes it a unit. The new minister, doctor or teacher faces a tribunal of whose judging eyes he is soon aware, but whose spoken verdicts he seldom hears until he has entered the scathless ranks of the old-timers. If he comes from a large city, it will astonish him to find what interest he arouses. The minister will invite him to church; the men to the lodges, and the ladies entertain him at socials. The town means well, and a tactful person will soon find himself cultivating a home-feeling for it. It lies on the plane of the average; it works; it is satisfied. Life has an easy, genial flow. The fruits of worthy labor ripen easily there for those who mean to be contented.

Woman, Her Part in the World's Progress

By Austin Lewis

THE history of mankind implies in its very significance the history of womankind, for it is impossible to separate the two sexes in such a way as to say that this or that particular work is the product of this or that particular sex. The two sexes are inextricably intermingled and in such guise that it would defy the very scissors of the Fates to separate them. Men obtained Magna Charta, men fought Agincourt, men achieved the independence of the United States, but behind, impossible of being ignored, there lurks the work of women, the patient education of the muscular or intellectual male, the actual suffering and endurance of the conflict. "Home they brought her warrior dead." That is how they come home to the women; babies or dead, they care for them, nurse them, educate them, feed them and spare them to the common weal with the least possible return for all their labor and toil.

The progress of the world is a cant phrase, which in reality implies but very little. Progress, except in the means of enjoyment, being more easy of access, except in the spread of genuine culture and the recognition of a constantly developing ideal of social service, is a vain and empty term. It is good enough to throw at gaping audiences in the madness of contested elections; fine enough to enable a well-paid but not over-intellectually endowed parson to fling at a vain and ignorant congregation, but too fulsome and stupid for the use of thoughtful men and women. We, with our cheap manhood and even cheaper womanhood, can hardly afford to use the term, which stands to-day for the development of all those vicious and degrad-

ing tendencies which destroy both manhood and womanhood. It is better to leave out the term, to avoid cant, and to confine ourselves simply to a brief statement of the work which woman, as woman, has actually done, is doing, and may, if favorable chances offer, do in the future.

What she has done may be pithily described in the expression—everything which stands. The boundaries of countries vary, laws change, tribes disappear, but there are certain things which survive, the indelible inheritance of the race. These mute memorials are the evidences of woman's achievements in the past. The very fire, the making of which separates man by a great dividing line from the brute creation, was, if not her actual discovery, continued and kept alive by her. From the earliest days of history, it was woman's work to tend the fire of the tribe, even as it is woman's work to-day, for the most part, to kindle the fire on the domestic hearth. Pottery, another of the great inventions, one of those epoch-making discoveries which form a period in the history of the race, was probably the invention of a squaw, who found that by daubing mud on grass, a vessel made of the latter would hold water, and then some fine day, having left the vessel so long on the fire that all the grass burned out of it, discovered, as by an inspiration, that the grass was not needed, and the first earthenware was a fact achieved, never to be lost by succeeding generations. Sewing and weaving, spinning and the making of leather, these were all the work of women, invaluable additions to the stock of human possessions, found out by experimenta-

tion in the long days when their lords were away in the chase or warring for the tribe, and they remained at home nursing the wounded and bringing up the young of the tribe to emulate the deeds of their fathers.

And when we pass from these material achievements to others which are not considered to be of higher value, to religion and poetry, we find that the work of these ancient women was not to be despised. They preserved the chants of the tribes, they sang the marriage songs, the songs at the birth of the new generation, and wailed the dirges when the bodies of the warriors found their last resting place in the tribal cemetery. They were the originators and conservers of social customs, the sticklers for etiquette, and by their approval or disapproval marked the morality of acts, thus setting up the first standards of tribal ethics as distinguished from the anti-social ethics of the men. They were not lacking in counsel, for the wise woman was ever a person of great importance. Woman ruled on one side by her beauty, on another by her wisdom, and it was no mere fabled fancy of the poet, but a recognition of a genuine social fact which caused the Sibyl to be written down a woman.

On the whole, it may be seen, therefore, that woman played a much higher role in the work of an early tribal community than she does at the present day, or than she has ever done since those prehistoric times. The growth of private property swallowed up in its development woman also, who thereupon became a piece of property. Her sex attractiveness as a means of enjoyment came to have positive value, and that side of her nature was of necessity abnormally developed, and when the growth of the landed estates rendered necessary the certainty that the heir was the son of his father, monogamy arose and sex

independence vanished. It is true that this brought with it a higher conception of the institution of marriage, but woman had to pay the penalty, which is the hardest that a woman can possibly pay, the loss of ability to choose her own mate.

Skiping the intervening centuries, which are marked in the development of the race by the break-up of tribal relations, the spread of monogamy, the subjection of children to the power of the father, and the consequent growth of an entire class of women whose sole work lay in serving as instruments of pleasure, we come to the Middle Ages.

Here, in some respects due to the acceptance of Christianity, we find a more distinct recognition of women than in the preceding or classical period. That is to say, the woman was in some respects better considered than she had been among the Greeks and Romans, but worse than among the so-called barbarous tribes who vanquished these civilized peoples. Women had always played a prominent part in the history of the Christian Church, and the cult of the Blessed Virgin, which was largely developed during this period, had a certain effect upon the estimation in which woman was held, and this in its turn led to what is known as chivalry. Chivalry was, however, for the most part, a pretended respect, ostentatious and ceremonious, but had no real influence upon the relations of men and women. It must always be remembered that such deference as was paid by a knight to woman was only paid to a lady or woman of his own class. Those of the lower orders were always subject to the whims of the aristocracy, and the feudal laws expressly gave the nobles the fullest sexual rights as far as the women on their estates were concerned. Moreover, Christianity or rather that form of it which flourished at the period of which we are speaking, practically limited the

work of women to the rearing of children and the care of the family. Habitual dependence and continual obedience were the highest virtues of women, inculcated by the church. It must not be forgotten, however, that the most independent and the strongest women could always find occupation in the service of the church, and their labors in this field added largely to the stock of human comforts, as well as to certain of the arts.

On the whole, however, it must be admitted that the condition of women had greatly deteriorated from the times of tribal communism. They had no longer the consciousness that they were of actual social value; their activities were for the most part confined to their own family. We read of no great woman in the Middle Ages, unless she be a great saint. Now and again, it is true, the lady of a castle would take command in the absence of her lord—one great woman, Joan of Arc, who has been recently canonized as a saint, marks the limits of woman's achievements during that period. It is commonplace to speak of the hard conditions of the feudal times, of the serfdom and the class domination, but it must not be forgotten that if man suffered, woman suffered still more. Under the best feudal conditions woman was the serf of a serf, and under the worst, she was obliged to pay the penalty which can always be extorted from her by reason of her sex, and which is to her the greatest of all humiliation and degradation.

With the break-up of the feudal system, we come to the present time. Here we find woman in a transition state. She is partly the creature of a free competitive system, and partly hampered by the restrictions of the preceding period. Free competition based upon the wage system has been the means of taking woman from the family and throwing her into the midst of society.

Here woman must compete not only with members of the other sex, but also with those of her own, for the mere means of subsistence. Formerly woman depended upon man for her livelihood; that was during the Middle Ages; now she is more and more frequently driven to seek her own. Middle class women are prone to ascribe this fact to the greater initiative of women under the present system, and praise the bourgeois notions of freedom of contract and individual liberty as being the foundations of women's political enfranchisement. As a matter of fact, the process began, not with the intellectual women of sturdy independence, who sought to hammer out professional careers for themselves, but, on the other hand, among the uneducated of the lower classes. The development of the textile industries, by the use of steam machinery, provided a form of labor for which women and children were well suited, as it did not require much actual physical strength. This development of these industries displaced the dominant form of industry and flooded the market with women anxious to provide for their families by their labor. Hence began a general movement of women into the trades and professions, which has completely revolutionized the idea of the family prevalent in the Middle Ages. More and more, women invade the sphere of labor, which was formerly the exclusive possession of men, and thereby render the gaining of a livelihood both by men and women more and more precarious. The system not only allows, but actually compels, the employment of women in industry of all kinds. Economic necessity obliges them to take the work, but tradition and their unprotected state deprive them of the rewards of their own labor.

The wages of women are lower than those of men, even where the women are the more capable, and

this very largely because they have not developed the power of mutual co-operation which men, by their greater experience in the broad world, have succeeded in establishing. Just as the sex of woman kept her in a position of inferiority and subjection during the Middle Ages, so does it now under the competitive system. As woman is by nature a potential mother, she carries that potentiality into the factory, the office and the market. Only in comparatively few cases does she regard the work which she follows as the sole occupation of her life. She considers it for the most part as merely preliminary to the establishment of a home, and this fact in itself prevents the organization which would secure for her better returns for her toil. The fact that women will accept lower wages than men is the fact which compels them to accept them. Just as in the Middle Ages we find that the serf woman is inferior to the serf-man, so to-day we find that the working woman is inferior to the working man. And just as her sex entailed degradation upon her in the preceding period, so to-day her sex attraction is not without its influence upon her place in the industrial world. And the supreme penalty of her inferiority is exacted to an extent hardly credible except to those who have examined the question.

But while the present industrial system has broken up the home and has sent woman out to make a living for herself with very inadequate weapons for so fierce and unremitting a conflict, it has by no means been without its promise for a future position for her sex which will transcend in possibility of social and individual service any preceding period of history. Each society contains within itself the germs of its successor. The tendency of the existing condition is to render possible a career independent of the career of matrimony. Many a woman

is able to earn her living independent of the marriage state; she need not enter that state unless she feels herself really impelled to do so, and thus the choice of her mate, of which she was deprived by the break-up of the old tribal relations, will again be restored to her, and she need not marry except for the only valid reason of marriage. That this will have a profound influence upon the race is beyond all doubt. It is true that fewer women will probably marry, but it is also true that those who do so will not marry men who have not the qualities which entitle them to respect at the hands of women, and thus the powerful advantage which certain men possess, by virtue of their ability to provide a living will be abolished.

On the other hand, the system renders possible the attainment of political power by women, to an extent which they have never up to the present enjoyed. The economic system is based upon the idea of equality before the law. When women are admitted to employment, when they enjoy private property, and are able to dispose of it on the same terms as men, the logic of a political inferiority of one sex becomes an absurdity. This is already seen, and the woman's political movement in the direction of political equality has grown up in consequence. There is no need to go into this matter, the facts are already sufficiently well known; it is but necessary to say that in the English-speaking communities in which the economic and political system of to-day is most fully developed, women are everywhere gradually gaining more and more power, and in the youngest and most advanced of these countries, the Australian Federation of States, they are admitted to all the same political rights as men upon a basis of absolute equality.

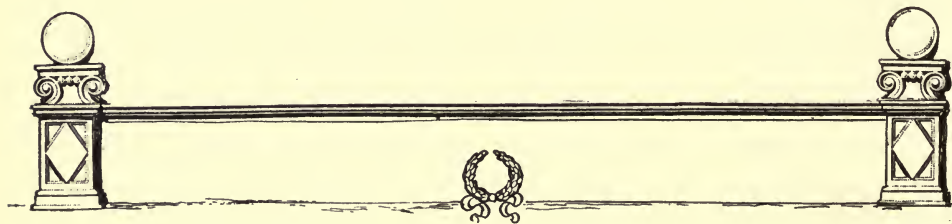
Various other reasons contribute to make this change all the more easy. Women are either very con-

servative or exceedingly radical. The conservative element sees in the woman vote a barrier against the aggressive radicalism of the times, and the church in particular, which counts its strongest adherents among women, is only too anxious to throw the influence of its communicants against certain forms of evil which it deplures and endeavors to combat. Again, the political enfranchisement of women, being a somewhat revolutionary measure in the eyes of the politicians, naturally leads women to espouse the radical cause to a great extent, because it is here that they find their best supporters. On the other hand, the organized interests which tend towards the destruction of social life, the saloon interests and others of a similar character, see in the political power of women an enemy, and wherever the measure of political enfranchisement has been defeated it has been owing to the machinations of these interests.

The question is naturally raised as to how far the exercise of political rights by women will tend towards the betterment of social conditions. The ultra-revolutionary is apt to despise the movement upon the ground that the mere addition of some few thousands of extra voters will make no difference to the results of political action, and that no good will therefore be achieved. In this there is one fallacy, or rather

oversight, which vitiates the entire argument. Woman is, by virtue of her sex, the protectress of children. No one can have any doubt that the introduction of women into political life will profoundly affect the treatment of children, and thus have an ever-increasing good influence upon the race. To take a local example, even where women do not enjoy the right of voting. One of the most salutary laws lately passed in California has been the establishing of the Juvenile Court, by which children who are showing signs of going astray are spared the degradation and risk of imprisonment and herding with ordinary criminals.

The woman of the future then will be not only a stronger individual by virtue of her power to earn her own individual subsistence, more affectionate and better able to supply the peculiar qualities of softness and refinement with which nature has endowed her, because she will possess the power of choosing her own mate, a better mother, because she will only enter upon the married state and have children because she wants to, but an actual political and social force by virtue of her political power, and whatever other use to which she may put that power it will undoubtedly take the form of opposition to war, and of the amelioration of social conditions, particularly for the young.



The Asiatic Giant

By Thomas B. Wilson

WHEN the German Emperor said he scented danger to the white race in the aggressiveness of the Chinese and Japanese, very many wondered if Emperor William had caught glimpses of coming events. But the sober second thought repudiated the yellow peril cry, because it was believed to be the wild imaginings of a spectacular ruler, who was painfully wanting in ability to penetrate the mysteries of racial evolution and the intricacies of statecraft, so the sound of the alarm bell died away in the silence of its own weakness. But was the Kaiser's frenzied outcry really the fancy of a restless mind? And has it not already borne good fruit? The War Lord was only half wrong. He should have called it the "Asiatic peril," and not localized it. China, of herself, is not a peril, nor is Japan, but Asia as a whole could be, and some day it may be, more than a menacing peril to the white race. It may sometime assume an aggressiveness which will be a peril of gigantic proportions to the white race.

We have accustomed ourselves to measure the Asiatics and Asiatic character by their dreamy metaphysics, their subtle philosophies, and their strangely fashioned religious dogmas, but we are now realizing our mistake. The Russo-Japanese war has already revealed a phase of Asiatic character that we never suspected as belonging to the people of that continent. Yet had we read between the lines of the religio-political and metaphysical-philosophical utterances of Manu, Moses, Vyasa, Zoroaster, Krishna, Buddha, Confucius, and the other sages of Asia, we should not now find ourselves in such darkness concerning

the real character of the Asiatics. The elements which have forced Japan to the fore-front in practical demonstration in the strategy of war, in the science of Government, in the persistency of commerce and industry, in the cunning of statecraft and in the genius of invention, are not confined to the Japanese. These qualities are equally powerful, though more or less latent, in the entire Asiatic race. We have not taken the correct measure of these people. We have judged the hornet by the dull and unattractive coloring of his nest. We refuse to admit and accept the deeper meaning of the fact that every one of the great religions, religio-philosophies, metaphysical cults, science, alchemy and chemistry, and the principles of physics, including Christianity—which we claim is the ethical force that has led the white race to its present high level of civilization, learning and personal liberty—were born and cradled and reared to mighty manhood in Asia, and wholly under Asiatic sanction and leadership. And are we of the white race not indebted to Asia for our own beginnings? Are we of the white race not Aryans by blood, and did not the Aryans have their first home in Thibet, and did they not, like bees, swarm on its broad plains and immigrate to the four quarters of the globe? Were not the kings and prophets of Israel Asiatics? Let us not forget that the people of Asia—most of them—are our kinsmen.

Perhaps we should not be far wrong were we to give the descendants of our progenitors who remained in and scattered themselves all over Asia credit for having some of the family germs of push and energy which have enabled the "white

race" to dominate in the affairs of the continents of the world, albeit they be moss-covered by ages of neglect. But were not great Babylon, Medea, Persia, Assyria, Palestine, Egypt and their generals and statesmen and scientists and philosophers, nations and men of mighty force and supreme in strength of character? Have their descendants lost all the cunning, intelligence and genius and aggressive spirit of their forefathers? If they are only sleeping, what would rudely awakening them mean to us? If 2,000,000 soldiers could be marshaled upon one battlefield in India 5,000 years ago, as recited in the Mahabharatam, to settle a dispute between two opposing dynasties, could not an equally large military force be put upon the same field in our day and generation? Let us not forget that Asia has a population of all of 800,000,000, and that every nation of that country has a history that is very far from being barren of recitals of great achievements in war, in statecraft, in art, in science, in philosophy, and in mechanics. Perhaps it might be well for us to remember, as we look with disfavor upon the Chinese because of their "ways that are peculiar," that 4,000 years ago an emperor of that empire put two of the nation's astronomers to death because they failed to accurately fix the time of an eclipse of the sun. Perhaps it might be well, while considering the barbarism of Asia, to remember that the first organized society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was founded by Asoka, King of Hindustan, quite 2,300 years ago. Indeed, he went so far as to order that water-troughs be placed at given intervals on all public highways to afford refreshing drink to wild as well as to tame animals. History does not justify the belief entertained by many of the "enlightened and highly civilized white race" that the Asiatics have not yet

fully emerged from the animal kingdom.

All of us know something of the aggressiveness of the white man, especially of the missionaries of the multitude of the Christian sects. We know that not a few of them are "on the make" while trying to "convert" Asiatics to their faith. We know that for the most part the Asiatics have little use for the Christian religion, and less for its white representatives in their country. We know and they know that while the civilization of the white race is upon the highest level of "book learning," that humankind has ever reached, they know, as we know, that our business methods as a rule, and our social customs, contradict and antagonize the ethical code of the founder of the Christian religion. They know, and we know, that professions of religious faith by the white race are very far removed from practice in our political, commercial, industrial, social and religious life. Naturally they would conform to our methods rather than to our professions of faith were they to embrace Christianity. "All men are of one blood," and no doubt they would take to doing as we do and not as we say with a will, since religion, like trees, may very properly be judged by its fruit. We should not expect them to adopt higher standards of honesty, integrity and brotherhood than we have for our own conduct of life. After their conversion to Christianity they would turn their backs upon their old religions, traditions and superstitions, and conform to ours, as taught by and exemplified in our political, commercial and social customs.

Now let us speculate upon what the consequence would be in time to the white race were these 800,000,000 "heathen" to embrace our religion and catch our step in the avenues of trade, industry, finance, capital combination, territorial robbery, political corruption, warfare

and commodity distribution under the persuading influence of warships and soldiers. Their history shows them to be not lacking in wit, wisdom, bravery or invention. If their wit, wisdom, bravery and inventive genius were turned loose in the world in the spirit of the heartlessness of the Christian nations, with all our warring, anathematizing and social ostracizing because of faith and dogma differences, there soon would be an "Asiatic peril" from which we might well pray the good Lord to deliver us. Let us not try

to "beneficently assimilate" this great giant. Let him work out his own salvation in his own way. Let us sustain close commercial relations, but fight shy of Asia's pig-tails, its josses, its social life, its politics and its religion. Let us give the Asiatics the best in us, and take the best in them, and above all let us quit sending gunboats to acquire "spheres of influence" lest the huge animal be so Christianized that he will want similar spheres in Europe and America.

A Lay Sermon on Immortality

By Armond, Layman

“WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.”

My discourse is in nowise intended to be an attack upon so-called industrial trusts or other combines of capital. Large aggregations of capital, under the control of a few men of commanding capacity for management and of integrity, are necessary to the development of the resources of a country. Great business enterprises require vast sums of money in their operation—more, indeed, than any one man or any dozen of men could command individually. Hence, concentrated millions of money under the direction of a few master minds is everywhere recognized as an economic requirement in the science of commerce, and when such aggregations are employed for the best good of the people, the effects are altogether ethical. But if employed under the iron hand of greed and avarice, the influence upon the corporation it-

self is immoral, and to the community it is degrading—the tendency being to persuade the individuals of the latter to adopt the methods of the former in their business and social life, thus leading them upon the dark and cheerless shores of soul-death and soul extinction.

But the theme of my discourse, and my conclusions, is intended to deal more particularly with the individual, and therefore I ask you, and you and you, what would it profit you to gain all wealth, all honor and the applause of all men, and be compensated for your success by annihilation of body and soul and memory—if at death your personality and individuality should melt away into everlasting nothingness. Perhaps some of you may think to find comfort in the vain and foolish thought that extinction of the soul would mean a state in which there would be no memory, no knowledge, no sense of feeling, no realization of having lost anything; hence, there would be no loss, seeing that one

must know the effects of consequences to realize them. But that is very far from being a tenable position, because every one will testify that the strongest and most persistent desire in man is to have continuity of life. In fact, there is no mental science or philosophy that provides a process of reasoning by which one can think of oneself as having no individualized existence. However bad, however brutal, however steeped in depravity one may become, there never would come a time when one would not prefer to retain one's identity—one's individuality—than to accept relief by extinction. The suicide is stimulated to take his life by the hope that through the act he will secure a more satisfying state of existence, not a condition of non-being. All men hope for not only life beyond the grave, but a nearer approach to an ideal life. But what is hope in the sense I use the word?

If you will take the trouble to analyze hope, you will find that hope's truest synonym is life, and that continuity of life and hope are essentially one. One does not hope for that which one is knowingly already possessed of, and it is this hope that continuous individualized life may be made a reality—that the power to know and be known may be continuous—that establishes and maintains belief in possible immortality. But if such hope is never permitted to culminate in satisfying fruition, would not the pictured ideal of the heart be more cruel than the mockery of the mirage? Would hope itself be less than the essence of the fiendishness of all hells conspiring to add misery and desolation to humanity's paths of going and coming?

In the long ago, Job asked: "If a man die, shall he live again?" With all his wisdom, Job could find no satisfying answer to his own question—nor can you, other than in the realms of reason, logic and

justice. But would reason or logic or a sense of justice lead one to search for grapes in a cluster of thistles, or for wheat in the pod of the poison weed? Would not one return with empty basket?

A fig tree stood a little way off, clothed in all the grandeur of its dark green foliage. The earth had given to its roots the best of its energizing life forces. The sunshine and the rain and the dew and gentle winds had not refused it their blessings. It grew and spread its graceful branches. It assumed the grandeur of a god in the world of fruit trees. Its stateliness and thrift marked it outwardly as the home of figs in boundless plenty. The Lord Christ saw the tree in all its splendid outward strength and beauty. He would eat of its delicious fruit, all hidden beneath deep-dyed foliage, but when he reached forth his hand to gather figs, he found "nothing but leaves." It was a figless tree. He cursed it, and it died the death of the unworthy of immortality. So, too, will the most careful search fail to discover an immortal soul inhabiting the body of one whose highest ideal life is personified in greed, in avarice, in selfishness, and in the lusts of the flesh.

Yes, a man may "lose his own soul."

"Work out your own salvation," has been the injunction of every Avatar. This means, if it means anything, that individual salvation is individual immortality, and that unsecured salvation means that immortality has not been acquired, and if it has not been acquired, it follows logically that one is not possessed of it, and hence is not immortal. But what is individual salvation or immortality of the soul? It is the ethical compensation for a righteous life. But if the life be unrighteous, would the compensation be immortality just the same? If so, let us eat and drink and dan-

der to our lower nature, for we are superior to the law of ethical causation.

St. Paul says that mortality **must** put on immortality to be immortal. The only reasonable interpretation of this is that immortality is something to be acquired, and St. Paul is indorsed by Krishna, Buddha, Christ and every other Avatar, as well as by logic, reason and the science of being.

No man is an immortal being—no soul is immortal by reason of any innate or inherent qualities or gifts or intellectuality. But every soul has ample opportunity, ample inherent qualities and ample intellectuality to acquire individualized immortal life.

If the farmer sow his field of sesamum, will the harvest be golden corn? No more will he who sows to the base desires the seed of lust harvest immortality. In all things man reaps as he sows. Only the dogmas of theologians encourage the hope that a man may have the product of a life of iniquity turned into righteousness in the twinkling of an eye, and rewarded by the ethical compensation of immortality with the gods. The Lord Christ never so much as hinted that the ethical harvest of the soul will be other than the legitimate product of the seed that was sown. If, on the other hand, man has a soul, or is a soul, that was given to him by the Creator and wrought out of the attributes of the Infinite, it would be an immortal entity, and could not be lost or destroyed, because such immortality would be neither creatable nor destructible. The fallacy of such a dogma is apparent in the face of the known fact that Nirvana, or Heaven, stands for the culmination in victory of the soul over those things which war against a righteous life.

Because a man has a mortal soul which possesses possibilities of immortality, the Christs and the Bud-

dhas urge man to work out his possibilities and be saved from soul death. I say again that none of the Avatars or world saviors ever asserted that man, by his very nature, possessed a something that is an individualized immortal entity, being or life. I do not hesitate to say that there is not an intimation in nature, nor in logic, nor in reason that justifies belief in the dogma that man is by his nature an immortal being, but I do say that he possesses the attributes—the materials from which he may create for himself individualized soul immortality. That is to say, no man inherits individualized immortality, but all men may acquire it. Individualized immortality, or immortal soul life, is the ethical compensation for having worked out one's salvation and reaching the heights of wisdom and spirituality beyond this field of action.

Nevertheless, individualized immortality is secured only in the flesh. One does not die to become immortal. One has acquired immortality when in him is the fulfillment of the law of ethical causation—when he is closing his life count in the flesh. "To be a god in hereafter, one must be a god here and now."

So also is the soul lost while still in the flesh. It is in the work-shop of the flesh that salvation is secured, or refused. "All souls are mine saith the Lord." "The soul that lives in sin it shall die."

"As a man thinketh so is he." Suppose the thinker to be a farmer. His salvation is to be worked out in the cultivation of his field to good corn, but he prefers to cultivate weeds, gradually crushing out and casting out the corn, until weeds and only weeds are to be found in the field. On the other hand, suppose the thinker, or soul, persisted in his struggle against weeds in the field of his life, uprooting it, and substituting for them the spiritual corn of

holy love, righteousness and divine wisdom, would not that be working out his salvation and winning individualized immortality, wherein there would be no element of dissolution or destruction? Hence, it follows that man does not receive immortal individuality as an inheritance. That is a condition of individualized existence that is to be secured by diligent and persistent effort. I think practically every one of the great religions confirm this theory of immortality, and of the soul.

Individuality is the sublimest of God's plans for the spiritual evolution of the thinker from the confusion of his beginnings away to the mountain of Zion, where the personification of wisdom and righteousness is seen in true manhood and true womanhood. Since, then, immortal life is a condition to be acquired, would it be entering too far into the field of the speculative to wonder what percentage of humanity acquires it? Personally, I think such speculation altogether wholesome and instructive.

Who of us is wise enough to discern the line which separates animal from human existence? Solomon says: "I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even the one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath; so that a man has no pre-eminence above the beast.

"All go to one place: all are of the dust and all turn to dust again.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that it goeth downward to the earth."

An apple tree puts forth 10,000 blossoms, and the most critical botanical analysis will reveal no dif-

ference between the several blossoms—their several organs and colorings appear outwardly to be perfect. Outwardly, every blossom gives promise of developing into a sound and fully rounded out apple. But when the fruit harvest season comes, the Lord of the Orchard finds that only 1,000 blossoms have matured into apples, the other 9,000 having not only failed to become fruit, but have lost their individuality by falling to the ground and becoming extinct as blossoms. My own opinion is that about that same percentage of human entities on the tree of Life become individualized immortal souls, and about the same great odds finally fare no better than did the blossoms that returned to their several elements. "Many are called, but few are chosen." "Narrow the way, and few there be that enter thereat." The Lord Christ warned the people to fear that which is able to destroy the soul. Paul tried hard to impress upon the minds of the Romans that the wages of sin is soul death, and that doctrine was the burden of Christ's teaching, as well as that of the apostles and the chosen disciples. Israel's wisest man and greatest preacher, as well as teacher, in describing the fate of the soul that refuses to acquire individualized immortality, says: "If ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

But what is it, some may ask, that loosens the silver cord; that breaks the golden bowl; that breaks the pitcher at the fountain; that breaks the wheel at the cistern; that prevents mortality putting on immortality? I answer, conduct of life that glorifies and deifies animal nature by worshiping at the altar of Evil and calling it Good. The incense that

risers from that altar is perfumed vice, gilded lust, icy greed, grasping selfishness, and, worst of all, the infamy of measuring another's higher and truer self by one's own lower self.

Man is always looking for something, and as the incentive to seek is born of that which dominates in his soul, he never fails to find what he is looking for—if not without, surely within himself.

The North Countrie

By Nellie Rickey

WITH the annual return of days that have been spent in resting from the weary, every-day work, one begins to plan a vacation, a getting away from the city, with its wind and dust and noise, and I am telling you of one happy vacation, hoping that you can also visit this great "North countrie," and visit it soon, for even now the eye of the lumberman is upon it, and the time is not far distant when all will be changed. To the lover of nature in its virgin state, no place could give greater delight. It abounds in the very things to-day that it did ages ago. The hand of the Master is still visible. Man has left untouched as yet these monster trees and growing green things, but their days are numbered, and very soon the writers of this country will tell you of mills and railroads, noise and turmoil. "All things come to those who wait," it is said, and the very small population of this land have waited long for the coming of mill-men and rejoice at the prospect of the sale of their "timber claims," upon which they have squatted lo! these many years. It means money for their trees and fine lands for dairying purposes, after it is cleared, or if both trees and land are sold, a great fortune, it seems to them, whose means have been so limited. Our party was composed of four men and we two women, who

decided to go at the proverbial eleventh hour, with many misgivings, it must be acknowledged, as to our ability to make the overland journey of two hundred miles through this northern part of Humboldt County, and the length of Del Norte. It was our woman's curiosity that decided for us—a curiosity of which any woman might well be proud; a desire to see the wonders and beauties of this magnificent country, of which so little is heard and so much could be told. But who can describe it, after seeing it? This land of trees and ferns and the wild azalea so loved by Muir—this land of wild berries growing in rank luxuriance, and to be had for the picking; this land of magnificent redwoods, whose mighty trunks are branchless for a hundred feet or more, and straight erect and majestic, and the green top so far away, makes one feel as if in the presence of assembled centuries. Here they are in countless millions, no two alike, each made more beautiful than its neighbor by some deft turn of Mother Nature's hand—a burl here, a knot there, a hollow one in all shades of brown, rotting wood, but most beautiful of all, from an artistic standpoint, the ones that have tired of standing all the years "for nothing," as the children say, and have lain themselves down to rest, and out of which are growing beautiful ferns and vines and the red

huckleberry that is so like an immense maiden-hair fern—a tangle of loveliness beautiful beyond description. From the wise man's point of view, these trees are of no value, for he is looking for marketable timber to make into lumber to be sent to Manila, Honolulu, Australia, and England, to say nothing of the home market. It was business and pleasure for these wise men but all pleasure for we wise women, for so we decided that we should be called, as did the men. We knew before we started that there were two hundred miles of driving before us, sometimes over grades hundreds of feet in the air, with the ocean beneath us, for this road is sometimes in and sometimes out of the woods. We knew, too, that we were going away from hotels and farm houses, and that we must eat and sleep as we could for the next ten days. We started at five o'clock Monday morning, July 1st, from near Arcata, Humboldt County. We drove forty miles the first day through a country of small farms, and passed through the town of Trinidad, reaching Orick at five o'clock. Here we pitched tent and prepared our first camp dinner. We were very tired, of course, and slept the sleep of the just at a farm house that night, and were up bright and early a little stiff and sore, but anxious to be on our way, and see what this day would bring forth. Our first day's journey was along the ocean, and partly through redwoods that we then thought wonderful, but upon our return seemed very small, but the drive through them will never be forgotten, for here we first saw the undergrowth of sword ferns, rank, luxurious and graceful, and as thick as the grass in your lawn. When out of the redwoods and on the road along the ocean, the mountains were covered so thick as to be impenetrable, and as high as the seat of the buggy, with the common fern, the woodwardia. Never for

one mile of that two hundred miles that we drove were we out of ferns. Mountain after mountain of them. Sometimes the wild azalea was growing among them, and again the wild rose, not a bunch occasionally, but acres of them, their perfume greeting us sometimes before we saw them around the curve in the road—such beauty and fragrance being wasted upon the ocean air. July 2d we drove through ferns and redwoods, around mountain grades and around canyons that we did not dare look at, the Devil's Canyon and the Devil's Slide both being terrifying in their height. It was all very grand and a never to be forgotten experience, but we sighed with relief when we were once more in the dear old redwoods and reaching for the salmon and thimble berries that nodded to us as we passed in the most irritating manner. Early morning found us at the Klamath River, where we were ferried across to the little Indian village of Requa.

Here we spent the night at a place called a hotel, kept by a white man and his half-breed wife. Upon the banks of the Klamath were many small boats and canoes, and many Indians were being taken across to Old Requa on the opposite side, for there was to be a great Fourth of July celebration, which would last three days and nights. A more picturesque sight than was presented there could hardly be imagined. Old squaws, dressed in old Indian fashion, with baskets or squaw caps upon their heads, and nothing upon their feet and legs; the Indian men in American clothes, but mostly bared as to legs and feet also, for there was a long stretch of mud to be walked through after leaving the canyons. The Indians gather from all over the country for this annual celebration. The first night was devoted entirely to the medicine dance. The second night to the "white man's dance," and the third

night to Indian dances. How we regretted then that we could not be present, and how glad we were that we were not when we heard upon our return of the general mix-up of whites, Indians and whiskey.

July 3d we drove down to Mill Creek, seven miles east of Crescent City, and were continually meeting wagon loads of Indians on their way to Requa. They usually had spring wagons and two horses, and there was always a full load of men, women and children. We met one family walking. Their home was fully twenty miles from Requa, but they were trudging along and carrying a big, fat baby. Aside from their distinctive Indian color and features, they did not differ from the common class of people that we see every day. Shirt waists and sailor hats were worn by the young women, though some had big hats of black or white straw trimmed with bright colored artificial flowers and cheap lace. The men wore store slothes of the cheapest kind, with no thought as to fit. Some of them have comfortable little houses and support their families in what they call comfort.

At Requa there is a fish cannery (salmon), which buys all the fish the Indians catch. For miles before reaching and after leaving Requa the country is settled by squaw men, and their families of half-breed children are objects of pity when one thinks how much worse off they are than the Indians who have a place and a people where they feel at home, but the poor half-breed is despised by the whites, and he in turn despises the Indians. It was amusing at Requa to hear a half-breed man tell of the Indian dance and laugh about it, as if it was as foreign and strange to him as to us.

Our drive on July 3d was through the finest redwoods that we saw on the trip, and still grew this gorgeous carpet of ferns, and it seems a pity that the wise man and

others are planning mills and railroads through this land of silent beauty. The days of this virgin forest are numbered, and with the advent of mills, men and machinery, will go, and forever, this grandeur, this deep, strange silence and this peace which "passeth all understanding."

We passed the 4th of July quietly in camp, on the banks of beautiful Mill Creek. The comparison between this Independence Day and others in years gone by was very marked. No fire-crackers, no bombs, no anvils, no parades, no speech-making, no reading of the Declaration of Independence, but a day full of quiet and peace and adoration of the handiwork of the Master.

Here we made the acquaintance of a most delightful old couple who lived a mile from our camp. With them we spent two nights, and never will we forget their genuine hospitality. It was nine o'clock at night when we knocked for admittance, and such a sight as greeted our eyes! We were very cold, and the great home-made fire-place, six feet high and six feet wide, was full of logs, and the firelight on the old brown wood of the house that was built by the owner's hands thirty-three years before, made a picture worthy a great artist. For thirty-two years they had packed on mule-back all their supplies, but a year before they had built a piece of road from the house to the main road, and now could drive in and out. They had never had a cooking stove until a few years ago. They had baked and boiled at the old fire-place. Rag carpets were everywhere, and our bed consisted of a straw tick or bed, and an old-time feather bed. Old-timey as could be, but good hearts, were there, and that is what makes happiness.

In our camp was a tree with many arrows shot into it, and we were told that these trees are never felled by mill men, but left standing

with the arrows in them. The Indians have some superstition in regard to them, and each one would send an arrow into the "arrow tree" when passing it.

July 5th saw us journeying onward, and we reached our destination, Smith River, that night. Another day of delight in the redwoods, mingled with regret that we would so soon be at the end of the journey. We found a comfortable hotel at Smith River, at which we remained until Sunday afternoon, when we started on our homeward journey.

While at Smith River we visited

the Indian village situated on an island in the mouth of the river, where it empties into the ocean. Here we bought Indian baskets and relics that are now very hard to obtain. The home trip was just as delightful, except the feeling that something altogether lovely was passing out of our lives. There seems to be an element of gypsy in all of us, and it is only by getting close to the heart of nature, as we have been, that one is satisfied. Would that every tired man and woman might rest brain and nerves as we did in this forest primeval, this "north countrie."

At Parting

By Stanly Coghill

A cypress-shaded memory of the past,
 Yew-shrouded and suffused with mist of tears,
 Is life to me, and all the coming years
 Turn backward, groping for the overcast
 Dead Faith in thee; and tho' the Reason spurn
 Yet still will Love triumphant claim his due,
 And all the worlds seem but a throne for you.
 The earth is but an altar-stone where burn
 The fires I lit to lost and perished creeds
 Of thee; thro' night's dim waste of Joy in Pain
 You come to me a crowned Queen again,
 And then the Sun, malignant, eastward speeds
 And daylight with its mocking memory
 The arid stretch of Time makes desolate.
 Too brief is life that I should consecrate
 New Goddesses and Faiths in place of thee;
 And even Eternity that Time survives
 Is all too weak that it should conquer this,
 The memory of that despairing kiss
 Pressed on thy hand at parting of our lives.
 So must I live, sadder than throneless king,
 A priest of perished creeds and fallen shrines,
 Muttering prayers disjointed—broken lines
 Of the full song that I must never sing.

The Crows of Ensenada

By Virginia Garland

IN Ensenada, the crows are everywhere; along the shore, on the high-bowldered uplands above the bay, calling from canyon-creased lands back from the ocean; walking over thresholds in the village. Their unceasing cawing drops creaking down from overhead, as they cut their black flight through the slower sailing of the gulls, above the bay of Todos Santos. They preside over this picturesque sea-port, border town of Lower California.

I believe their keen, prying eyes see all the happenings of the port, know all the high officials, all the worthless folk. A dignified character meets with their respect, but let a lazy, mescal-filled fellow lie out on the sand dunes, and they gather to pull at his clothing, to caw and jeer. They are on the qui vive when a man starts with a shovel and bucket for the clam beds. As he leaves his door, they wheel overhead and follow. At a distance they walk behind him, talking among themselves, waiting to pick up the mollusks his shovel has crushed into and cast aside on the sand.

When on Sunday the members of the Mexican band gather in the small dusty plaza and play their amorous, rhythmic Spanish airs, I have watched the crows perched on the outskirts of the squares, for once their harsh clamor unsounding, listening in evident enjoyment to the music. Often have I laughed to myself, looking up and seeing these cynical, black-feathered sages, these glossy-winged philosophers, looking down at me and at the people of Ensenada; peering down, keen, curious, and have felt they were weighing our affairs, judging, and I doubt not, sneering.

When the great white, diaphan-

ous, creepy petals of the Matilija poppy stand in tall, glorious ranks on hill side and in canyons, before the yerba mansa has carpeted with white blossoms the moist, green places on yellowed slopes, the crows begin their spring love dances along the sea shore. Two by two, with half-lifted wings, they spring and wheel around each other, walking, dipping, bowing, strutting. One springs low into the air, the other hovers over, both moving slowly up the beach, wings keeping time together, one bird just above the other, waving, fluttering, graceful, palpitating, in perfect rythm, measured to the music of the waves.

Without the scavenger crows, gulls and vultures, Ensenada would be a place of fever, for it has no sanitary system of sewage. However, no scrap of food or garbage has a chance to breed sickness, nothing escapes their ravenous hunger. Down the street come two prisoners from the cuartel, carrying garbage, guarded by the soldiers. Over them flap the crows, waiting until the refuse is cast into the ocean, darting down and out into the water, running after floating scraps, hanging over the waves to snatch some desired piece, always quicker, bolder than the gulls. Walk through the dark town at night and you startle groups of birds eagerly scanning every corner and cranny of the street for refuse. The vultures flap heavily up, the gulls rise in tangled flight, but the crows merely step to one side, black in the blackness; a caw is all you know of their presence.

There are those in Ensenada who smile at my enthusiasm over the dirty, quaint little town, but the amused toleration the crows show

me I feel more keenly. To-night there is a baile at the Customs House; they are treading "la danza," that languorous Spanish waltz in which each hesitating step seems the last, but which throbs on and on until the slow, lazy fascination of it gets into one's blood. The windows are thrown wide, the heavy odor of jasmine drifts into the hall. I discover against the dark, star-dusted sky, an old crow perched on the sill, watching me with an amused, blase air. "No doubt," I say to him, "this is not new to you; you and your grandfathers and your great-great grandfathers have watched the Mexican dancing, but it is all very novel and charming to me, and you will please take yourself and your cynical old eyes off." He bursts into shrieks of derision and flaps away into the night.

But it is only the inhabitants of the town, or the stupid gulls and buzzards, with whom they congregate and tyrannize over, that call forth the scorning of the crows. The white, firm, mile after mile of curving beach; the blue, rippling bay; the barren mountains, played over by opal lights; the wild rocks piled up in terraces from the shore; the deep, azure sky over Ensenada, the crows take delight in, with me.

Once I became interested in the actions of two birds whose habit it was to fly every day up and down the face of a certain cliff overhanging the bay, calling to each other, often gazing down as if they hid some treasure there and disappearing at times into some spot I could not see. When the birds were away I resolved to investigate, so half-crawling, I stumbled down the cliff until I reached a tiny sand bar on the undersweeping shore. Here I found a small cave hollowed out of the rocks. The tide was out, leaving an entrance possible. With difficulty I crawled into it, and found myself in a weird, enchanting place. Here no sunlight ever came, only

the pale, reflected light of the sea. Little brown-green pools lay in dimples of the rocks, colored mosses clung dripping to the sides, things brightly wet, pebbles, anemones, sea weed, shells glistened. Silence was there, except the sound of a crab scuttling away and the voice of the ocean outside, threatening and soothing at the same time. Without seeing me, the two crows returned and lit at the entrance, looking out at sea, nodding to each other, turning eyes up to the sky, glancing serenely, dreamily, with an air of ownership into the cave where I had hidden behind a stone. Such shrieking when I moved, such indignant rage at my intrusion! They hung suspended at the entrance, glaring in at me, calling me all sorts of names. What did they come to this cave for? What was it attracted these birds to the spot? Not a nesting sight; no food was there but the one fleeing crab. I cannot but think they came to admire and gloat over the various bright, gleaming objects there and the strange shimmering sealight in the cave.

On nights when the moon rises late, I walk with the Consul down the long, deserted, abandoned wharf. The water swings and murmurs against the dark, shaky piles beneath; the crows are perched on the girders below, paying no attention to us, standing silent, as we stand for an hour, watching the phosphorescent, curving sweep of the waves as they flash into the gloom on the shore. Off in the town, moving, twinkling lights, show where the band is playing before the Governor's house, accompanied by the cuartel soldiers, turning and countermarching with torches. The strain of "La Golindrina" reaches us, now faint, now clear; a bugle call rings out loud and mellow. The crows pay no attention to these sounds, the usual noise of the town disturbs them not. In a row they stand, nodding, drowsy. But now

some other sound has caught their ear. They move uneasily, rouse themselves. They hear the almost silent, smothered dip of an oar. They wait, heads stretched out, lowered from their shoulders, questioning this creeping, furtive noise. Suddenly the air is filled with black wings, with grating, rasping, excited cawing. My friend steps to the side of the wharf and looks down. A vessel for days has been lying out on the water; a small boat is attempting to land something on the wharf platform. A conversation in Spanish ensues, ending in a final "vamoos!" from the Consul. "Smugglers," he explains to me. The man paddles back cursing the crows and star-gazing couples.

So it is; each day the crows give me something to wonder or to laugh at. If the pleasure of the town palls upon me, I have but to look to these clever birds, to watch their ever entertaining antics, or to seek with them the inspiration of the wide sea and earth and sky.

Then comes the day when I leave the peninsula town. As the vessel

glides out into the glassy, morning-tranquil bay, Ensenada slips from sight around a bend. Ensenada, hot and dusty, but charming. Gone are the parched, nondescript houses; the sombre, dark faces; intense guttural voices; passion-flashing eyes; the unhealthy odors; the blue, burning skies; touches of bright color; broken, uneven sidewalks; water jars; burros; sea gulls; gleaming bay; slow, heavy buzzards; grim mountains, oft softened in tender light; little black soldiers; drums, bugle notes, and that strange, smiling touch of glamour these people cast over their very ugliness.

Over all, the crows fly, black, cawing, derisive, knowing well these village folk; curious of all the details of their lives; prying into their kitchens; walking silent on moonlight nights behind lovers; but keeping their own domestic life, covert, hidden.

It is the crows I see and hear last; lacing their flight back and forth above the bay of Todos Santos; the wise, uncanny crows of Ensenada.

The World

By Sadie Bowman Metcalfe

A dreaming world I watched with languid eyes,
Through mists of half-ope'd buds and pearly skies—
And all her tender morning message seemed
To bid me dream, and so—I slept—and dreamed.

A laughing world awoke and bade me wake—
Bade me of laughter, life and love partake—
So, with the gay abandon of a child,
I woke, pursued the laughing world—and smiled.

An anguished world touched me . . . and silently
Through all a long, long night clung close to me—
And all my dreams and smiles with tears I give
Back to the living, anguished world—and live!

The Intrigues of a Modern Uriah Heap

A True Story.

By John F. Hanlon

IT was between twelve and one o'clock at night. The stately mansion of Colonel Warren Dinsmore was ablaze with electric light, the lawn decorated with Japanese lanterns, the interior dressed with flowers, exhaling the sweetest aroma; the stringed orchestra pealed forth delicious strains, the gay and happy guests were gliding through the mystic maze of the cotillion, when the sudden and unexpected arrest of one of the gay participants in the dance by a blue-coated myrmidon of the law caused consternation to reign unrestrained. The scene above described took place in the winter of the year at the wedding reception of Ethel Dinsmore, the accomplished and beautiful daughter of the irascible old Colonel. Her brother, Richard Dinsmore, whom she loved devotedly, had been insulted, humiliated and disgraced. Since his mother's death, twenty years before, he had turned all his attention, thoughts, love and affection to his only loyal friend, Ethel, who had now become a bride. His father, who was a cold, grasping, irascible business man, had given him a position in his bank, and left him to mark out his own career.

As years rolled on, the old man became more morose and tryannical, mistreating and mistrusting all except his daughter and his cashier, David Hunter, who had an irresistible influence over him. He was a reserved and quiet man, and presented to his fellows in the bank an affable exterior, and knowing Dick's fondness for a good time and his generous disposition, they became constant companions at dinner, at

the opera and at the track, where they rivaled each other in staking the ponies. Dick's inexperience at the game cost him the loss of his small salary. When it was gone, his friend's went as recklessly as his own, and poor Dick became more and more involved in the meshes of the seductive game.

Shortly before his arrest, a sudden and unexpected call was made upon the bank for a foreign collection over which Dick had control; the amount could not be met; there was a shortage which could not be explained by the books; it was discovered the very day of the reception. The old man was wild with rage, and cursed with a violent temper, which had become aggravated as his years increased; turned a deaf ear to reason or fair play, and firmly believed that his son was a thief. Deaf to all entreaties of the directors who believed in Dick, and who asked for an investigation, he summarily dismissed him from the bank and swore to a complaint charging him with embezzlement. To further insult and humiliate him, he ordered that the warrant be served upon him at the reception. But all did not desert nor abandon him—the beautiful bride denounced her father's act as an outrage. "My brother is innocent, and I will prove it," she said. "My father knows that I will dedicate my energies and my life in establishing his innocence."

Dick's friends in the bank, who were legion, rallied to his support. They all loved him for his manliness of character, for his soft and sensitive nature, his goodness of

heart and refinement of mind, and with Ethel's husband, now enlisted in his cause, they employed a distinguished criminal lawyer, Leander Thornton, to defend the luckless boy.

Soon the trial came on. The unnatural father swore that Dick alone had access to the books and money of the Collection Department; that he was living beyond his means and spending money recklessly at the track. Dick testified that the entries were in his handwriting, but the figures were interpolated by another. Experts so swore, but prejudice against expert testimony, the father's influence in the realms of finance, his influence in the community, convinced the jury, which pronounced the verdict which made Dick Dinsmore a social outcast and a felon.

The court, in passing sentence, expressed itself as satisfied of the innocence of the defendant, and regretted that it was compelled to pass sentence, and imposed the minimum penalty of one year.

Thornton now began a vigorous examination, and after an inexhaustible and unremitting investigation his labors were rewarded by the release of Dick and the apprehension of the intriguer. He employed one of the most skillful detectives that could be obtained, Wickliffe Woodside, and assigned him to the task of unraveling the plot which had encompassed an innocent man's imprisonment and disgrace. Woodside began his investigation by making an observation of the lives of all the employees in the bank, and soon discovered that they were men of proper and correct habits and morals; that the only one who had predilections for fast living was the cashier, who posed as the big man and social "I am." He was an habitue of the race track, and spent money recklessly and lost heavily. Where the money came from was the question. Woodside soon solved

the mystery. He made a visit to the track one Saturday, shortly after the unfortunate trial, and finding the bank cashier an affable sort of fellow, he had no trouble in ingratiating himself with him. The next morning Woodside drove up to the door of his newly-acquired friend and invited him to take a spin in his new automobile; and this man, now under the same hypnotic influence of Woodside that he had held and exercised over Colonel Dinsmore, told of his great success in the bank; of his influence with the directors; how he had their complete and implicit confidence; that he was infatuated with a woman with whom he was living in the east end of the city, and invited Woodside to meet her that evening.

To this flat Woodside, accompanied by Hunter, turned his steps. While playing cards and drinking wine he observed around the neck of the fair occupant of the flat a necklace studded with diamonds and pearls. He asked the cost, and the woman told him one thousand dollars. After inquiring the name of the merchant who sold it, he resumed his card-playing, all the time plying both his companions with wine, until in another burst of confidence she displayed a watch, encrusted with diamonds and rubies. Hunter had given her, incidentally remarking that he had a fine bank account and a private income from a relative who had died. At eight o'clock the next morning, Woodside was at the store where the articles had been bought, and ascertained that Hunter was one of their frequent customers. Further discovery revealed the fact that no relative had died whose generosity had made him the recipient of a handsome legacy, which he boasted so haughtily to have received.

To further fasten his guilt upon him, Woodside instructed Jack Anderson, now the head of the Collection Department, to mark five \$20

pieces which passed through the department, put them in a box in the safe, and then watch Hunter. In a few days Hunter sent the bank messenger with five hundred dollars to deposit in the Citizens' Bank. Anderson saw him take the money from the deposit box and give it to the messenger. After he had gone, observing that two of the marked coins had been taken, he and Woodside went to the Citizens' Bank, and ascertained that on that day Hunter had deposited five hundred dollars. Anderson said he had marked five coins and that two of them had been taken from the vault of Colonel Dinsmore's bank. Woodside offered to replace two other coins for a loan of the marked ones, and borrowing the checks and deposit tags, and also the books kept by Dick, a comparison was made of the figures in Dick's books, also the checks and deposit tags, and found them to be identical. The experts found, upon a microscopic examination, that Hunter had used a chemical preparation by which he had obliterated the smooth surface of the paper, after erasing Dick's figures, and interpolating his own. So skillfully was it done that it could not be discovered at the trial.

The incontrovertible proof was there; the true thief, forger and criminal had been trapped. Woodside and Thornton now went into consultation with the District Attorney, and it was agreed that the latter should head an application for the release and pardon of Dick, and that the gay cavalier who had such a master-hand over things should be arrested for the crime for which another suffered. The evidence gathered was so positive and convincing that executive clemency was at once exercised, and the pardon signed by the Governor, which restored Dick to all the rights of citizenship.

At nine o'clock the next Monday morning the prison gates dropped their ponderous bolts and Dick

Dinsmore walked out into the air of freedom a liberated and ruined man. He was met at the ferry by his faithful sister and Thornton, and after taking a wistful look around the city which he knew so well, and in which the happiness of his young life had been blighted, he stepped into a carriage with Ethel and Thornton and drove to the latter's office, where they discussed the evidence that had been gathered concerning Hunter's perfidy. It was determined, after consultation, that Anderson should swear to a complaint charging Hunter with embezzlement. That thereupon Dick's innocence should be established to the world by himself; that on that evening at the club there was going to be a dinner given by Hunter to some of his boon companions, and that Dick should enter just as the dinner was about to commence and denounce the man who had ruined him. Woodside and Thornton would then unravel the chain, link by link, and Hunter would be publicly humiliated by an arrest before his guests.

At half-past six, Hunter, in his most suave and easy manner, received his guests, and cordially inviting them to be seated, ordered the viands to be served. Just as the banquet began, a tall, handsome young man in evening dress walked quickly from the hall into the banquet room, and in a high but well-modulated voice cried: "Stop; you are the guests of a thief. He is entertaining you all on stolen funds, and I have suffered the disgrace."

Consternation reigned without restraint. The sudden entrance and bold denouncement caused the guests to stand aghast when they recognized Dick Dinsmore. White with rage, Hunter rushed towards Dick, hissing at him: "You lie! You are a thief and a convicted felon. Where are your proofs?" "Here they are, my suave Davy," said Woodside, as he appeared from the

hall with Thornton and began to unravel the evidence of his rascality.

Hunter, trembling with fear, and shaking like an aspen leaf, made a sudden retreat, but he was met in his flight by Anderson, who, beckoning to the officer whom he had concealed in the hall, stepped forward. "Not so fast, my accomplished ras-

cal. I saw you take the marked coins from the safe, and I now turn you an unconvicted felon over to the mercy of the law."

Thus did the avenging angel right the wrong done an honorable young man, who, through intrigue and villainy, was the unfortunate victim of this modern Uriah Heap.

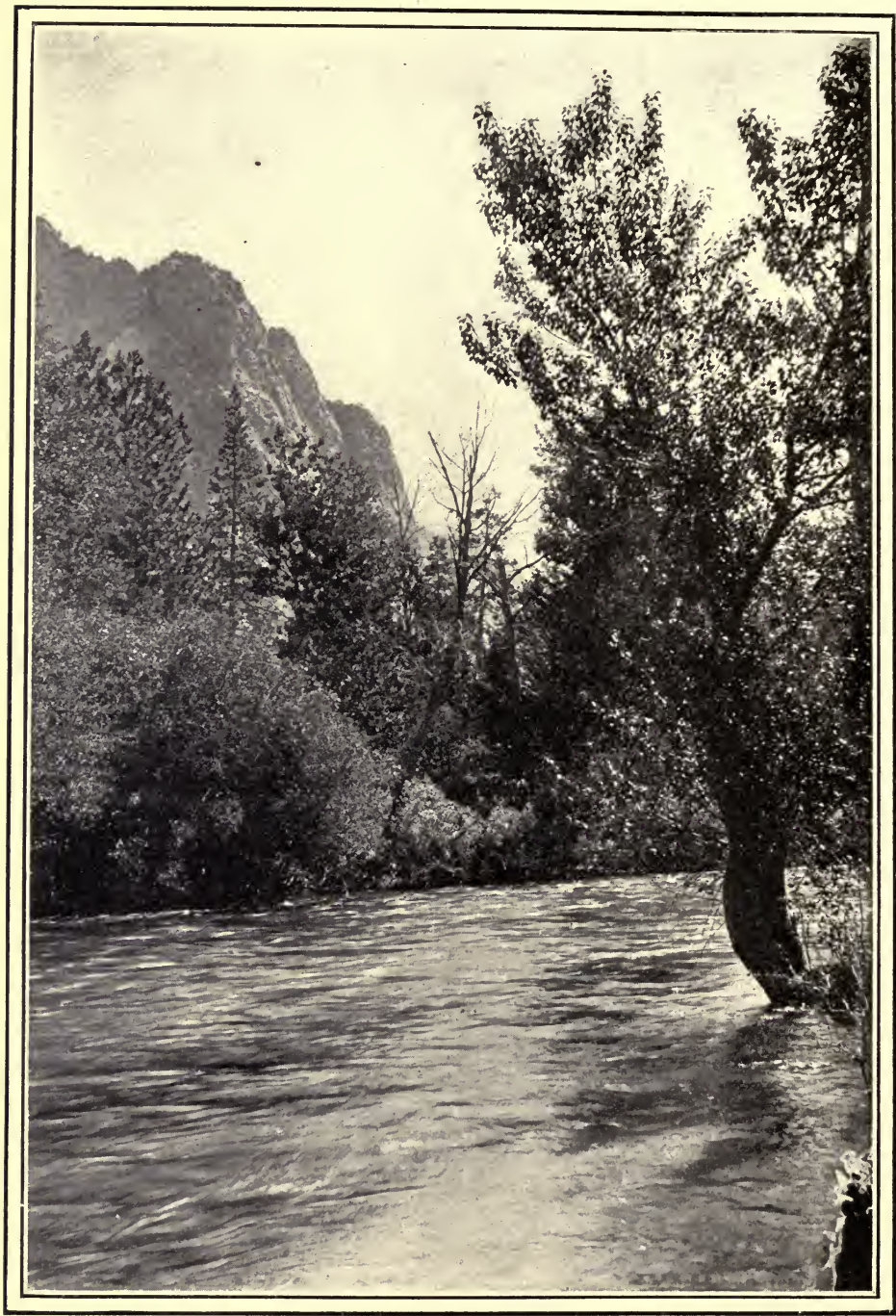
A Legend of Gold

BY LAURA ALTON PAYNE

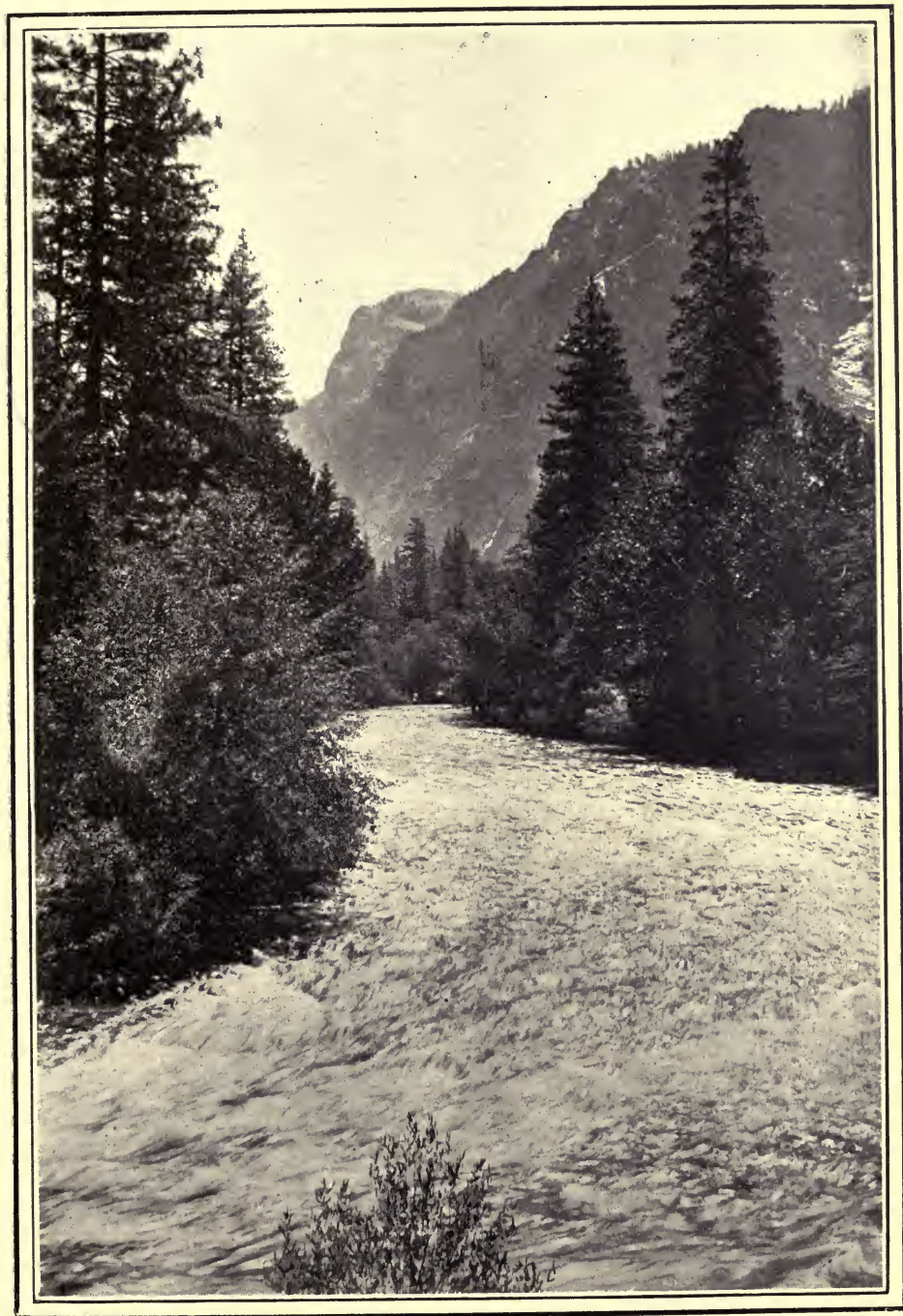
Beyond the Sierra's pine-clad slopes,
Where pleasant valleys smile,
Across the fields and foothills fair
There spreads, mile after mile,
With shimmer and sway and silken sheen
A wondrous cloth of gold,
By fairy fingers dyed and spun,
By fairy hands unrolled.

Woody by the winds from southern seas,
Kissed by the ardent sun,
The California poppy's veins
A golden Lethe run;
And they who seek forgetfulness
From grief and pain and care
Rejoice to come beneath its spell
And dwell forever there.

Each gleaming petal as it falls—
So runs the legend old—
Sinks deep into the mountain's breast
And veins its heart with gold;
And thus the ages garner wealth
In gold-flakes, one by one,
For human skill and human toil
To give back to the sun.



These illustrations show the eastern wall of the King's River. The course of the river is through the wild and rugged region south of the Yosemite, and is pronounced by the few venturesome explorers who have penetrated the fastness of its dense forests and caverned mountains to far surpass that world-renowned valley in scenic grandeur and



wildness. The river sweeps down cascades between snow-capped mountains, now spreading out over grass-covered valleys to again rush madly around abruptly curving canyons and rock-bound gorges. The mightiness of the river's environment gives dazzling sublimity to the scene.

The Claim in the Wilderness

BY ALEX. R. SCHMIDT



Log Cabin.

FROM the lake shore there is a gentle rise in the country, which continues for several miles. A ragged and primitive trail winds through the thick, cool forest interlaced with many tendrils and creepers, passes over huge wind-falls and across small pure streams which have found their way hither from the mountains beyond. It is a magnificently wild region; majestic, mysterious and awesome.

It is a great solitude. In the dim twilight shade there are no song birds. Songsters wish the sun, and here on the brightest summer day not a spot of the blue sky is seen, not a ray of the sunshine penetrates. All is cool and damp and vast, and the awe and gloom of the mysterious forest reign over it. One feels as if the dense still wood had many secrets, as hoary and as aged as itself.

The wild are at peace here. Squirrels and chipmunks gather their store of pine nuts; the wild-cat and fierce mountain lion move stealthily in the shadows or lurk in the fastnesses seeking their timid prey; bears feed on the berries and the rich nourishment found in the more

open places and the swamps; the sleek, beautiful deer come to the brink of the lake to drink. At times the silence is broken by the drumming of the male pheasant, the timid call of the mother bird to her young, or the whirr of the grouse as he wings his way to the feeding ground—then the call of the heron, the crane, the duck, and other water-fowl all attest the absence of man, and the presence of peace. Yet there is a trace that some adventurous spirit has tried to enter this vast solitude. At the end of the lonely path from the lake a small, once half cleared space is seen, in the center of which stands a square log hut. Deserted and given over to the owls and creeping things it is a grewsome place, and a fit monument of the only human tragedy these old woods ever witnessed.

Many years ago, when Seattle was still a comparative wilderness, a mother with her daughter left a poorly-paying farm in the State of Kansas to come still farther West in search of the fine farming lands she had heard of in the territory of Washington.

The girl, Jeannette, made the journey with comparative comfort and some pleasure, but it was a strain to the elder woman from which she never recovered. Traveling in an emigrant train necessitated many hardships, which proved difficult for the mother, and when they arrived at Seattle, then a straggling village of few houses, the daughter nursed the older woman through a dangerous illness.

One day, the old doctor, who attended Jeannette's mother, came, accompanied by a stranger. This man was a person about thirty-five years

of age, tall, broad, sunburnt and black-whiskered. He was not of a particularly forbidding nor yet of a pleasant appearance, with rough, bluff manners, an easy swing of carriage, and a deep, powerful voice. His small, dark eyes had a wicked glitter when he looked straight at you, which was seldom. At a first glance he appeared an ordinary young man who had spent years in "roughing it" in the wild West. After his introduction to the young girl as Mr. Jack French, he began to explain his errand.

"Miss," said the stranger, "I want to leave the West as soon as possible, but before I can I must sell my ranch. I heard that you had come out here to buy land and go ranching, and I believe I have just what would suit you." He pulled a worn pocket-book from his coat pocket and took out a paper. "The place is not far from here, and I am selling it dirt cheap. There are a hundred and sixty acres. Here is the location." And he read the description. "It is surveyed, and I have it properly deeded. It is woodland, good black soil, and very rich for farming. I know it is a good thing. But before you buy it is only natural that you'd like to see it. If you think you might want it, as soon as your mother is well enough you can look it over."

He was rather nervous throughout this speech, and at its close cast a keen glance at the young girl who was standing at a window looking out. She had not been well impressed with his appearance, but was too much occupied with thoughts of her mother to note her feelings toward him.

"If she wishes it, I'll let you know through Dr. Paine. May I, doctor?" was all she answered.

"Certainly, Miss Franklin. Call upon me for any favors."

Jeannette bowed to the doctor and the stranger. Shortly after this they took their leave.

When Jeannette awakened on the morning set for the trip she found it cold, windy and raining, with no promise in the heavy clouds of clearing up. She knew it was much too severe for her mother to venture out and decided to postpone the trip indefinitely. She found that the more she thought it over the more she disliked and distrusted French, and she had an intuitive feeling against seeing that ranch, even though her mother so desired it.

However, punctual to the appointed time, French drove up in a covered spring wagon, one of the very few Seattle boasted at the time, and when Jeannette answered his knock asked if she and her mother were ready. She explained that they had decided to wait on account of the severe weather and her mother's weak state. He laughed at her words and assured her that she did not know the climate on the coast. It would be perfectly clear by noon and on the way there they would be protected by the covered wagon. Finally, after much persuasion upon the part of French, and against the wishes of Jeannette, Mrs. Franklin decided to go.

After two hours of rough riding, during which few words were spoken, the vehicle stopped and French turned around in his seat to say that from this point they would have to take a rowboat. They were in a lonely wooded place, with a large expanse of water before them. French drove the horses to one side of the road, and got out to fasten them to a tree.

Mrs. Franklin turned to her daughter. "Jeannette, I can't go in a boat. I have exposed myself more now than I should have." Turning to French she continued: "I did not understand that part of the trip was to be made by water. I will have to ask you to take us back, sir."

At Mrs. Franklin's words, his thick black brows closed, and his small, keen eyes grew smaller. He

would brook little opposition.

"Mrs. Franklin, this storm is only temporary."

He held out his hand, but Mrs. Franklin shrank back against her daughter. Jeannette spoke sharply: "I can't see that the weather is improving. Why didn't you tell us we had to go part of the way in a rowboat? Take us back to Seattle immediately."

"Miss, I'll not take you back to the city. If you will not come in the rowboat you will have to stay here."

The man's voice was vibrant and his eyes glittered like diamonds. The women were visibly frightened, but the young girl had courage.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. French, that you will not take us back to town?"

"I do, miss. You will have to cross with me in the rowboat."

"What sort of a man are you?" Jeannette burst out. "If you lay a hand on me, I'll—I'll—— Oh, if I had a gun I'd kill you!" The young woman became fierce in her paroxysm of helpless anger.

"Let me help you, miss," said the stranger. With that he coolly drew out a revolver from his hip-pocket and handed it to Miss Franklin. She was skilled in the use of fire-arms and it did not take her long to see that the gun was empty.

"May I help you down, miss?" he asked, sarcastically.

The persistence of the man madened Jeannette. "Let us occupy our seats until it stops raining at any rate."

At this, the stranger lost all control over his fiery temper. He laid strong hands upon Mrs. Franklin, and before she could make any resistance, he lifted her from her seat and placed her upon the wet ground. She sat there, screaming. The young girl jumped from the wagon and put her mother on her feet.

"Scream, damn you!" said the man. "There is no one to hear you.

Now, then, be sensible and come with me, or else starve here."

The two women clung to each other now, thoroughly frightened. To stay meant death to them. They were in a strange country; they did not know the way they had come, and they dreaded a night alone in this damp and lonely wilderness. The brute had them at his mercy, and they knew it. Both were weeping as he stood impatiently by.

"Ladies," he said, "I think I'll have to wish you a pleasant morning."

Jeannette now raised her head and spoke: "What you intend to do with us I do not know, but we are afraid of these woods. We will go with you. If you intend to murder us——"

"Murder you, Miss! What object can I have for that?"

But he did not look at her as he spoke.

French arranged a few blankets for them in the boat, and they were housed somewhat from the rain by these and by the umbrella. The man was covered with rusty oil-skins which glistened with the rain-drops. Without another word he pushed off the boat and applied the oars.

The women sat in silence for a time watching French from beneath the umbrella, the fury of the rain increasing, while a mist fell upon the water and the boat began to rock from the motion of the waves. French cursed the weather and rowed hard. The terrified women sat very close to each other, offering comfort. The blankets were becoming sloppy with the rain, and the wet was penetrating through the women's dresses. Mrs. Franklin began to shiver and cough. French, noticing this, put down his oars. The elder woman looked at him in fear, but he only took off his southwester, and offering it to the ladies, told them to use it. This saved them much from the rain.

Somewhat after the noon hour,

through the rain and the mist, Jeanette saw a rough wooden wharf about a hundred yards before her. She summoned up courage enough to ask French what this landing was built for.

"This is Frenchtown," he said, smiling broadly.

"But where are the houses?" the girl asked.

"They are farther inland," said he.

The girl could not hide her fear. French was afraid she was going to faint.

"We will stay here," he said, "until you are rested and your clothes have dried. It is early yet, and the ranch is not far away."

This they were only too glad to do.

The fire kindled by French under the wharf thawed him. He rubbed his hands over it and smiled and nodded to the women. With his black bearded face red from the flames and his small shining eyes, he looked like some demon to the women, and they loathed him with all their being. But they talked to him while their clothes were drying by the fire and while anxiously wondering what would happen next.

Early in the afternoon it had stopped raining, and French proposed that if the women were sufficiently rested the trip should be finished. Their dresses had dried, some coarse food had been offered them, and the heat of the fire had filled them with new hope and they were ready to start.

The journey led along a narrow trail through the deep woods. From the very edge of the shore commenced a thick growth of forest. Into this the man and his two companions plunged. It was full of profound solitude and was lit up with only a dim twilight. It was a weird place, and a superstitious silence fell upon the party.

Owing to the growth of bushes close to each side and the low-hang-

ing trees, whose branches met overhead, the passage of the winding path was a very difficult one. The heavy foliage retained much of the rain, and every step taken by the party brought down a shower of crystal drops.

Seeing that Mrs. Franklin was bearing up under her walk more painfully with each step, French came to her aid by forcibly lifting her over difficult places, and lending his arm when he saw that she needed strong assistance. Every time he touched her, however, a thrill of horror rushed through every nerve in her body, and it took all her control to keep from shrieking aloud. Her moral as well as her physical strength was giving way. French, the enigma, spoke kindly to her, and told her the journey was almost ended.

After they had traversed about a mile of this rough ground they came to a little clearing, in the midst of which was a log cabin. The clearing consisted of a small plot of ground, from which the trees had been cut down, and the brush removed. The women found it hard to realize that this was the French property. They were entirely unsophisticated and guileless, and ignorant of the far Western conception of a farm. It was, indeed, only a homestead with the necessary improvements.

French led the women to the cabin and opened the door, which was merely latched. There issued a close, musty, mouldy odor from the interior. It showed that the hut had been deserted for some time. It was damp, cold, cheerless, and bare of furniture except for a rough home-made bunk, a primitive table and a wooden bench. The women saw them in a bewildered way, and sat down upon the rough bunk. French drew out a pipe and filled it with black tobacco. The tobacco was damp, and he had some difficulty in lighting it. He swore several times when the matches burned

his fingers. The women waited in total silence for him to speak.

The man puffed at his pipe for a while. When he had it going satisfactorily he spoke:

"Well, what do you think of the ranch?"

Neither woman spoke.

"I am asking you what you think of the place? Can't you hear?" He took his pipe from his mouth and spoke sharply.

"It is not cultivated or anything," the girl answered.

"It won't take long to do that," he replied.

"And it's so wild and in such a wild country," the girl went on.

"It will soon be settled, miss—Frenchtown is growing every day." The man gave a hoarse chuckle. This town existed only in his imagination. "What do you say?"

"We can't buy this land."

"Come, think again. My advice is, take it."

"Come," said French, drawing a step nearer to the women, "you have the money and you'd better buy. I have taken you out here to show the place to you. It has been very inconvenient to me. Dig up."

The women kept silent.

"Can't you talk? Give me the money and I'll give you the deed."

"But we have no money with us," said the girl.

"Oh, haven't you? Let me make sure." French stepped to the side of the older woman.

"Keep away! Keep away!" she shrieked. "Why do you torture me so?"

"Give me the money and you'll get the deed," said French.

He was by the elder woman's side, and was about to lay his hands upon her. The girl, in fear and desperation began to plead.

"Oh, sir, have you no heart? Do you not see that you have tortured my poor mother beyond endurance?

Don't you think it is time to return?"

"You are not going back to the city with me," said French, without taking his pipe from his mouth.

Both women sprang to their feet with a cry. The mother was unable to stand and fell upon her knees. French stood over her frowning. The girl grasped him by the arm.

"Mr. French, I beg, I implore you to take us back now. Do you mean to kill us? We are only two women and you a strong man. Oh, sir——"

"Shut up," said French. "I have had enough of your gab."

French put his hands upon the older woman and began to feel for her purse. Mrs. Franklin had no strength left, and fell prone on the floor with her head in her hands. Her back quivered from violent emotion. She was mad with fright and unable to cry out or struggle. The girl, transformed by fear and fury, began tearing at French's hands and arms with great force, but he gave her a brutal push and hurled her from him. Then in the waist of Mrs. Franklin's dress he found the pitiful little sum of money for which he had caused all this misery. He weighed the silk purse; he felt the bank notes with his finger and thumb, and then put the money in his pocket. The girl, stupefied, wild with terror, knelt at his feet and grasped him by the knees. Tears welled from her eyes, her hair fell over her flushed cheeks. French made an impatient movement.

"Oh, don't desert us, sir; not now, not now! We'll die here! You can have the money. Take it, take it! We don't want it! But take us back, take us back!" Her voice rose to a shriek. She was very beautiful in her distress. On any one other than this brute her condition would have made an impression. But French was a man without nerves and without imagination. He stooped and loosened Jeannette's hold firmly,

out not very roughly and then hastily went to the door. She was too weak to follow him. She moaned on her knees, while her mother now lay unnaturally quiet.

"I must say good-night to you, miss. Should you get back to Seatle you can say the farm is yours."

He turned and walked rapidly down the path.

For a long time Jeanette lay on the floor motionless. She had fainted from exhaustion. The shades of night were thickening when her consciousness came back. A movement of her mother aroused her. She arose from the floor and went to Mrs. Franklin, kneeling beside her.

"Mother," she said softly, "come, get up." She tried to help her up. The elder woman made no sign. The girl became alarmed. "Come, mother, it's all right now. Get up. It's me, Jeannette. Mother, mother. Oh, mother," she wailed.

Soon she heard her mother murmur and groan. She bent over her. Mrs. Franklin was in a delirium.

"Jenny, what is he doing with you? Don't let him touch you," pleadingly.

Mrs. Franklin's eyes closed, and in a short while she fell asleep. Jeannette with difficulty carried her to the rough bunk and placed her upon it. Without, night had fallen. Jeannette went to the door and looked about her. The clouds of the day had scattered and a full moon shone upon the forest. The ghostly light fell upon the little clearing and traced ever-changing patterns at the girl's feet. The deep woods were sombre and silent and black. The occasional call of a night bird, given sharp and shrill, came with startling distinctness upon the ears of the girl. There was an eerie, supernatural spirit about the forest in its mystery and solitude which awed her. She stood for a little time breathing in the stilled air, heavy with a dewy fragrance. Then she closed the door, and in the dark

cabin groped her way to the bunk upon which her mother lay.

After an hour of fitful slumber she was awakened by her mother shaking her by the shoulder. The room was lighted up by the moon throwing in a broad swath of light through the rough window. Jeannette found her mother sitting up, and in the white moonlight she looked ghastly and unreal.

"Jeannette," called the older woman weakly, "Jeannette."

"Here I am, mother," said the girl softly. "Are you better now?"

The older woman found it difficult to speak. Jeannette held both her hands and looked at her hungrily.

"You'll be all right in a bit, mother."

"Yes, Jeannie, I'll be in heaven, please God."

A fit of coughing attacked Mrs. Franklin.

"Mother," cried the girl, "don't cough like that. It is not good for you."

When the invalid was quiet, she said decidedly: "Mother, I'm going for a doctor."

The girl was feverishly arranging her hair. It was a pitiful picture.

The girl kissed the invalid and turned to go.

"Jeannette, do not stay long." Her voice was very low. "Do not stay long—and kiss me again."

Jeannette embraced her passionately.

"Mother, be very quiet. I'll be back soon."

"Come very soon, Jenny, and say good-bye."

"No, no, mother, dear, I'll be right back. I can't say that."

She kissed her again, with difficulty checking her own sobs.

Jeannette closed the door behind her and walked into the night. She started blindly upon the ragged trail. She reached the lake-shore in little time, and looked about her. The moonlight shone on the calm, untroubled lake, without a thing stir-

ring on the surface. There was perfect quiet.

The vastness and solitude of her surroundings appalled her. Next she wondered if there were such a place as Frenchtown. If so, it must be near here. But where?

She explored for several hours. It was with great difficulty that she made any progress through the dense dark woods. Here not a ray of the moonlight fell. Finally she realized she could go no farther, and to stay where she was meant death. When she finally returned to the cabin in the cold, early morning, she found her mother dead.

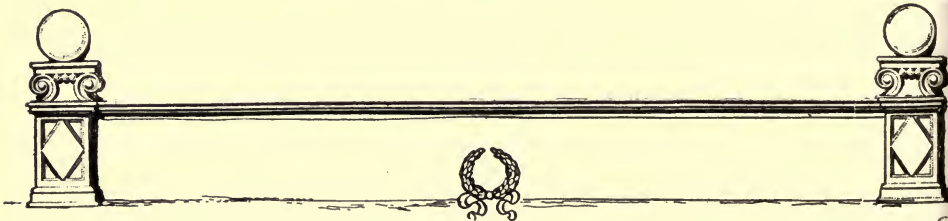
The girl awoke from her deep swoon late the next morning. She was languid, tired and bruised, and moved with great difficulty.

As she shut the door of the hut, she found a bleak forenoon. The south wind had marshalled the clouds for another storm. The girl shook out her bedraggled dress, tried to set her hat on straight, and wrapped her coat about her. With her remaining energy she took her way to the lake. In her helplessness she looked over its empty surface. She walked up and down the shore, calling at the top of her voice. It was a desperate plight.

Then, quite curiously, she came upon a peculiar craft on the lake. It was something she had never seen before, but it filled her with a great hope. It was the vehicle which would have to carry her fortunes. An old Indian dug-out, which had been thrown up on the

beach in a storm, lay before her. It was a narrow, rough-hewn canoe, but to her it possessed all the magnificence of an ocean liner. She pushed it into the water, and carefully climbed in. She had some trouble in managing her paddle at first, but at last she mastered the stroke enough to make headway. She sat very quietly and a bit awkwardly in the little boat, because she feared of upsetting it if she moved in her natural way. She had a definite idea in which direction to go, and bravely started upon her journey.

It was destined to be the longest journey she was ever to make. Ill-fortune had one more card, and played it now. The low clouds had formed into a heavy white mass, and the mist which foretells the shower was upon the far end of the lake. The wind rose, and big drops of rain began to fall. The girl paddled bravely on, but her heart sank within her. It was a bitter fate. The wind increased in violence, hurling the waves against the frail canoe, and the rain upon the luckless occupant. Oh, for a helping hand and a guiding voice in the violence of the storm. She uttered this prayer while the paddles dropped from her nerveless hand. The struggle was beyond her. When the wave came which overturned the dug-out she made no fight to save herself. She knew it was useless. One look, which embraced all the sweetness and the bitterness of life, and she sank. God rest her gentle soul.





Miniature Lakes of the Sierra Nevada

BY MARION RANDALL

MY comrade and I started in the early morning to walk to Eagle Lake. We were in the borderland between the heavy forests and the high mountains; looking westward down the canyon of the Yuba, the ridges were green and closely wooded, but to the north and east the mountains piled higher and higher, gray granite streaked with snow. We followed the directions given us and found a lake lying in a hollow and rimmed with pines, a little pond gay with lily-pads and pink water hyacinths. On our return, we were warm in our words of admiration, but discovered to our chagrin that we had visited Wild Goose Lake instead—Eagle Lake lay just over the hill.

In that country there is always a lake just over the hill, or nestling under it, or hanging midway on the side of a great mountain, some of them so small that they hardly de-

serve the name, but each one, no matter how tiny it may be, with some charm all its own by which to remember it. Maybe you have looked down upon it at sunrise from some high mountain-top, and seen it, far below you, a single luminous spot in the dark forest, a wee mirror spread to image the dawn; or maybe you have dreamed away the summer noon beside it, when the surrounding meadow lay bright in the sunshine, when the blue dragon-flies clung lazily to the grasses along the shore, and there was just a breath of wind now and again to tease the drowsy little lake into reluctant flashes of merriment; or you have watched by it at night, when the wind was stilled and the stars in the sky shone not more brightly than the mimic stars on the face of the water.

These little tree-encircled lakes along the Yuba water-shed will al-



A mountain lake.

ways have a charmed place in my memory, for they were the first I ever visited, but scattered all through the Sierra (except in the extreme southern portion, where they become rare), are lakes just as beautiful and just as numerous. Dog Lake, lying a little off the beaten track in Tuolumne Meadows, has two cunningly-placed sentinels to guard its inner sanctuary, little ponds situated so close to the wooded shores of the larger lake that overcredulous travelers have been known to pause contentedly beside one or the other of them, and dreamily watching the colored shadows in the rippling water, think how much smaller Dog Lake appeared from the shore than when one regarded it from the vantage point of a mountain top!

Only a few miles away, on the old Mono trail down Bloody Canyon, a very interesting series of lakes can be seen. Near the top of the pass one finds rock-bound, icy pools with wonderful flashes of iridescent coloring following every current of air; and a little lower is Walker Lake, surrounded by aspens and iris studded meadows, and beyond lies



Lake Tenaiya.

Photo by Mary Randall.



Lake Eleanor.

Photo by Mary Randall.



Dog Lake.

Photo by Mary Randall.

the great blue circle of Mono Lake in the brown, heat-shimmering desert.

Mt. Hoffman, between the Tuolumne Meadows and the Yosemite, overlooks Lake May and Lake Tenaiya, still sheets of water lying beneath glaciated cliffs. From Hoffmann, also, or from any of the high peaks about the Meadows, one looks down upon a score of alpine lakelets, some, even in July, still hidden under the snow, some just distinguishable from the snow-fields by a rim of turquoise blue ice about the shore and others lying free and sparkling in their rugged basins. There is little or no vegetation around them; the trees, if any, are crooked junipers or stunted pines, and the flowers are close-growing and hardy plants, such as the alpine, phlox and bryanthus. Curious dwarf willows, too, are found there, sturdy little trees no more than an inch in height, which bravely make the best of the cruel conditions and put forth catkins as long as the stalk itself.

It is strange what a fascination there is in a country so devoid of all the charming details which we are wont to consider essential to the beauty of a landscape. Granite and scraggy pine, a dark gray peak with a crown of snow, a little tarn shivering and glittering in the sunshine, in a very ecstasy of joy—these are the elements of a scenery whose austere beauty and grandeur is past belief. It is often bleak and cruel looking, but once you have felt the exaltation born of the great free open spaces, where the wide horizon is bounded by white crested peaks,

“Uplifted in the loneliness of light
Beyond the realm of shadows”—

once you have breathed the crisp air blowing off the snow-fields, once seen the rosy alpen-glow, no wealth of fern-bordered streams and flowery meadows can still your longing for the stern majesty of the alpine regions.



Curious Facts About Cork

By J. M. Scanland

VERY few people know anything about corks, except a vague idea of their uses in champagne and beer bottles, and fewer still know what becomes of these corks after they have seen such service. In the principal Eastern cities, there are junk shops where they are "made over" and fitted to bottles of smaller size. For example, a large cork used to stop a pickle jar will be pared on both sides and cut on the edges so as to fit a smaller jar. A cork from a champagne bottle will be pared and whittled to fit a soda-water bottle, and in turn it will be cut to fit a small medicine bottle, and so on, until it is whittled to a finish. Some of the refuse corks are burned into what is called "Spanish black," and is used in medicine. Refuse corks and refuse scraps of bark are ground into powder and mixed with India-rubber, and is laid on floors to deaden the sound of heavy walkers. Of all materials used for stoppers, the cork alone is impervious to air and water, and possesses no flavor. It is soft, elastic, and, when properly cut, has no pores; hence it is water and airtight. But there are tricks in cutting corks, as in every trade. The holes in an imperfect bark are stopped by a mixture of clay, soot and water, and soon the bottle "leaks." Before corks were brought to this country, a stopper made of liquorice was used, and it is still in use in some sections, and in many portions of the South the old-style corn cob is still doing duty, especially for the whiskey-jug. About half a century ago attempts were made to grow the cork tree in this country, and acorns were imported from Portugal, where the finest variety and thickest cork forests grow. The

acorn was planted in several sections, as it grows only in a dry, spongy soil and in a dry climate, but it was found that there were not enough large sections where forests could be grown, and so the tree exists only in spots. There are two trees at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, in the convent grounds, planted about a quarter of a century ago, and they are flourishing and have been stripped by a local manufacturer in New Orleans several times. There are trees in other selected spots throughout the country, and a few years ago Professor Emory P. Smith, of the State University at Berkeley, planted some acorns as an experiment, near Livermore. He has sent cuttings of the bark to the Illinois Pacific Bottling Company, of San Francisco, who forwarded them to a cork manufacturing establishment at Pittsburg, which reports that the bark makes an excellent cork, and the indications are that the tree can be successfully and extensively grown in California. If this experiment shall prove successful, and reports so far are favorable, California will soon have cork forests equal in extent to some of the countries of southern Europe.

The cork tree reaches maturity about fifteen years from the planting of the acorn; grows from twenty to forty feet in height; is from one to two feet in diameter, and the bark is about two inches thick. The bark is the fruit of the tree, for the wood is of little value—the acid in the wood causes its decay. It is mostly used for fire wood. The tree is stripped of its bark on reaching its growth, and is "barked" about every six or eight years during its life, which is seventy-five or a hundred years. At each strip-

ping the bark increases in quantity, though not in quality. It is removed in July and August. The strippers make cuts around the tree near its base, and also at the top of the trunk near the branches. Incisions are then made lengthwise, when the bark is stripped down in sheets. These sheets are placed in trenches in the earth, with the concave sides undermost, and stones are piled on them. They are then dried over a fire, which closes the pores of the cork and makes it impervious to moisture and air. The strips are then packed in bales for shipment.

In Portugal, Spain and Africa, corks are mostly made by hand. The cutters divide the sheets into strips of the desired length, into a cylindrical form, and whittle out the corks with remarkable dexterity, the instrument being a sharp, thin-bladed knife. In this country, they are made by machinery, one man making in a day as many as twenty can by hand, but the hand-made corks are more symmetrical and more serviceable.

The cork tree flourishes in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, on the northeast coast of Africa and in some spots in the United States. Spain has immense cork forests, covering an area of 600,000 square acres. Last year her revenue from this product was about \$600,000. Of all products of nature, the cork tree is the most valuable, considering the very small amount of labor required and its longevity. Spain did not discover the great value of those forests until a century and a half ago, when the demand for corks became greater. Until glass bottles came into use in the fifteenth century, there was not much use for stoppers. The ancients had no bottles. They used casks, and plugged them with clay, pitch, melted resin or Potter's earth.

Portugal also has immense for-

ests of cork trees, and is the next greatest cork tree growing country in the world. In these countries there are groves of giant trees like our own California redwoods, which are preserved as parks. The tree has wide-spreading branches, with oblong evergreen leaves, and produces a yellowish flower in the spring. A forest of such trees, with their reddish bark, is a picturesque bit of nature that appeals strongly against the "stripper." The natives use the acorns for food, but spare the noble giants.

Cork is used for many things, besides stoppers for bottles. In Spain it is used for bee-hives, drinking vessels, tubs, roofing houses, as pillows, and for curbing wells. A similar use is made of it in Portugal. In Algeria it is used for boats, furniture, shoes and armor. In Morocco, plates and water conduits are made of cork. In Italy, images and crosses are made of it, and it is also used for paving roads. The Turks bury their dead in cork coffins. In England and in America, cork is used for jackets, life-preservers, artificial limbs, buoys, floats for fishermen, and by the lone fisherman so that he may know when he has a bite. It is also used on the springs of eye-glasses, and for many other purposes not generally known. Some of the Oriental countries make a feature of cork-sole shoes, and some of the women who wish to appear taller than they are wear shoes with a double-sole thickness.

The raw material—that is, the bark of the cork, is admitted into the United States free of duty. But there is a duty of eight cents a pound on "cuttings" for manufacturing purposes. On corks three-fourths of an inch in diameter or larger, the tariff is twenty-five cents a pound, and on those of a smaller diameter, the duty is twenty-five cents a pound.

The White Moose

By Jean X. Bonneau

“GOOD fishing here, Louis?” I asked.

“Yaas; we goin’ camp here, to-night. Plenty of feesh in de mornin’.”

He rode into the open between the trees, and down the beach near the lake. Part French, part Indian, splendidly formed, with his thick black curls touched here and there with gray, he made the wild beauty of the place complete.

Louis had been my guide upon many a hunting trip. He was reticent, but always faithful. As I grew to know him better, I would have trusted him with my dearest possession. A trace of sadness was ever in his disposition, accentuated by a habit of repeating his last sentences and drawing them out with a melancholy cadence.

As we approached the lake, I had noticed a growing uneasiness and absence of mind on his part, which aroused my curiosity, but I refrained from questioning him, and remarked upon the beauty of the lake.

“Yaas, ’tis ver’ beautiful,” he answered. “I see eem many year, I know.”

“You have been here often?” I exclaimed.

“Ver’ offayn,” he replied. “I young man, ver’ young man by dese lak’. I cut de wood to sell; I use pile it for to dry right dese place, and haul it by dese same ol’ road, many day—jus’ so many day.”

After the evening meal, as we sat smoking our pipes around the camp fire, I asked Louis the names of three peaks that stood out above the lake menacingly, shoulder to shoulder.

“One party come here,” said Louis; “one young girl, she say:

call mountains ‘Tree Guardsmens.’ ‘Cause why—dey proteck de lak’.”

The snow-covered tops, turned gory by the setting sun, were reflected in the clear little lake. Large and small fish jumped into the crimson air from the crimson water.

“What is the name of this lake?” I inquired of my silent companion. “Surely it has a name.”

“Yaas, ’tis call by some de ‘Spi-reet Lak’, by some else de ‘Lak’ de White Moose,” and dat las’ is de name. Dis lak’ belong eem de White Moose. He come down ovaire across some strange times to drink. Engin say he breeng trouble to who see eem, but I teenk not. He is all white lak de moon on de watair. He come not often, oh, ver’ seldom.”

“What!” cried I, “is he a ghost moose?”

“Yaas, jes’ so—a ghost moose.”

“Louis Paulin,” I said, “tell me about it. Did you ever see this white moose?”

“Twice I see eem. Fust time I been fishin’ up de stream wut comes into de lak’ undair de Tree Guardsmens—”

Then turning to me, he said: “You my frien’; you want hear boutin’ it? I want tell. Feel lak must tell some ones, when I see dese lak de once more, an’ you been good fren’, Louis Paulin.

“Oh, dé beeges’ feesh up in dat leetle run watair place! Me an’ my pardnair, Joe Pablo, was get lot of feesh, and was come ’ome so ’appy. Sun go jes lak dese night. Feesh jump, jump and we float ’long de watair. Bine-bye we ’ear callin’—still, far callin’, jes lak de bird, or somet’ing, only callin’, callin’. ‘Dat soun’ strange,’ I say to Joe. ‘Ver’ strange,’ says eem. Bine-bye, de moon she come and mak’ de shad-

ows on de watair, an' down ovair across on de bank, jes out of de tree, step a gret beeg moose, all white, an' he eyes shine white. He toss de haid up, and den down—look lak he beckon me to come. I grab de oar and row for eem. Joe, he scare, he say: 'You damn fool, stop dat!' He shake so de teet' dey rattle, jes lak dat, dey raat-tle. But I was de-tairmeened, an' I row; he try for hol' me—no use—I jes row, an' de gret white moose, eem beckon an' beckon with gret beeg haid. At las' Joe he so scare he say: 'You damn fool!' and he jump ovair de boat, an' sweem for to-dair side de lak', an' I row on.

"Bine-bye, white moose fade an' fade. When I get ver' close, eem gone. I was deesgusted, and sware, and commence to de row back, when I 'ear cry, right on de bank—a long cry lak de baby mak'. I t'ink fust, be careful, de cougar, he cry dat away. Some time by, I row slow—close, an' see de small chile lie on de bank. I row queek and peek eem up. Eem cry till I peek eem up, den she look at me an' smile an' put eem airms roun' de neck of me.

I row back queek, for I commence fear Joe no sweem so well as reach to-dair side, but I row fas' an' run up undair de long grass dese side. Dere set my pardnair ver' white and scare'. I say: 'Joe, hello Joe,' jes lak dat, 'hello, Joe!' He run down to me, an' say: 'Where 'e gone, dat moose?' I say: 'Dunno, but he lef' dis fur us,' an' I peek up dat chile an' han' eem to Joe Pablo, an' fasten de boat.

"Dat chile, she smile at Joe, an' talk some strange kine talk, we no can tell eem say. But my pardnair, he say: 'Oh, Louis, eem is beautiful for sartain,' jes lak dat, 'for sartain.'

"Dat chile was a girl, an' she was all wrap in a white shawl with small white-beaded moccasins on eem feet. But we can tell not where she come from.

"I say: 'Joe, shall we tak' eem

down de town an' gif' eem to some womans?' jes lak dat, 'some womans?' He turn red an' say: 'No, eem stay by us,' an' eem did.

"First we scare' some peoples take she from us, an' we don' tell 'boutin' eem. Bine-bye dat chile need clode. I say: 'Joe, go borry from your aunt wut has leetle girl.' Joe say he shame. He say: 'Family laugh—all de boys laugh when eem know.' Den I say: 'Well, go down an' buy some clode for leetle boy—dey won' laugh at dat. Tell eem I got leetle brodair with me. Dat chile mus' have clode.'

So we dress eem lak a boy, jes so, lak a boy.

Eem was two or tree year ol' when I fin' eem, but dat leetle girl eem grow fast.

"When we cut de tree, we tak' eem along, an' dat chile seeng an' climb de tree an' play. Bine-bye eem can climb de talles' tree, an' run lak de coyot, shoot an' sweem.

"She grows tall, straight an' ver' beautiful. Her hair ver' black, oh, so black I nevair see, an' curl all roun' by eem face. Her eye ver' large, an' so dark lak she teenks somet'ings far off. Eem face ver' white, but de leeps, eem leeps ver' red, so red as de kinakaneek, jes lak dat, de kinakaneek.

"With Joe she run an' play an' seeng, but when eem hurt or tired, den come to me. De birds dat chile talk lak, an' dey all come. De rabbits an' de squirrels jes run all ovair eem.

"Some nights lak dese she row up to de leetle run watair stream, an' stan' up in de boat, an' push eem along by de bank with de oar, an' seeng.

"One time I say: 'Chile, your hair grow so long when de people see you dey teenk you leetle girl,' an' I laugh, jes lak dat, 'teenk you leetle girl.' But eem scream an' grab eem hair an' say: 'No, no, no! My hair, don't cut off my hair. So

we don' cut it off, an' it grow ver' long.

"One time eem out on de lak row-in'; eem call to me: 'Louis Paulin,' an' ovair by dem Tree Guardsmens de echo say: 'Louis Paulin.' Eem listen ver' astonish, den call again: 'Louis Paulin,' and de echo ansair. Den she say: 'Joe Pablo.' Back from de Tree Guardsmens comes: 'Joe Pablo.'

"Den eem row in de bank scare', an' say: 'Wut dat—dat call?'

"Dat echo,' I say, jes lak dat; 'echo.'

"She teenk long time. 'Does eem live by de Tree Guardsmens?' she say. 'Yaas,' I say, 'she a spireet live in dere. She don' hurt nobody.' Den she say slo' lak: 'Louis, wut my name?'

"We always call eem de chile, or sometimes Marie or sometimes Chita, or sometimes odairs. We not good at namin'.

"I say: 'Oh, you got no one name—lots of name,' I say, I was so embarrass. She row out on lak' again an' she call: 'Louis, Louis Paulin,' an' echo ansair de same. 'Joe Pablo, Joe Pablo.' Den she call loud an' clear: 'Echo.' 'Echo' come back ovair de watair. 'Wut my name—Echo?' Name 'Echo' come back. Den she laugh an' call loud: 'Echo Paulin Pablo, dat my name. 'Name,' say de echo. Eem row back an' say: 'Louis, dat my name! You hear her? She say my name de same. I am call Echo—Echo Paulin Pablo.'

Joe he laugh an' joke boutin' it, but she laugh de same all de time. Bine-bye, aldough we t'ought eem foolishness, we call dat girl 'Echo Paulin Pablo.'

"When we haul de wood to, de towns to sell, we tak' eem along, an' say she my youngair brodair. She ver' silent-lak in de town, an' jes watch de odair cheeldren, not play with dem. One time a man say: 'Wut your name, boy?' an' eem say: 'Echo Paulin Pablo,' queek-

lak. I hear, an' I sort of de scare. She sais: 'Pablo' de las', an' I tell she my youngair brodair. But she sais it so queek, de man not understan'.

"'Oh,' says dat man, slo-lak: 'Well, you air for sartin mos' extraordinaire beautiful boy,' jes lak dat, 'beautiful boy.'

"One time I say: 'Echo, you mus' go to de school, an' learn lak de odair cheeldren.' 'No,' she says, 'I weel not go.' 'Oh, yaas,' says I, 'you mus' know somet'ing 'bout de read an' write.' 'I weel not go,' says she, an' eem cry. Den Joe Pablo he say: 'I'll be teachin' you to de read and write; don' cry no more.' Joe, he know more dan I know boutin' dat. He go to de Mission school. Well, dey commence, an' in de evenin', when de work done, dey get into de boat an' float roun' a-learnin'. Eem learn might' fas', an' jes while boutin' it. Bine-bye she ask me for to buy some book. I say: 'Yaas,' an' Joe Pablo say: 'Yaas.' Bine-by Joe can teach eem no more. She say: 'Joe, learn me dis, an' Joe learn me dat,' but Joe says: 'Cannot—dunno,' jes lak dat, 'dunno.' Den she do de readin' alone.

"One time eem come to me an' say: 'Louis, am I girl or boy?' I say: 'You leetle girl.' Den she laugh an' say: 'Leetle? Why, I'm beeg, Louis; I mus' be boutin' feefteen year' ol'. She frow de airm roun' my neck an' say: 'Louis, le' me wear de dress lak de odair girl. I wan' dress with ruffle on.' Jes lak dat, 'with ruffle on.'

"So I say to Joe dat night: 'I go to de town an' won' be back till de mornin'.' Den I go to de store an' I hunt for dress with ruffle, but I dunno boutin' it, an' de clerk—she was a young girl—she ask me eef eem could be help, so pleasant. I tell her fin' all t'ings for me. I pay de bill an' I get back boutin de daylight. I call up dese road: 'Echo—Echo Paulin Pablo,' an' eem come

run lak a deer. I say: 'Here dat dress an' all de odair.' She cry, she so joyous, an' she say: 'Louis, don' you tell Joe; let me to de surprise eem.' Pretty soon Joe he call dat breakfas' be ready, an' he say: 'Where dat chile?' Den I call: 'Echo, Echo.' Pretty soon we hear de laugh; we turn roun', an' dere stan' de young lady, or a spireet or somet'ing, may bees a fairy—oh, yaas, she look a fairy, she was mos' beautiful. She turn de red an' laugh an' hide eem face, but Joe he was terrible surprise—he jes look lak he scare. He bow down low an' hol' out both de han' an' say: 'Ah, de Mamselle Echo, welcome.'

"But I long for de boy dat gone. Some time aftair she wear de boy clode, but nevair when Joe aroun'. Eem go with me, many de time as de boy, but I no can forget it deefreent, an' she grow more beautiful.

"When she with Joe, my pardnair, she put de flower in de hair, an' wear de ruffle dress.

"Bine-bye, I understan' de all. I in love with Echo, an' she—she love Joe Pablo, an' Joe he don' care. He love eem, but no lak dat way. He teenk eem leetle chile yet.

"One time Joe go to de store in de town, an' see dat lady clerk. Den he go often, mos' evair night. Echo she seet on de bank, so still an' silent an' so sad I feel de heart of me break. I want say: 'Oh, don' care boutin eem—I love you.' But I dare not. Eem look across de lak' with de black hair roun' de face, all curl an' so ver' long. I look at her so sad, so lone.

"Sometime, eem do de read to me from some book. Sometime she read boutin de love. I look at eem, an' she grow ver' red an' den I teenk she unerstan'. Often she come an' put de han' on my haid, an' say sof' lak: 'Poor Louis Paulin.' Jes lak dat, 'Poor Louis Paulin.' But she grow ver' t'in an' I t'ink Joe perhaps notece. I wan' strangle eem—keel

eem. She unerstan', an' she say: 'No, Louis, for de sake of me, no.' An' I got always to obey her. But sometime she get ver' tired an' weary; she come cry on my knee. Sometime she wan' me to tell her how de white moose he geeve her to me. 'Dis my lak,' she say! 'I nevair leeve it.'

"But she get de whiter an' whiter, t'inner an' t'inner. I scare. I say: 'Let me tak' you away to de town, to de doctair.' She smile, sad-lak, an' say: 'No, I need no doctair.' An' dat damn fool, Joe Pablo, my pardnair, he jus' go evair evenin' to see de lady clerk.

Sometime Echo go up de road an' wait for Joe to de come back. Wait an' wait! I get de despair. I say: 'I weel tell Joe, you do dat again—I tell eem all.' Dat mak' her de stop dat.

"One night Joe he come home an' seeng t'rough de wood, an' he say: 'Oh, de congratulate; I goin' to marry de lady clerk.' He t'row de hat in de air an' shout. I turn to Echo—she fall white on de grass. 'Oh,' I cry, so scare. 'You damn fool, Joe Pablo, see what you have mak'. You have broke de heart of eem.' Jes lak dat, 'broke de heart of 'eem.' Joe turn ver' pale an' say: 'Wut you mean?' I say: 'I goin' keel you, dat wut I mean.' I raise her up, an' she ope' de eye, an' den turn to me an' cry: 'You tol' eem, you tol' eem, Louis Paulin—I nevair forgivee you.' Jes lak dat, 'nevair.' She try de get up an' walk back de cabin, but I help. She try mak' me stop help, but I weel not stop.

"Joe Pablo he say low: 'Sacre! I not unerstan'. 'Fore God I not unerstan'.' Eem face ver' white. He turn an' ride so fas' down de road. When dat girl hear de horse feet go farder and farder, she t'row herself down on de grass by de cabin door an' sob: 'Oh, you tol' eem, you tol' eem; I nevair forgivee you.' I seet down 'longside an' beg eem to forgivee me. I 'bout wild—I dunno

wut to do. Bine-bye, I get despair. I say: 'Ah, why did you fall de unconscious when eem say eem goin' to be marry. You no do dat, eem nevair know. I t'ought you dead, dat why I tell eem.' Den she crawl slow up an' get into my airm an' cry. Eem was still only leetle girl, perhaps boutin seventeen year ol'. She say: 'Poor Louis Paulin.' An' I smood de black hair. She ver' white an' sad. I ver' white an' sad.

"De moon eem come up fore long and shine on de watair. 'Poor Louis Paulin,' she say. Den she sob an' cry, an' call: 'Joe Pablo, Joe Pablo.' An' de echo call loud from de Tree Guardsmens: 'Joe Pablo.' She call sof'-lak, 'Louis Paulin,' an' de echo come sof'. Den she raise an' cry wid de sorrow in de voice: 'Oh, Echo! Poor Echo Paulin Pablo.' An' de echo come sad ovair de watair: 'Poor Echo Paulin Pablo.'

"Den she say, low-lak: 'Louis, I goin' leave you.' Jes lak dat, 'I goin' leave you.' 'Oh, forgive me, Louis, my kin', good frien', forgive me.' I choke all up an' I say: 'I have not to forgive you. Dere is not'ing. But you don' leave me Echo—oh, no.' 'Oh, yaas,' she say, 'you will nevair see me no more.' Den I hol' her tight, an' I cry: 'No, no!' Loud and hard, an' de echo cry: 'No, no!' 'Oh, poor Louis,' she say, 'I goin' leave you forever—say you forgive me.' I say, 'Be good daughtair; go in de cabin an' sleep. All weel be well in de mornin'.' Good daughtair, don' leave eem

fader.' She smile sof'-lak, an' walk in de cabin. I seet on de bank an' watch de moon, an' wish I dead mans.

"Bine-bye, I hear de step 'behin' me, an' de airm come roun' my neck, an' eem kees me all de face ovair, den slip away queeck, an' I see she dress in de boy clode. I say: 'Where you go?' Eem say: 'Oh, forgive me.' She get in de boat an' push out. I see her plain in de moonlight. De face so white with de long black hair all ovair. She stan' up an' push in de watair with de oar. Den I look across de lak', an' dere stan' dat white moose a-beckon with de great white haid lak he beckon me dat night. He shine an' shine an' look lak mist roun' eem. Dat boat slip toward eem with dat girl in de moonlight. I hear de call: 'Oh, Louis Paulin, forgive me,' an' de echo say: 'Forgive me.' De cloud come an' all deesappear.

"I hunt all dat night on de watair, hunt an' hunt, an' call 'Echo Paulin Pablo! Echo! Echo!' an' de echo de only ansair. I cry: 'I forgive you; oh, come back,' an' I cry loud. I cry lak I cry now, an' I hunt an' hunt. In de mornin' I come back to de land an' lie down on de grass an' pray I die. De sun come out an' dat ol' boat he float back empty."

Louis buried his face in his hands.

I dashed the tears from my eyes. Across the still, silvery waters came the mournful call of the loon.

Editorial Opinion

THE right, the duty, indeed, of the Christian church to deal with problems of the social order is clear enough. The fundamental principles of the doctrines of the Lord Christ are ethical, and everywhere in his Gospel the theme is, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and his teaching at all times was the doctrine of brotherhood, which to him simply meant the maintenance of right conduct and right relation of man to man. Almost always when the kingdom of heaven was referred to it was for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of his followers the importance of taking heaven for a model for the formation and maintenance of the social order among men here in this world. True, the objective point of Christ's purpose was to persuade man to be worthy of heaven, but it is to be observed that every and all preparation for heaven is to be made in the flesh, and that, too, in the channels of social and business life.

It follows, then, that the Christian churches are not only justified, but are bound by the very nature of their existence to take cognizance of social problems and seek their solution in the light of Christ's commandments. Therefore, the divorce question, the saloon question, the amusement question, the social function question and all other questions that are calculated to hinder or advance the social order in its purpose to be able to say, "Thy will IS done on earth as it is in heaven," come within the province of the Christian churches to analyze and approve or condemn. It is held by very many—even religionists—that when the churches attempt to interfere in the social and material order of human kind, they transcend their authority, but that is illogical

and without reason, for whatever falls below Christ's code of ethics is antagonistic to His purpose, and if the churches are commissioned at all in the premises, their right to lay down discriminating lines cannot be questioned. But upon the right of the churches in the premises hinges this: "Have they Divine Authority, or is their authority merely assumed?"

Perhaps the ruling powers at Washington may know why, but the public is amazed that so much backing and filling is needed in solving the problems involved in the beginning of even the initial work on the Panama Canal. The first commission was composed of expert engineers, but for "cause" the President dissolved that board and appointed a new commission composed of "driving business men," with a consulting engineer or two. The difficulty with the original board seems to have been that it thought it the better plan to first make careful surveys and estimates from every viewpoint, and then start in to construct the canal. Perhaps the people are all wrong, but they are likely to keep on believing that the construction of the canal is altogether a work for engineering experts rather than for merchants and speculators. Another important thing that is yet hanging fire is, shall the work be done by the Government or by contract. If by the former, it will take vigilant watching to prevent jobbery, and if by the latter, to prevent slipshod work. But of one thing all may be certain: we are going to have a dozen or more years of canal scandals before the work is finished.

Always industrial and commercial conditions will be the foremost

problems with which the people and the Government have to deal. Always, too, they will be the most serious individual and national questions. And these problems and questions are confined, apparently, to the narrow limits of production and distribution of commodities, but within these limits lie the whole range of the possibilities of commerce and industry. The underlying principle of trade movements and commodity interchange in the ages ago, when the caravan wound its way over mountains and across deserts was fundamentally right then, nor has it ever been changed. It stood then as it does now, the ultimate of the science and philosophy of "business politic and economic."

But conditions of trade movements are changing all the time, and ever will change. Time and space are obstructions to distribution, and in ratio to the shortening of time and the narrowing of space are these obstructions removed. To illustrate this truism: The time was when the distribution of California soil production landwise did not extend more than fifty miles from the producer, because the cost of transportation beyond that point would have absorbed the value of the commodity—the final value of a commodity always is determined by the consumer's ability to pay. But by the agencies of steam, electricity and mechanical invention, the obstructions of time and space have been so far removed that the markets of Europe are not now as far from the producer as fifty-five miles distant was half a century ago. In the days of the caravans, there were three determining factors in trade movements, and the same factors are the determining influences to-day. They are, first, the ability of the consumer to pay; second, the cost of production; and third, the expense of transporting the producer's commodities to the door of the consumer. The solution of the third factor is the

cause of so much legislation to regulate and supervise transportation rates by State authority, it being conceded that since transportation rates are something in which all the people have interest, the State, which stands for the people in their collective capacity, may fix their maximum limit for the protection of the people in their individual capacity. But the State may not assume the right to say what the consumer shall pay, nor what the producer's cost of production shall be. Thus it is, industrial and commercial conditions present very complex problems, composed of three dominating factors, one of which the State may have authority over, and two of which the State may not even advise. And yet it is these, the mightiest of civilization's progressive forces, that populists, socialists and the like would seize hold upon and twist and turn into economic contradictions and self-destroying industrial and commercial agencies.

If so-called higher criticism of the Bible has failed to impress religionists with its importance, which it undoubtedly has, it is because the criticisms are too indefinite in their premises and too uncertain in their conclusions. These critics immediately leave the paths of logic and reason and reel about in the field of analysis and comparison, where the absence of the dot over the "i" or the crossing of the "t" is taken as evidence that the undotted "i" and the uncrossed "t," the passages as well as the theme in which they appear, are interpolations and injected into the text at a much later date. But it is to be observed that while these critics deny the authenticity of the rejected passages, they do not deny their sufficiency for the purpose they were given to the world. What matters it, then, if verses or parts of or whole chapters are discovered to be credited to men whom history and circumstances

fail to identify with the times of the alleged writer. Moreover, these learned critics do not indicate much, if any, acquaintance with the philosophy, the politics or the science of those days, which they should have, since it is in the philosophy and the politics then prevailing that gives the clue to the esoteric meaning of

the Scriptures, and which also relieves the text of the necessity of having its author identified. It is the schools of theology and philosophy to which the Bible writers belonged, rather than to this or that writer that is essential, assuming, of course, that the whole Bible was written under inspiration.

After Every Storm

By Aloysius Coll

When the silvery lashes of a star
Blind the sun's sur-golden lashes,
And the settled planets, moved to war,
Blaze and crumble into ashes;

When the last balloon of thistle-down
Falls to earth in silken showers;
When the last live seed, to blossom blown,
Withers with the shedding flowers;

When the relics of the past are hurled
Over bleak and lonely meadows,
And the spirits of a wasted world
Laugh across the vacant shadows;

When all love is but a withered rose
In a lava wrinkle minted,
Beauty but an after-blush that blows
Where a woman's heart was printed;

When the mountains, bald of rock and tree,
Slip into the drying ocean,
And the hills and hollows of the sea
Swallow up the tide's emotion—

Come, then, love! Behold where I have sung!
See, as summer wanes and passes,
My adoring dust and soul among
Starry waste and withered grasses!

With the New Books

By Armond

"Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them," by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian, is not a cook book, because the authors claim that the application of heat in cooking destroys the best of food elements. What the authors are driving at is to convert the world to the belief that food stuff should be eaten in its natural raw state. Nebuchadnezzar was an uncooked food enthusiast, but he left no line of approval of his experiment at eating green grass. In fact, he flatly contradicted the Mr. and Mrs. Christian theory by returning to his palace and eating about four square meals a day of all kinds of food, cooked to his royal taste. The old king's opinion should have some weight, even in this age of free lunch counters, hash boarding houses and fads and cults. It is pleasing to note that the authors heartily recommend egg-nogg to raw material consumers, and that is the only sensible suggestion they make in their "reform" business, and as egg-nogg is both bread and drink, the menu of these uncooked food apostles may be recommended to that extent, at least, but not as a steady diet.

The Health-Culture Co., West Street, New York.

"The Plum Tree," by David Graham Phillips, should have been named "The Political Boss." But anyway, it is a remarkable representation of modern politics in this country, with just enough sentimental fiction running through the story to make one not altogether sorry that one is a sovereign in this "spoils of office" country by creating digressions that relieve the mind as the thread of the story of practical politics is unwound from the spool of the "boss." And this thread finds

thrilling experiences and villainous association from precinct work away to manipulations of presidential aspirants, leaving no phase of the country's political life untouched.

Perhaps this little scene will give enough to whet the appetite for more:

Theodore Dominick, the "boss" of Pulaski, was absolute. The community had a "Dominick" judge of the Circuit Court, a "Dominick" senator and representative in the legislature, a "Dominick" municipal Government, and a pronounced "Dominick" influence was felt all over the State. A young lawyer wanted to be county prosecutor, and Mr. Fessenden agreed to "arrange" for a conference with Dominick at his saloon quarters.

"Mr. Fessenden told me you wanted to see me."

"He didn't say anything of the sort," growled Dominick. "I have knowed Buck seventeen years, and he ain't no liar."

"Perhaps I did not express myself quite accurately. Fessenden told me you were considering making me candidate for County Prosecutor, and suggested that I call and see you."

"I don't give no nominations. That's the province of the party."

"But you are the party."

"Well, I guess I've got a little something to say about the party. A good many of the boys ain't stuck on Ben Cass—he's too stuck on himself. He's getting out of touch with common people, and is boot-licking in with the swells up-town. I told Buck to trot you around and let us look you over. Good party man? No reform germs in your system?"

"The Plum Tree" might well be adapted as a text book for classes in American history in our public

schools, and most certainly it should be read by every one who wishes to know how the political machines are run, not always, but most of the time in this country.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"My Lady Clancarty," by Mary Inlay Taylor, is a charming romance of love and heroic daring. The atmosphere of the theme is altogether healthy and wholesome, while the action reaches, at times, the heights of the thrilling. A charming heroine, who maintains her nobility of character and the lofty ideal of love, is a conspicuous feature of the story, in its several chapters, and the story, as a whole, is above the average; besides, there is a quality of thought and loftiness of purpose of the authoress which appeals to the best in human nature. The book is well calculated to make its readers better men and women. The illustrations indicate in a high degree artistic touch and a thorough knowledge of the scenes they depict.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is a masterly story of one of the best writers of fiction of our time. The illustrations are by Albert Stenner, and of course they are good. The only truthful and clearly indicated criticism of "The Marriage of William Ashe" that one could make would be to simply affirm that Mrs. Ward could not write an uninteresting or unwholesome story.

Harper Brothers, New York.

"A Knot of Blue," by William R. A. Wilson, is a story of intrigue and adventure, with a lot of romance. The argument is that a woman may go to great lengths to right wrongs without compromising her dignity and tenderness of character. The scene is laid in Old Quebec, and is of a historical character. The story

throughout is wholesome and highly entertaining. Illustrations by Charles Greenwald.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"The Story of the Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Mack, F. R. G. S., is undoubtedly the best, most truthful and the most graphic presentation of the Congo Free State question that has as yet been submitted for public consideration. Perhaps some, indeed many, will insist that the author makes too vehement a defense of King Leopold's policy in the State to force a better condition of existence upon these mid-African people, but it must be remembered that the hue and cry that was raised against Belgium was due to meddlesome missionaries, whose business methods, which were not in harmony with their alleged mission, were cut short off by Leopold, as a measure of protection to the natives of the State. There is no doubt at all, from the history of the events leading up to, as well as since, the occupation of the State by Belgium, that King Leopold had in mind as the first consideration a humanitarian and philanthropic purpose. That Belgium expected as a consequence that the territory and the people of the Congo State would at once become subject to whatever policy of government that King Leopold and his ministers might decide to put into operation, no one doubts. How well affairs of the State have been administered, and what marvelous advancement the natives have made towards civilization, the author of the book under review clearly shows from data that cannot be disputed, and from personal observation and inspection. But "The Story of the Congo Free State" must be read to appreciate Leopold's mighty efforts to raise these Africans to a higher level of existence. It is a book of 634 pages, and profusely illustrated

by cuts and maps. No more interesting book on Darkest Africa has been written.

C. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"A History of the United States and its People," by Elroy McKendree Avery, Ph. D., L.L. D., is without doubt the best popular history of the United States that has yet been produced—if one may judge the whole of the forthcoming volumes by the first one. Dr. Avery quits the beaten path of historical research right at the start, and begins his story with "The First Americans," a race that peopled this country ages before Columbus was born. The materials which the author has woven into his great work have been gathered from the best and most accurate data of the ages, and on down to our times, and the fabric he has woven is destined to be a standard history for all times to come, at least the first volume, 400 beautifully printed pages, bespeaks as much. This work has a superior value in that the author goes to the bottom of ugly facts, which other historians have avoided, and presents them for all they are worth. Evidently Dr. Avery set out to write historical facts without even a thought to gloss over or pass by on the other side of them, however demolishing to pet theories and traditions his labors might be, and yet in no sense is he an iconoclast. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, Ohio, publishers of Dr. Avery's work, are deserving of great credit for undertaking so grand a task, and the mechanical get-up of the work shows how well they are prepared to accomplish their purpose.

"Isidro," by Mary Austin, is not all fiction. It has to do with the serious times of the old Mission days, when love and heroism, and devotion to the right for right's sake, de-

manded of men and women the best in them. The action of the theme is necessarily stirring and intense, because it is essentially an out-of-door creation—just such a creation as would be expected from the inspiring Sierras, where their caverned base is fringed by the wide, wild desert. It is amid just such scenes that the authoress lives, which fact, together with culture, refinement and a keen appreciation of the power of her imagination—not fancy—gives to the world a quality of literary effort that ranks with the best. It may be said that "Isidro" might well be called "Ramona's" brother, so close akin are they in the essentials of literary merit and loftiness of ethics.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"The Vision of Elijah Berl," by Frank Lewis Nason, is essentially a California story. It deals with the beginnings of orange culture by irrigation, and this question, together with engineering generally, is treated in the most scientific way by the author, who is himself an expert engineer. There is the right quantity of love, love-making and love's hardships to give the story a degree of interest that forces the reader to profit by the author's knowledge of the science of irrigation.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"The New Womanhood," by Winifred Harper Cooley, presents woman's side of the case before the trial court of modern civilization, in which she is arraigned for having presumed to demand political, domestic and social rights by reason of her being a human manifestation of the Almighty, which rights man in all the ages has denied that woman possessed by any Divine edict or sanction. How well the authoress of the New Womanhood has presented her case, the book must be

read to know. This, however, may be said here: It is a clear, forceful and comprehensive presentation, and analysis of one of the most vital questions of the day. The authoress, above all, is severely conservative, but submits her argument on the strongest lines of logic and reason, and includes the entire range of woman's possibilities in every sphere of human action, nor is there the slightest approach to that ridiculous idea that to assert her rights woman must first cut her hair short, and then part it on the side.

Broadway Publishing Company,

"Justin Wingate," by John H. Whitson, is a graphic picture of ranch life in Colorado. The author had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with the scenes, incidents and personalities of his story, and the coloring he has given to them is simply emphasis. It is fiction, to be sure, with the usual intrigues, defeats and triumphs of love, but they are not overstrained, and therefore they exert a good influence because of the naturalness of the involvements. But the book has another side, which is decidedly interesting as well as instructive. It is the honest depiction of frontier life—its hardships, its sorrows, its joys and the final compensation. The ever-tangled politics of Colorado are cleverly handled in an amusing way, but beneath it all is the real situation. It is a superior story in every way. The illustrations are by Arthur E. Becher, which means that they picture the story rather than absurd imaginings.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Physical Culture Life," by Irving Hancock, is an illustrated presentation, or treatise, of the essential facts of physical culture. The purpose of the author is to encourage people to undertake their own physical development, and he submits all needed instructions. The

book is well written, and its purpose is clearly set forth. It is a valuable work from all view-points, and should be in every home as a "family book."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"The Summit House Mystery," by L. Dougall, is a powerful, daring and clean-cut depiction of a story that could just as well be from real life as from the imagination. The scenes are located in the South, for the most part, and as they shift that new actors may come upon the stage an interest is awakened in the reader that does not subside until long after the curtain falls. The threads of the story are so cleverly woven that not an uncouth spot is seen; besides, a lofty dignity is maintained throughout. It is superior fiction.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"At the Foot of the Rockies," by Carter Goodloe, is a graphic story of a summer spent in the Northwest territory, where there are but three factors in the life of the wilds—the Indian, the British soldier and the settler. The descriptive power of the author enables him to give a word painting that impresses one deeply with the mightiness of the country he describes, yet it is not at all a picture of fancy's wanderings. The book as a whole is a positive addition to discoveries hitherto made, the more so because the details are more elaborate, which is exactly what is wanted by the venturesome pioneer; besides, the story includes almost a survey of those wilds and their possibilities. Perhaps no writer has embodied so much valuable information concerning the Northwest territory as Mr. Goodloe has in "At the Foot of the Rockies," which is elaborately illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Autobiography of Andrew D. White" is a living, breathing, inspiring record of a life which has been a powerful factor for good in American growth and progress of the people, and of events which have shaped American history and thought in the last half century. Mr. White went to St. Petersburg as an attache of the American legation, and there remained during the winter of 1855 and 1856. In 1867 he came from the University of Michigan, where he was professor of history, to take the presidency of Cornell University, where he remained for 20 years. He was one of the commissioners to Santo Domingo in 1871, and a commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878. He was Minister to Germany in 1879-1881, and to Russia in 1892-1894. He was a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission in 1895, and Ambassador to Germany from 1897 to 1903. Last, but by no means least, he was president of the American delegation to The Hague Peace Conference.

But while the work is replete with observations, opinions and suggestions concerning leading events in American history during the last half century, no doubt Mr. White's relation to religion, and its evolution, will command the attention of English speaking people of all countries. To Mr. White more than to any other person, perhaps, is due the credit of pushing dogmatic theology aside to make room for reason, logic and science. He says:

"Recognizing the normal need of religious ideas, feelings and observances, I see in the history of these an evolution which has slowly brought our race out of lower forms of religion into higher, and which still continues. Nowhere is this more clearly mirrored than in our own sacred books; nowhere more distinctly seen than in what is going on about us; and one finds in this evolution, just as in the development of our race in other fields,

survivals of outworn beliefs and observances which remain as milestones to mark human progress.

"Belief in a God who is physically, intellectually and morally but an enlarged 'average man'—unjust, whimsical, revengeful, cruel and so far from omnipotent that he has to make all sorts of interferences to rectify faults in his original scheme—is more and more fading away among the races controlling the world.

"More and more the thinking and controlling races are developing the power of right reason; and more and more are left to inferior and disappearing races the methods of theological dogmatism.

"More and more, in all parts of the civilized world, is developing liberty of thought; more and more is left behind the tyranny of formulas.

"More and more is developing, in the leading nations, the conception of the world's sacred books as a literature in which, as in a mass of earthly material, the gems and gold of its religious thought are embedded; and more and more is left behind the belief in the literal, prosaic conformity to fact of all utterances in this literature.

"To one who closely studies the history of humanity, evolution in religion is a certainty. Eddies there are—counter-currents of passion, fanaticism, greed, hate, pride, folly, the unreason of mobs, the strife of parties, the dream of mystics, the logic of dogmatists, and the lust for power of ecclesiastics—but the great main tide is unmistakable."

Two volumes. The Century Co., New York. Price, \$7.50 net.

"Tor, a Street Boy of Jerusalem," by Mrs. Florence Kingsley, is, from every view point, an unusual literary production. A criticism of the book should include a reproduction of about all of it. Mere description would not do it justice. Every page carries a charm that overtops the next one, until all the pages are involved in one of the most pathetic,

heroic and gladsome stories of the year. "Tor" must be read and studied to be thoroughly appreciated, and he misses much who fails to read the book.

Henry Atmos Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Sandy," by Alice Hegan Rice, is highly entertaining from Sandy as a stowaway to Sandy as a happy bridegroom. The story is as pure as refined gold, and as sweet as purity of thought and motive always are. There is a loftiness of spirit running all through the theme that is decidedly elevating to mind and cheery to heart. More of the same kind of fiction is needed.

The Century Co., New York.

"Epigrams and Aphorisms," from the several works of Oscar Wilde, are too noble in sentiment, too clear in philosophy, too matter-of-fact in religion and too graphic in diction to be ignored because of Wilde's mistakes in the world of social make-shifts, uncertainties and sliding scales of morals.

John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

"The Breath of the Gods," by Sidney McCall, is decidedly an interesting and instructive book. For the most part the scene is laid in Japan, and the author discourses on the manners, customs and characteristics of the Japanese in a way that reflects that which lies behind their wonderful achievements in war, in invention, in industry, and in statecraft, while their domestic life is portrayed under the guise of fiction in a way that is pleasing to the last degree. The book should find favor in all classes of society.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Confessions of a Grass Widow," by Kate Thyson Marr, is very far

from pure fiction. It is realism, and more is the pity that there are enough in the American reading public to make such books possible. This quotation gives the general tone, character and moral atmosphere of the story:

"Now, Nell, I've got to live, and I am sick of living cheap. I am going to be swell until I bag my game."

The girl had really not known anything but very cheap surroundings except during her brief married life.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

"A little Garden Calendar," by Albert Bigelow-Paine, is a book for boys and girls, but older people will find it equally interesting. In fact, the book is a study of flowers and seasons for little folk and big folk, and every month tells its own story in beautiful language, and is pleasingly illustrated. No doubt it is one of the most interesting as well as instructive books of the kind that has ever been written. With the "Calendar" in hand, no boy or girl would want to stay indoors when the weather was not too boisterous.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

"The Gift of the Morning Star," by Armistead C. Gordon, is an interesting story of Dunker life and character. Sectarian bias is tabooed, and the broader study of the subject adhered to. The theme is of the inward struggle of the best in man to be still better, and it all is given expression in coloring of the tenderest and sweetest in the human heart. Of course there is the hero and the heroine. The book is constructed on strong lines, and possessing a pretty high degree of literary merit. Altogether, it is a story that appeals to the very best in the reader.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London.

The Possibilities of Astoria

By Mark Sullivan



Commercial St., Astoria

A GLANCE at the map of the Northwest is quite enough to convince one of the wisdom of old John Jacob Astor in locating his principal Pacific Coast trading station near the mouth of the Columbia River, and it was a deserved compliment to the venturesome pioneer to name the post "Astoria." That was more than a century ago. But the Astoria of that day is not the Astoria of to-day, except as to the site, which was then, still is, and always will be the commercial center of a vast region of country. And not only so, but the Astoria of to-day has for its inhabitants a class of people who fully appreciate the advantages which their city possesses because of its natural relation to the business interests of the great Northwest, and who have the energy, thrift and wisdom to make Astoria, Oregon, the focus of still

other channels and highways of trade, traffic, money, employment and culture.

Of course, it is the productive possibilities of the territory tributary to a business center that insures trade and industrial growth. In this particular, Astoria is extravagantly blessed. In the future, no doubt, the three leading industries of Astoria and its connecting country will be agricultural, including dairy and stock farming, lumber manufacturing and fish packing. The fields of the fish and farming industries are exhaustless, and it will be many decades before the forests begin to fail to supply the mills, but the time will never come when there will not be enough to supply the demand of wooden-ware factories. But while these three industries may be considered the foundation



First Presbyterian Church, Astoria.



Clatsop County farm scenes.

of Astoria's future greatness, there are innumerable collateral industries and enterprises whose aggregate volume will equal the three chief factors. The coal measures; the varied mineral deposits; the enormous fruit possibilities, which will necessitate extensive canneries; the dairy and cheese interests, whose field is as wide as the territory itself, will become a great source of wealth; the ocean and river craft-building enterprise, and the almost countless other opportunities for the profitable employment of capital, brain and brawn are bound by the nature of things to develop into extensive business activities. Necessarily all these wealth-producing



Rock tunnel, Astoria and Columbia River Railway

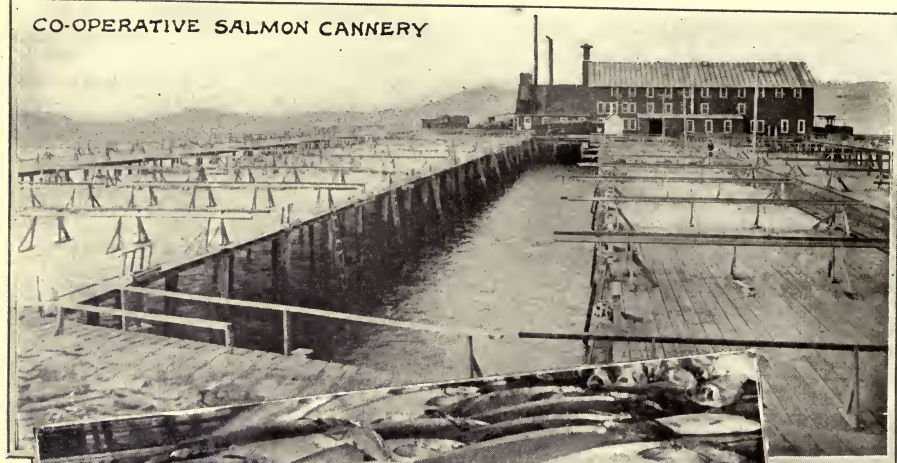
agencies will require great expansion in Astoria's facilities, which in turn will give the city a strong and healthy growth in capital, business establishments and population.

When these factors and agencies are fully under way, Astoria will, by the force of circumstances, become one of the chief export centers on the Pacific Coast. The finished products of this wide and exhaustless territory's raw materials will be commodities that will have a continuous demand in all the markets of the world, and when the Panama



1. I. O. O. F. 2. Astoria Custom House. 3. Clatsop County Court House. 4. Astoria High School.

CO-OPERATIVE SALMON CANNERY



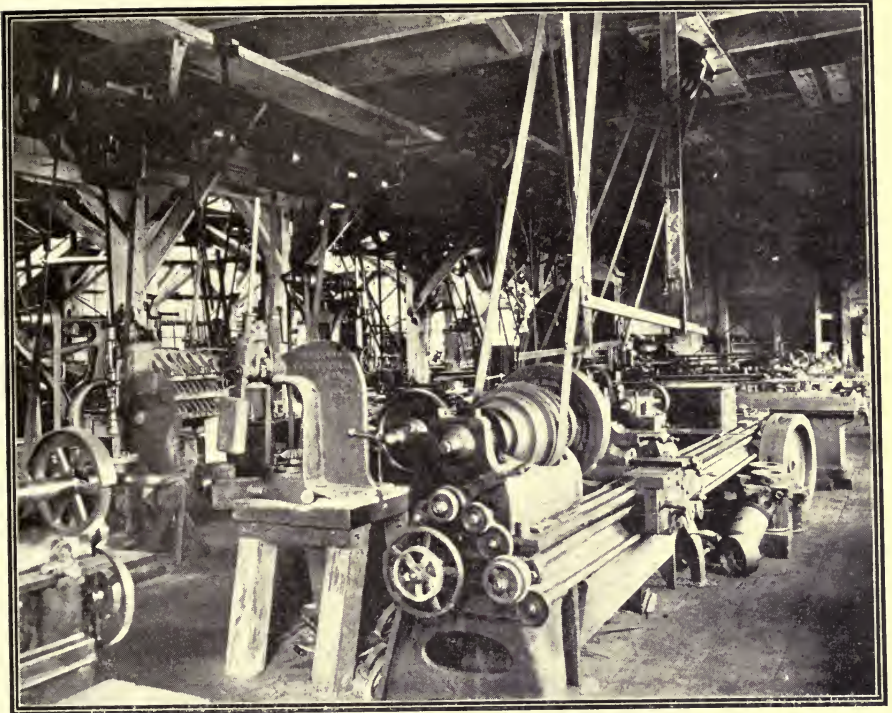
Chinook Salmon
Weight From
40 to 74 lbs Each

FISHING SMACKS



COLD STORAGE PLANT



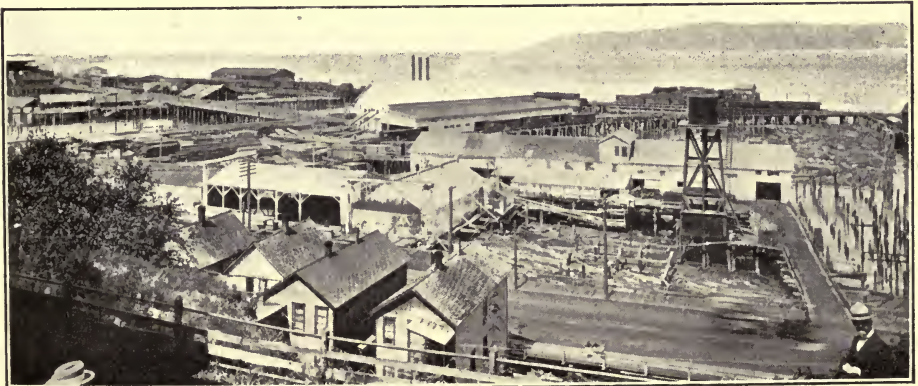


Interior Astoria iron works.

Canal is completed, Astoria will be in as close touch with Europe as it now is with the countries of Asia and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Astoria should become a business center whose circumference would be marked by the remotest market. Fortunes upon fortunes lie as yet unclaimed in this far-stretching region of the Columbia River's water-

shed, and they await the industry, enterprise and business sense of man to come and claim them. But claimants are already there, and others are coming all the time; still, for all that, the outer edge of them has not been crossed, great and varied as Astoria's volume of trade and traffic has become.

There are other things to be con-



Clatsop mill, Astoria.

sidered, however, that are of supreme importance to a country and city that are the home of so many inducements to capital, business men and labor. But these things Astoria and its territory possess in a conspicuous degree. The climate in all seasons of the year is ideal. The winter, the spring, the summer and the autumn fetch the best of its season, leaving all else in the silence of the non-existent. This means that Astoria is a remarkably healthy city, which would be the case very naturally, because it is situated on a fresh water harbor, yet so close to the ocean—only twelve miles distant—that all the benefits of ocean influences upon mankind are secured by the winds dissipating any accumulation of disease-carrying atmosphere. Then, again,

the public school system of Astoria was established on the theory of adopting the very best that experience in other and older cities had demonstrated to be good, and rejecting that which would not conduce to the highest good. Concerning the culture and learning and the social life of Astoria, it may be said that while there is a whirl of activity in every avenue of business, conventions of the social side of the community are rigid and exacting. This comes from maintaining high ideals of home life, and from a broad and comprehensive understanding of what makes for nobility of character and intellectual worth upon a true ethical basis. Socially, commercially and industrially, Astoria is a most delightful and desirable city to live in.



City Hall, Astoria



The Home-Maker's Eldorado

By Frederick Alfred Marriott

"Shadows," said he, "where can it be—

This land of Eldorado?"

This homeseeker's haven?

This land of Oregon?

Look not here

For shadows!

A commonwealth that offers free land in one of the richest grain, fruit, stock and general farming regions in the world, whose climate is ideal, is not likely to be a country of "shadows," except to those who are too indolent to profit by nature's wealth

offerings. The Creator has been rather kinder to this great inland empire than to very much of his handiwork. Seemingly He had in mind to make this region of the world complete in every detail for the consummation of man's desires in the broad field of industry, energy and intelligent effort. If man will plant and sow, the soil and the climate and the rain and the sun will give the increase.

Still, if a man wishes to expedite the processes of nature and largely expand the volume of the products of his efforts, he will find

the topography of the valleys and the supply of water peculiarly fitted for that wonderful system of artificial aid called irrigation. The popularity of this artificial system of securing an even supply of water on any day of the year is clearly seen in its operation on more than 300,000 acres of the Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company in the highly productive valleys of the Deschutes and Crooked Rivers in Cook County. And, moreover, this irrigation company is transforming

most people know, forty acres of land under the Deschutes Company's system of irrigation is equal in productive power to eighty acres not so favored.

But it must not be understood that because sage lands are being reclaimed that Oregon is a sage country, for it is very far from being anything of the sort. The purpose of converting the sage regions into high-class farming lands is to afford an opportunity to homeseekers to acquire what irrigation makes



sage and juniper-covered plains into highly productive farming and fruit lands. This sage region, when reclaimed, is admitted to be all that could be desired for stock raising, because the soil under irrigation insures the best of pasturage. But general farming is equally profitable in this region, and "general farming" means grain, fruit, hops, and whatever else is congenial to that climate, and what is not congenial would be hard to name. As

fine soil at very low prices. The percentage of agricultural lands in Oregon is far above the average of the other States in the Union. And, moreover, the sections of the State that are not strictly farming lands are equally valuable for their timber and their mineral deposits, while the larger streams abound in merchantable fish. Thus, Oregon as a whole is pre-eminently a region of present and prospective wealth-accruing agencies. But to



NINETY
MILES to
NEAREST
RAILROAD

A.M. DRANK
residence

BENNY



Three Six TEAS



Six hours Short.

BEN A. GIFFORD Photo.



PROPERTY OF THE DESCHUTES
BEN A. GIFFORD



Sawmill, Deschutes Oregon

the newcomer, be he capitalist, manufacturer, merchant, farmer, mechanic or laborer, the undeveloped opportunities are the most attractive, and opportunities are as numerous as they are varied. In fact, a newcomer might safely decide upon what particular line of occupation or investment he would prefer before starting for the State, for he certainly would find his highest expectations fully realized upon reaching there.

It would be a waste of time and

growth to them. It is clear, in view of these facts that a newcomer could hardly go amiss, no matter in what part of the State he located if he was hunting for urban investment or occupation. The same holds good in the agricultural, mining and lumber regions. If he be an agriculturist, horticulturist, orchardist, florist, dairyman, cheese-maker, hop raiser, stock raiser or lumber maker, he will find exactly what he is looking for. That is to say, Oregon offers what might well be called



On the Santiam.

space to particularize concerning opportunities, but there are very many little cities, towns and villages where the merchant, the mechanic and the laboring man would find about what he was looking for. This is true because the territory tributary to them is steadily growing in population, which in turn increases the demand upon the towns for merchandise and brain and brawn, and also insures a steady and solid

extraordinary opportunities to every profession, calling and occupation, but with the one proviso that there are no openings or opportunities to the man who expects to live by his wits, by assuming the role of a jaw-smith, or to the man who expects to spend more money than he makes. To the industrious, sober and honest man, be he rich or poor, learned or ignorant, Oregon offers opportunities that will scarcely be found in

any other region of America.

What is known as the "watershed" of the Columbia River is a vast region of country that nature has been particularly partial to. Within its confines the entire population of the New England States would find plenty of room and to spare, so productive is the soil and so varied are its products, nor could one say that any one line of soil culture is better than another. Taste and inclination have to determine what phase of it one would prefer. The man who "takes to" fruit culture would find here soil and climate to his liking; if grain raising, his acres would respond most liberally to his efforts; if hop raising, dairy farming, cheese manufacture, bee culture, vegetable farming, everything, in fact, that is included in country life would be satisfactorily remunerative; of if mining for the precious metals, coal, iron and the innumerable other minerals, or lumber making or the fish industry, or merchandising or the mechanical trades, the highest expectations would be realized if industry and common business sense are made the basis of purpose and effort.

All this being true, and the demand for one chief and great commercial centre being imperative, naturally Portland would be looked to to meet such requirements, because it happens that Portland is so located with reference to the trade currents that she is necessarily the objective point of all land and water transportation lines in the Northwest and their connections. Geographically, Portland stands at the "cross roads," so to speak, of all the highways of an immense territory. To these natural advantages the enterprise of the people have added artificial forces and factors to expedite business operations until every present demand is amply provided for. But the city does not stop at that. Facilities are kept in advance of immediate requirements

so that the work of accumulation and distribution of commercial commodities is not strained or crowded. Portland understands that delay in receiving, handling and forwarding merchandise is decidedly hurtful, and it is pretty safe to say that commerce need never fear of delay in its movement when its course is directed by the business men of Portland. From a financial point of view, Portland is far ahead of the requirements of the Northwest, so much so that no one worthy of bank accommodations need be apprehensive of a scarcity of loanable money. All things considered, Portland may be said to be the most public spirited city on the Pacific Coast, and by far the wealthiest, with the one exception of San Francisco. The business structures are abreast of the times in architectural designs and commodiousness, while the jobbers and wholesale dealers carry stocks fully equaling those of the largest establishments of the Eastern cities. The public utilities of Portland have been provided with the view of securing ample and rapid service and accommodations without "robbing Peter to Pay Paul." That is to say, the street car service is required to be sufficient to care for the public's needs without making the cars resemble live-stock pens in the busy season.

In view of the magnitude, the importance and the possibilities of the great Northwest of the United States, it was but natural that the people and the Government of the nation should want to celebrate the triumphant conclusion of the Lewis and Clark expedition on the banks of the Columbia River a century ago, and it was equally natural and proper that, by common consent, Portland should be selected as the place to gather in mechanical and art and agricultural and industrial representatives from the nations of the earth, that by comparison the advance in invention during the cen-



California building, showing two of the four Missouri wings.

tury might be measured. How well Portland and the world are responding to the call one has but to stand before the exhibits from all quarters of the globe in the exposition's buildings and grounds. They speak for themselves. There may have been exhibitions on a very much larger scale, but never before was such a variety of the works of genius on parade. The entire range of material expressions of high art, mechanical skill and progress in all the concerns of humanity are gathered here from the Indian totem to the most intricate and complicated machinery. The thousands that pass every day through the gates testify to the excellence of every appointment and the attractiveness of the display of human ingenuity, thrift and culture. It is the most complete and attractive spectacle of the kind that the eyes of man ever looked upon. Portland and the Exposition commissioners promised a

great deal, and no one would have been much surprised if the gates had been opened upon a far less complete array of exhibits. But the surprise has been the other way. Visitors find everything upon a very much more extended and elaborate scale than was promised. The exhibits, as to their number and variety, go very far beyond what was expected, while the grounds and buildings show a marvelous degree of painstaking in construction and the picturesque in ornamentation. Then, there is a compactness about the clusters of buildings and displays of exhibits. Everything is found that would interest and instruct, and the good sense has been displayed to avoid duplicates and repetitions. It is, as a visitor observed to the writer: "This exposition is not built and run on the basis of three miles of stoves. It is compact, with every exhibit presented in the best possible way to

attract attention, and at the same time to clearly set forth the exhibit's honest merit. I have visited all the great expositions in Europe and America since the Crystal Palace in London, and I like this the best of all. Rare judgment has been used not only in the housing of the exhibits, but in their display as well."

But there is another side to the Lewis and Clark Exposition which is pretty much all business and pleasure. It is found outside of the exposition grounds. Visitors to the exposition are swarming all over the State, some for pleasure and sight-seeing only, some prompted by curiosity to see the "wilds of the frontier," and very many—the majority, indeed—are measuring the present status and future possibilities of the several and varied business opportunities. In this class will be found

home seekers from all quarters of the civilized globe, and they range in occupations from the capitalist seeking profitable employment for his money down to the laborer who is looking for a location where he may invest his wages in a little patch of land for a home. But a very large percentage of these "tourists" are agriculturists, stock raisers and fruit growers who are taking advantage of the cheap transportation rates to not only "take in" the exposition, but cast about for locations for permanent homes. Most of them are experienced country folk from the East and Middle West, and in the truest sense of the word they are home-seekers. They are of the better class of farmers, and it is noticeable that for the most part they are comparatively young and middle-aged men, who have concluded to



California building, Lewis & Clark Exposition.

hereafter ply their vocation in a climate less trying and on soil more productive than is possible to have "back home." As compared with the substantial good that will come to Oregon from this influx of strangers, the exposition is a mere incident, and yet because of it every interest in the State will gain in one year as much as a quarter of a century would secure in the ordinary way of growth. That is to say, in 1905 Oregon will lay the foundation for a degree of expansion of all interests upon which a tide of immigration will build for years to come. It is safe to predict that the Portland Exhibition will make Oregon

the most popular State in the Union for home seeking and business enterprises. And the business men of Portland—all the citizens, indeed, can be relied upon to set forth in truthful and honest presentation the advantages the State as a whole, and every separate locality, offers to whoever will come and be identified with its vast and growing interests. It is noticeable that no desire is evinced to color anything. "Go and see for yourself" is the watch-word, and it is all done with an air of courtesy, good-will and genuine hospitality. Oregon should and no doubt will more than double her population in the coming decade.





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Pears' leaves the skin smooth, cool, comfortable. Pears' invention the shaving stick.



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It beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

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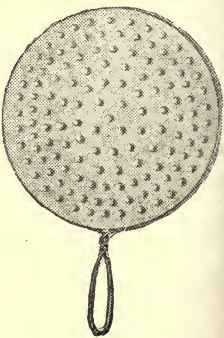
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Rare piquancy is given to Chafing Dish cooking by using

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\$20 in Gold

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To the person, club or association sending us the largest number of fronts of the red packages from which

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has been used, before July 31st, 1905, we will pay \$10 in gold.

To the party sending in the second largest number we will pay \$5.00 in gold. To the third largest we will pay \$3.00 in silver. And to the fourth largest we will pay \$2.00 in silver.

Ask your grocer for it, and be sure that he gets it. Have your friends do the same, and mail us all you can get. Be careful and get the full front with the three B's. Address plainly.

ALLEN'S B. B. B. FLOUR COMPANY

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Extends to you a cordial invitation
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This Pavilion will contain machines for every stitching process used in the family and in manufactures, some of which must be of interest to you. Many of these machines will be running and all will be capable of operation

Samples of their work will be given to those interested

**Free Souvenir Views of
Pacific Coast Scenery**

Will be distributed at the Pavilion. There are five Sets, each comprising Ten Views in an Envelope ready for mailing; the subjects being as follows:

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(3) **California**

(5) **Old Spanish Missions**

(2) **Portland, Oregon**

(4) **Yosemite Valley**

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You
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You
Tried
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¶ The highest type of FAMILY SEWING MACHINE—the embodiment of SIMPLICITY and UTILITY—the ACME of CONVENIENCE.

¶ ABSOLUTELY THE LIGHTEST - RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.

¶ It only needs a mere touch of the treadle to start the machine. The use of ball-bearings, the superior design and mechanical excellence of construction throughout, all combine to make its continuous operation a pleasure—it runs so smoothly.

¶ The new BOBBIN EJECTOR is a marvel of ingenuity. No more annoyance—no trouble. A simple pressure of the finger on ejector instantly LIFTS THE BOBBIN within easy reach.

¶ Of its many valuable and unique features, The AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER commands notice. It is a veritable boon. Raising the presser-foot automatically releases the thread tension and allows the work to be FREELY WITHDRAWN—no breaking of needles possible. Depressing it instantly restores correct tension.

¶ The ATTACHMENTS furnished with this machine are so conveniently arranged in the center locking drawer—A SEPARATE PLACE FOR EACH—as to be easily accessible. There is a full set, comprising the latest and best designs.

A Great Home Industry

PACIFIC Coast capital can do things on a big scale when it wants to. For instance, the Pacific Steel and Wire Company, which established its immense plant in East Oakland, California, two years ago. It is strictly of coast ownership; moreover, the variety of iron and steel commodities that are the product of this industry is amazing. From this plant is turned out wire rope of all kinds and for all purposes, such as logging, mining, hoisting, oil well, drilling, elevator, hawsers, ships' rigging, etc.; also wire field fencing, which is so rapidly displacing wooden fences because of its greater strength, durability and economy, and poultry fencing to supply the large and growing demand from the poultry raisers of the coast. The company also manufactures wire nails, barb wire, furniture springs, and through its Eastern connections is in position to furnish all kinds and varieties of electric and telephone wires and wire products of the highest grade.

The managing members of the company are experts in this line of manufacture, which is sufficient guarantee that the quality of the goods is of the very best, and another reason why this company is deserving of patronage and support is the fact that it is a home industry.

The manufacture of submarine cables in America has, through the use of SEAMLESS rubber, applied by the Safety method, produced a cable that is equally impervious to the heated waters of the Torrid Zone as to the ice-bound oceans of the Arctic. This is proven by the 3,000 miles of our cables in daily operation connecting the various islands of the Philippine Archipelago, and the Seattle-Sitka cable, recently manufactured by this Company to connect our Alaskan territory. Beside the manufacture of

these cables for the United States Government, the Safety Company is now in the world's market to make and lay cable of any length in any depth of water, and among its foreign contracts might be mentioned the 500 miles of cable recently laid for the Mexican Government, from Vera Cruz to Yucatan.

It is the purpose of the Pacific Steel and Wire Company to add from time to time to its lines of manufacture, and gradually develop a complete modern and efficient plant for the manufacture of all kinds of wire and wire products. The present officers of the company are: H. P. Wilson, president; Lewis E. Spear, vice-president; Frank L. Brown, general manager; H. M. Brittan, general superintendent; George L. Walker, general sales agent. The general office of the company is at 100 Front street, San Francisco.

The company has an elaborate exhibit of all its products at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon, which includes an especially fine exhibit of the products of the Safety Insulated Wire and Cable Company, New York, with whom the Pacific Steel and Wire Company is allied. The Safety Company manufacture the very highest grade of seamless insulated wires and cables, the insulation being made from pure para rubber applied in a seamless manner to the copper conductor. The Seattle-Sitka cable was recently manufactured by this company, connecting the United States with the Alaskan territory, and a section of this cable is on view at the Pacific Steel and Wire Company's exhibit in the Machinery Building, Block No. 7, Space 381, Lewis and Clark Exposition. The company's representative at the Fair will be pleased to give information and direct visitors.

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Robed in the drapery of descending floods."

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See that it is on all your
rollers. It is there for *your*
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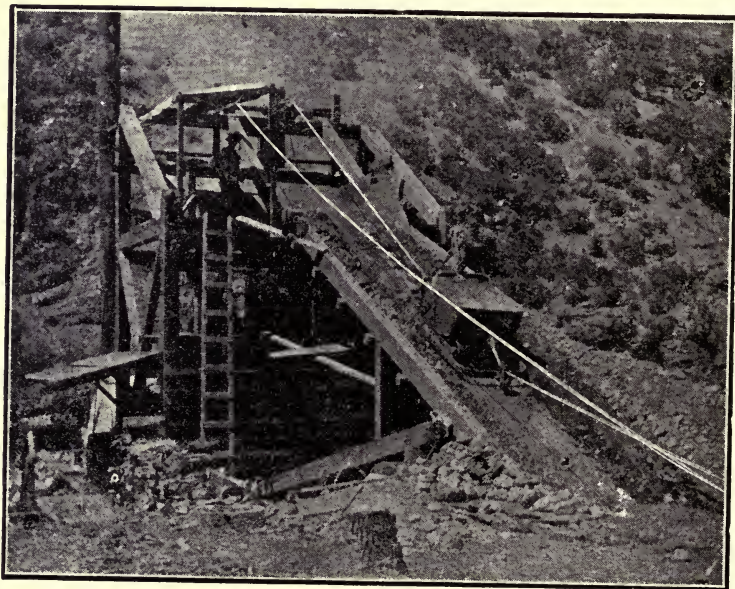
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15 TONS Removed by Hand from the Pacific Tin Mines Property Last Season Were Exhibited in Eastern Cities and at the World's Fair. Phenomenal Demand for Stock Reported.



View of French Steam Shovel handling 1800 cubic yards of gravel per day.

Discovery of Tin Ore in Alaska

Ever since Alaska was purchased by the United States in 1867 those hardy pioneers who found their way to our northern peninsula have been constantly at work prospecting and piling up evidence of the presence of the great deposits of placer gold that have been found within the borders of that snow-covered land. During those early years, many a venturesome spirit went forth from the congenial climate of his former home with a determination to withstand all the hardships of the frozen North in the hope of finding, somewhere within the borders of this new territory, the gold that was to make his surroundings the more comfortable in his

native heath. But it was not until 1897 that the whole world was startled by the news, flashed from the icebound shores of Alaska, that at last nature had lifted her veil and disclosed the presence of wondrous riches in the waterways of that far-off land. As a result, a wild rush was made, and thousands upon thousands of prospectors, poorly equipped by nature to withstand the hardships necessary, traversed the trackless wastes of the country, only to become discouraged, and one by one to give up the search to those more fitted by experience for the task.

But there was one among them who came from far-off Australia, whose early experience and training had fitted him especially for the work before him. Samuel Colclough

reached Alaska in 1898 with the assurance that whatever nature had planted there in the way of valuable minerals, must sooner or later be found by his well-trained eye. After prospecting the various sections with indifferent success, he finally discovered on the Pinguk River this valuable tin ore which heretofore had looked like ordinary gravel to the unskilled eye of the many prospectors who had searched this ground before.

All of our coast States and Territories have contributed their part to the vast mineral wealth of this God-favored land of ours, yet in no place in all America had tin ore of any consequence been found until Alaska, in addition to her already generous contribution to the mineral wealth of this great nation, gave up to the ceaseless search of her venturesome guests the ore which now promises to become so important a factor in the commercial life of the Pacific.

Great Demand for Tin Plate in the United States

The tin buyers of the United States pay out about ten million dollars annually in duty on tin plate imported from Great Britain. The Pacific Coast alone in the manufacture of tin-ware consumes about eighty thousand tons of tin plate annually. The tin ore of the world to-day is mined in the Straits (Malay Peninsula), Australia, Banca, Bilton, Bolivia and Cornwall, England. Alaska is the only place in the Western Hemisphere, excepting Bolivia, where tin is found in paying quantities.

The Mining of Tin Safer Than the Mining of Gold

In gold placer mining the particles of metal found in a yard of gravel are so small they cannot be detected with the naked eye, while in a yard of tin placer gravel an average of about twenty-five pounds of the gravel is recovered in the shape of tin ore. In gold the bulk is so small that it can easily be carried away by dishonest employes, while the tin is too bulky to tempt any one so inclined. In gold quartz the vein often pinches out or is lost entirely, and again the ore becomes refractory. In many ventures the cost of a plant to work is so high that many fall on that account. The working of stream tin deposits is the simplest of all mining ventures, requiring simply a large French shovel capable of handling the largest possible area of gravel per day, and the sluice boxes necessary to wash out the dirt from such a quantity of ore.

Enormous Profits Derived from the Mining of Tin

After careful tests and conservative estimates, it has been declared that on the property of this company, known as the Annie and Theresa groups, composed of sixteen TWENTY-ACRE CLAIMS there are 35,200,000 pounds of tin ore, which at 15 cts. per pound in the raw state, would amount to \$5,280,000, together with an estimate of \$2,000,000 in gold, making a total product of tin and gold for the two groups of sixteen claims of \$7,280,000. The total expenses for installing machinery on this property would be some \$22,000 for each group, including the cost of supplies and labor for the first season, and thereafter an annual expense of \$20,000 for each group to pay for the labor and repairs and furnish the supplies and deliver the ore to market. The estimated time required to work out these claims is ten years, and the gross output \$728,000 per year from the two groups of claims, from which deduct the annual expense of \$40,000, and it would leave \$688,000 a year profits, to be distributed among the stockholders in the shape of dividends. Fancy such a proposition! More than three times the total capitalization of the company will return to the lucky stockholders in dividends annually. While this, of course, may startle our readers, a careful investigation of the subject discussed will convince them that

what we say and claim for this proposition is true, that it is one of the surest investments yet offered to the public. It is not surprising that those who have investigated the affairs of this company have been so prompt in acquiring a block of this stock before it is too late.

Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc.

The Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc., with a capital stock of 200,000 shares at \$1 each, was organized in December, 1904, under the laws of the State of California. The corporation was organized for the purpose of acquiring the Theresa and Annie groups of tin deposits, comprising sixteen claims of 20 acres each, which property, together with a valuable water right of 5,000 miner's inches, needed in sluicing tin ore, and a landing and warehouse at Providence, Alaska, to facilitate the shipping, the company now owns, fully paid for and unincumbered in any way.

In order to equip the mines with a large French shovel and the necessary sluice boxes for handling the enormous quantity of ore on these claims, the directors in March, 1905, authorized the sale of 25,000 shares of capital stock at 50 cents a share.

This block of stock has found ready purchasers, principally among persons well acquainted with the properties owned by this company. The second block of 25,000 shares will shortly be placed on the market at 75 cents per share. After the sale of same, no more will be placed on the market. Samples which were on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair, are to be seen at the company's offices in San Francisco.

The directors of the above company are men prominent in the commercial life of California, well known throughout the State as conservative and trustworthy citizens, all of whom have been successful in the conduct of their own affairs. They are:

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John M. Murphey, M. E., Vice President (Director British Columbia Southern Mines, Ltd., San Francisco, Cal.)

Samuel Colclough, Managing Director, (Supt. Pacific Tin Mines Co., Inc., Wales P. O., Alaska.)

Burke Corbet, Counsel and Director (Corbet & Goodwin, Attorneys at Law, San Francisco, Cal.)

Alfred D. Bowen, Director (capitalist), San Francisco, Cal.

F. A. Marriott, Secretary and Director (Assistant manager Overland Monthly, San Francisco, Cal.)

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WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

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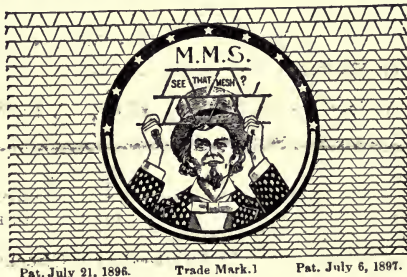
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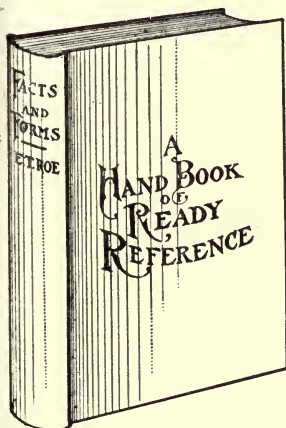
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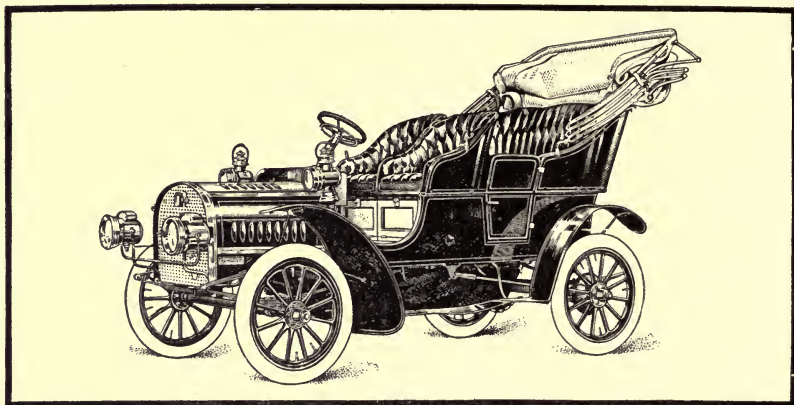
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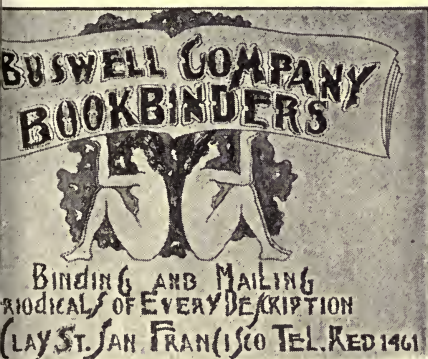
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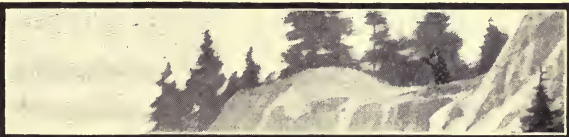
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AUGUST, 1905

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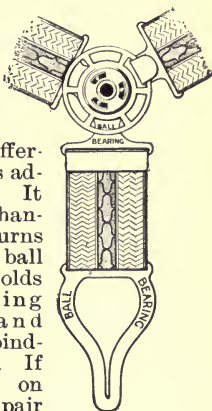
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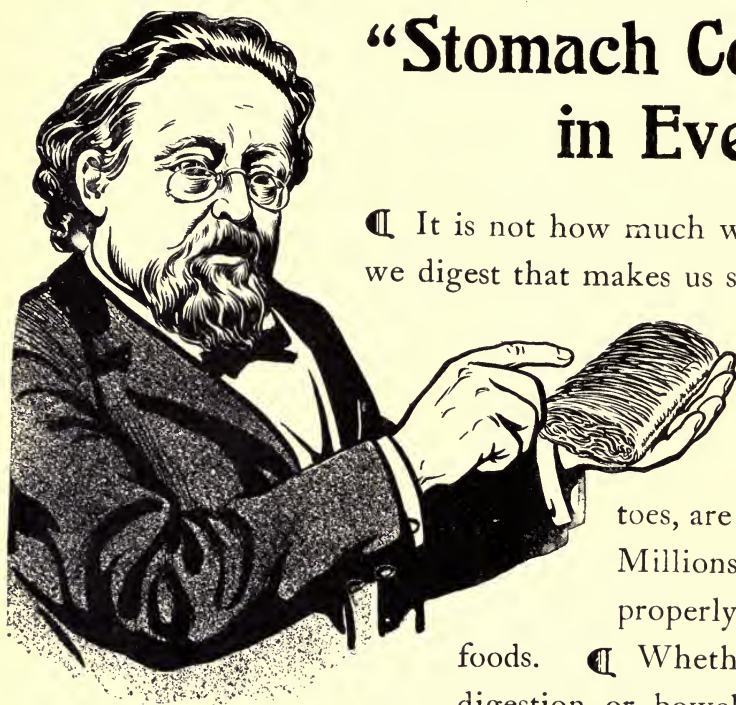
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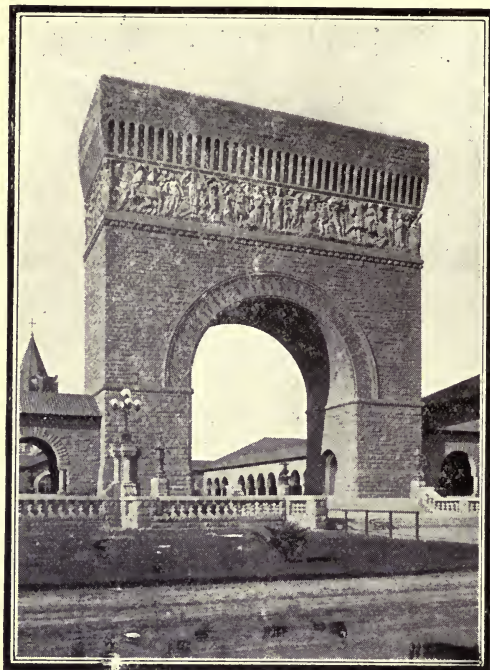
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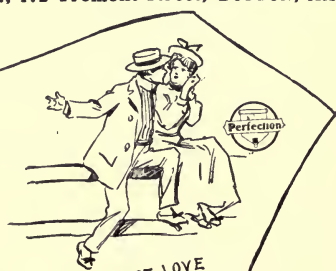
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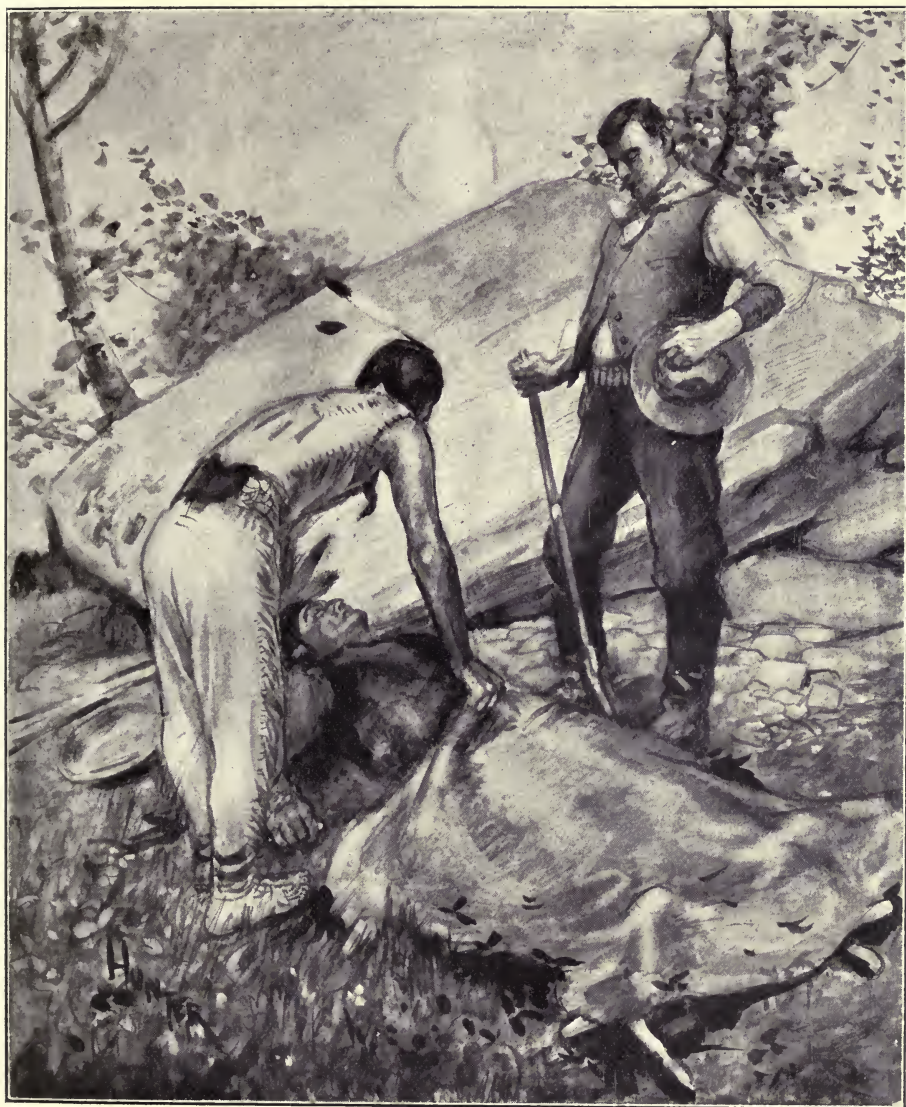
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"Death had been on the trail with them"—See "The Outcast" on page 117.

Drawn for the Overland Monthly by Hunter.



Viewing San Francisco from Sutro Forest. Drawn for the Overland Monthly by Hunter.

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Celery-Growing in the

Peat-Lands of California

By Arthur Inkersley

UNTIL about twelve years ago a large part of the celery used in the United States was grown in the State of Michigan. But the popular demand for the crisp white stalks increased so greatly that D. E. Smeltzer & Co., the largest shippers, found the Michigan supply quite inadequate, no celery being obtainable after the middle of November in each year. So in 1891, Mr. D. E. Smeltzer came to California to look for land and climate favorable to the raising of great quantities of celery. After a diligent search he decided that the peat-lands of Orange County, in Southern California, were well adapted for that purpose. The inhabitants of the town of Santa Ana, to the north of which lay the peat-lands, laughed genially at the "tenderfoot" who wanted to reclaim the bogs inhabited only by a few people living in miserable shanties and known as "tule rooters" or "swamp angels." Their business instincts, however, prompted them to sell the land to the "tenderfoot," some of it for as high a price as ten dollars per acre. Had they had any idea how valuable it would become, the good people of Santa Ana would no doubt have raised their prices considerably. The despised land was

reclaimed by Chinamen, and now sells for about four hundred dollars per acre. It produces each year about twelve hundred carloads of the finest celery, for carrying which to market the railroad companies receive about three hundred thousand dollars. The annual rental of the land varies from twenty-five to forty dollars per acre.

The soil of the peat-land consists of vegetable and mineral matter that has been washed down from the hills and has settled, decaying and rotting year after year until the whole region has become one vast bog. The bog is from a few feet to fifty feet in depth, and produces tules and other plants. It was a favorite haunt of wild fowl, and its drier portions formed a feeding-ground for thousands of wild hogs, which grew fat on the rank and abundant vegetation. It was observed that the wild hogs were always in good condition, and that their sleekness was due chiefly to the abundance of wild celery. This fact greatly encouraged the pioneer growers of celery, who believed that, where the wild plant grew so luxuriantly, the cultivated one might be profitably raised.

Up to the year 1890 celery had been grown in Los Angeles County



Crating celery in the field.

by Chinese market gardeners, who, however, produced a vegetable of only moderate quality in very limited quantities. The first experiment in celery-growing on a large scale in California was made in 1891 by Mr. D. E. Smeltzer and Mr. E. A. Curtis, but the results were not satisfactory. Mr. Curtis, however, was not altogether discouraged, and having entered the service of the Earl Fruit Company (the largest growers and shippers of fruit in Western America), he induced that corporation to make a trial of celery culture. As there were not white laborers who had any experience in raising celery, Mr. Curtis entered into an agreement with a Chinese contractor to cultivate eighty acres of celery, the company supplying the land and implements, and digging wells when necessary. The white laborers of the neighborhood, not liking to see Chinamen introduced into the district, annoyed and harassed them in every possible way, going so far as to burn the company's buildings and to carry away the implements of cultivation. But despite all difficulties and hindrances, Mr. Curtis succeeded in raising a crop, which was marketed in New York and Kansas City. The

loss and damage suffered while the crop was growing and a bill of eleven hundred dollars for police protection to the Chinese laborers, reduced the profits seriously, but the enterprise showed a small margin on the right side, and proved that under favorable conditions celery culture would be highly profitable.

Celery plants are first started in seed beds, where they are sown thickly in rows or broadcast. After being weeded and thinned out until they reach a suitable size, they are taken up by hand, trimmed at top and root, and packed downwards in boxes. They are then set out in fields properly prepared and sufficiently moist to ensure their nourishment until they recover from the rough process of being transplanted from the seed bed. Men and boys plant them one by one in holes made in the soft earth with a tapering stick, and settle the earth about them with their hands. The seed is sown in the seed beds about the end of March, and the plants are ready for setting out about July 1, though transplantation to the field rows may last till the end of August. The young plants are set out at intervals of six inches in ditches that are four feet apart from center to cen-

ter, about twelve thousand being planted to the acre. If any of them fail to grow, their places are filled by other plants, but the loss from failure to take root after transplantation is small. The rich soil, however, is not only favorable to the growth of the vegetable, but also produces a plentiful crop of weeds, which must be rigidly kept down, or they will choke the celery. Much of the weeding has to be done by hand and must be repeated again and again in many cases. The rest of it is performed by the aid of implements designed specially for this purpose, and horses are used to supplement hand work. When the weeds have been fairly well subdued the soil is kept away from the stalks of the growing celery by means of a machine known as a "crowder," which, when driven along the rows of celery plants, carries away the earth to a ridge between them. This work is done twice or thrice. When the celery has grown larger, the earth is cultivated back towards the stalks from either side of the ridge in the center, but is not pressed against the plants, the intention being merely to afford them shade and

shelter from the light, so that they may attain a higher growth.

About the middle of November the ridge of earth between the rows is divided in the middle by a "splitter"—a sort of double-winged plow which moves the earth evenly towards the rows of celery on either side. Then come the "bankers"—machines which bring the earth solidly against the stalks on both sides and pack it smoothly as a protection against drying winds or cold, bleaching the celery and rendering it crisp and brittle. The "banking" process also protects the plant from frost until it is ripe and ready for the market. Crops vary somewhat in the rapidity of their growth, but under ordinary conditions, celery set out on July 1st is ready for use in November, and from then until the end of the following March it is sent to market. The greatest demand is about Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. Sometimes, when the demand is very great, the early celery is sent to market without being banked at all, but in that case it lacks the crispness, brittleness and whiteness which render it attractive to the eye and taste, and



The "cutter" at work.

which are marks of its highest excellence.

As the season advances, "banking" becomes absolutely necessary as a protection against frost, which, though it does not often visit the celery-growing region, is still severe enough to injure the crop and render it unsalable, unless the plants are protected by the covering of soil thrown up by the "banker." Once the plants are safely "banked," the grower feels secure, for frost in Southern California is rarely sharp enough to do any harm to "banked" celery.

When the crop is ready to be harvested, all is hurry and bustle in the celery-fields, for the product must reach the market quickly in order to ensure the best returns. Every available man, woman and child in the region is pressed into the work of harvesting the celery, trimming the bunches and preparing them for market. The roots of the plants are so vigorous and tenacious that to pull them up would bruise and damage the stalks. The "cutter" is therefore brought into use. This is a light four-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses, wearing funny-looking wooden clogs ten inches long, eight inches wide and one and one-half inches thick, on their feet. On an ordinary road the horses thump along heavily and clumsily, but the clogs keep them from getting bogged in the soft peat. Under the vehicle is a long sharp knife fixed to an adjustable bar which may be raised or lowered at will, and which cuts the roots of the plants at any desired point below the surface of the ground. After the "cutter" has gained a start of a dozen rows, the trimmers come along, who remove all damaged and superfluous leaves, tearing off ragged pieces and trimming the butts with butchers' knives. The celery is then tied up in bunches of a dozen, if it is intended to ship it in the rough, or it is packed into crates holding on an av-

cage from six dozen to eight dozen bunches apiece. These are conveyed to the nearest point on the railway, and are placed on the cars. Each car holds about one hundred and fifty crates, or from nine hundred to twelve hundred dozen bunches of celery; but if the celery is simply tied up in bunches, a greater quantity can be carried in a car, and the shipper saves the price of the crates, which is thirty cents apiece. When the celery is sent without crates, it is tied up in bundles of one dozen bunches, which are set up on end on the floor of the car; another platform or "deck" is laid upon the bottom one, and a third is placed on the top of the second. The celery is said to be "decked," each tier being termed a deck." Cars packed in this manner will hold five hundred dozen more bunches than when the celery is crated. In order to keep the celery in good condition during long railroad journeys, it is usually packed in refrigerator cars, the cost for ice to New York being about forty dollars per car. Sometimes it is sent without ice, but if this is done there is danger of its reaching the market in poor condition.

The work in the celery fields used to be performed almost entirely by Italians, but nowadays is done by Chinese and Japanese. White men are engaged now and then, but few of them stick to the work, which is not agreeable, especially in rainy weather. The yellow and brown men, clad in "slickers" and rubber boots up to their hips, work steadily all day in the soft peat, stopping only now and then to roll a cigarette. After the crop has been gathered, the trimmings are plowed under and barley is sown. This is allowed to grow until the first of June, when it is plowed under to serve as a fertilizer, and the work of putting in the new celery crop begins.

A few words with regard to the profits of celery-growing. The cost of setting out and caring for a crop



Horses wearing wooden shoes.

of celery until it is "banked" has been estimated at from twenty-five dollars to seventy dollars per acre, the amount varying according to circumstances and the opportunities of getting the work done economically. A fair estimate of the cost, including the rental of the ground, would probably be fifty dollars per acre. Taking this as a basis, and reckoning celery at a net price of fifteen cents per dozen bunches, the

The seed used in the peat-land region comes chiefly from La Crosse in the State of Wisconsin, the best-known and esteemed varieties being the "White Plume" and "Golden Heart," each of which yields a hybrid known as the "Mammoth White" or "Mammoth Golden Heart." There are also varieties named "Dwarf Golden Heart" and "Dwarf Plume," which, on account of their finer fibre and smaller size,



Loading celery on cars.

net profits may be set down at considerably more than one hundred dollars per acre, and many growers realize from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. In 1901 two thousand four hundred acres in the peat-land district were planted to celery, but only about sixteen hundred of them yielded a harvest, much damage being done by an excess of rain in November and by the use of foul seed.

are much superior to the coarser kinds.

At a rough estimate, about one thousand carloads of celery were shipped from Peat-lands in 1901, which at two hundred dollars per acre brought in the handsome sum of two hundred thousand dollars. Other tracts in Southern California suitable for the purpose are being planted to celery, and many thrifty, energetic farmers owe their fortunes to the tasty vegetable.



At the summit of the Sierra Nevadas.

"The String of Life"

A Lay Sermon by Armond

SIX years before Crown Prince Siddhartha left his palace to seek that wisdom, that piety and that enlightenment to whose knock the gates of heaven open—open to the living, not to the dead. He had lived all those long and weary years as the Rishis lived, which was the severest of the ascetic schools in all Asia. Upon leaving his palatial home and its sumptuous furnishing, the amusements and gayety of court life, and surrendering his heirship of "kings who did but clap their palms to have what earth could give or eager service bring"—the Sakya Kingdom—the Prince donned the mean and coarse habiliments of the Rishis and went forth to dwell in caves and under trees in the fastness of the forest that he might acquire the estate of Divine man and possess the Illumination of God Enlightenment. The years were spent in meditation, and so far had he mastered the appetites of the flesh that he could subsist upon three grains of barley a day, but not altogether so, for upon one day, the closing day of six years of fasting, he fainted, and fell headlong in a by-path from physical exhaustion. So weak was he that he could scarcely regain his feet.

Passing just then was a shepherd carrying a lota of goat's milk; he beheld the Prince and would have given him of the refreshing milk, but hesitated, whereupon the Rishi asked for a little of the lota's contents. "Ah, my Lord, I cannot give thee," replied the shepherd. "Thou seest I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles." As is known, the Sudra was the lowest, or fourth, of the Hindu castes, and his touch was thought to be enough to defile anything, so far as concerned its use by one of

the higher class, especially of royalty. Certainly the Sudra did not know Siddhartha to be a Prince, but surmised him to be, else he would not have addressed him as Lord. It was not because the Sudra was lacking in sympathy, but he did not want to give the Prince what he himself believed had been defiled by his own touch. The Sudra did, however, so far subject himself to dire punishment by cutting branches of trees and planting them about the Prince to shield him from the scorching rays of the sun, and moistened his lips with milk while he lay in a swoon in the dust of the road. The fairy traditions of the Hindu people tell how these tree branches immediately took root and quickly grew into a canopy of leaves and flowers over the Rishi, but all that aside. The event culminated in a short sermon by the Prince to the Sudra, which subsequently became a wedge that split the caste system and discredited it in India for nearly a thousand years.

And this is the sermon of which "I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles" was the text: "Pity and need make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood, which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all; neither comes man to birth with tilka-mark (caste-mark impressed upon the forehead in designation of caste) stamped on the brow, nor sacred thread on neck. He who doeth right deeds is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds is vile. My Brother, give me of thy goat's milk to drink." Here the caste system was rejected and denounced, and in its stead was erected a standard of conduct which placed all of human kind upon one of two common levels. All who do

right for right's sake, are noble of character, honest and faithful to duty, are upon the high level of true manhood without reference to race, color or the circumstances of birth, just as all who do ill deeds are vile and upon a common level of unworthiness, no matter where or how or in what surrounding they were born:

"Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot. Or sink it lower than worm or gnat."

* * * * *

"Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones."

* * * * *

"Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince,

For gentle worthiness and merit won;

Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags

For things done and undone."

After being refreshed by goat's milk, the Prince betook himself to the shade of a fig-tree that stood a little way from the road, and on another day, while hunger was again reducing the Rishi to a state of great physical weakness, he heard sounds of music, and looking out upon the road, saw it was the nautch-girls of the temple dancing down the way. The nautch-girls of the temples of India were not unlike the ballet-girls in a spectacular drama of our day in dress and in the rhythm of their movements. Indeed, the ballet scenes in the modern theatre are an adaptation of the part the nautch-girls took in the Brahman temple services in connection with the priests. To make the temple ceremonies impressive, the nautch-girls were required to assemble in the woods a little distance away. At a signal from the temple they would form in line according to particular duties, where the flute and the sitar—a sort of banjo with strings of brass—would sound for the forward movement, which was

a series of wild and fantastic skip-pings down the winding paths of the road, and thence to the temple. At the head of the procession there danced the leader, who sang these words:

"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;

Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,

And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks

And the music flies;

The string o'erslack is dump,

And the music dies.

Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

Prince Siddartha, hearing the words of the song, fell into a state of deep meditation. The song of the nautch-girl had revealed something that never before occurred to him. It told him that the asceticism of the Richis was unnatural and hurtful; that it did not conduce to spirituality, since it dwarfed the powers of the mind; that it weakened the body until it became useless; that every principle of it was hostile to Nature's laws, and that any sort of an intoxicating stimulant to infuse new life into mind or body was a fatally erroneous theory. Long years afterward he said to the Biksus:

"Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;

Clear minds, clean bodies, need no soma juice."

Upon his return to full consciousness from the realm of profound concentration of thought and of absorbing meditation, he said, thinking of the song of the nautch-girl, "the foolish often teach the wise; I strain too much this string of life. Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth; my strength is waned now that my need is most. Would that

I had such help as man must give." A farmer's wife, living near by, came to the forest to worship the Wood God, and supposing the Rishi to be he, she gave him milk and rice. "I am no God," the Prince said, "but thy Brother. Heretofore a Prince and now a wanderer, seeking night and day these six hard years for that Light which somewhere shines to lighten all men's darkness. And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed, which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restored." Prince Sid-daretha arose and went forth into the world to preach truth, manliness, righteousness and brotherhood, and for forty-eight long years he traveled continuously, telling the people of "The String of Life."

The string of life may be over-stretched by asceticism as well as by gluttony. Both are extremes and both contradict the experience and observations of the ages. And not only so, but the string over-stretched becomes over-slack from excesses. The total abstinence of the ascetic is gluttony just as much as gourmandizing is gluttony. In either case the music flies or dies and destroys the dancer. When the strings of life are tuned neither too high nor too low in physical and mental action; when conduct of life is in harmony with Nature's law, and when aspiration is guided by high ethical standards, there is physical and mental health. When the string of life is over-stretched or under-stretched, man is, or soon will be, ill of body and mind. The string of life that is tuned to the lusts of commerce, of industry, of money, of amusement, of religion, of politics or of social life, gives out discord, sacrificing health and virtue and self-respect. Then the dance becomes the dance of drawn-out moral and intellectual death. The string of life that is tuned neither too high nor too low never gives out an uncer-

tain note, nor does the music ever die. It becomes the Song Celestial, which ascends to heights and from heights to heights of peace, love and tranquility. But if one understands tranquility, or serenity, to mean indifference, the string of life is out of tune, for indifference is the most cruel phase of selfishness, and the selfish man has no part in the harmonies of peace and love. But perhaps the most discordant notes that fly from the over-strung and the over-slack string of life are those which harmonize with the spirit of ingratitude. Ingratitude is the basest feature of the human heart. It has music of its own which is composed of notes written by the hand and inspired by the cold and slimy spirit of soul degradation.

But it is, in the channels of the activities of the business world where the string of life will be found most over-stretched. That is so because there is not a proper understanding of the relation that commerce should sustain toward the scheme of existence. The chief aim of man should be to live right for his own good and for right's sake, and business activities should be regarded as necessary, but not the paramount factors in mind and soul unfoldment. The prosecution of some sort of a business enterprise is demanded of man, because as civilization advances, very many needs are felt which he cannot himself supply, but others can, and there are needs of others which he can supply. Hence reciprocity is the fundamental principle of that philosophy of life which deals with and marks the inharmonies in the string of life's music. Therefore, business activities should be incidental and subordinate to mental and soul culture. Business enterprises become prisons of man's higher self because he forgets the chief aim and purpose of his creation, which is the acquirement of Divine Wisdom, and he should want

to devote no more time in the channels of trade and traffic than is required to secure such bodily comforts as are necessary to sustain the physical instrument of the mind and soul. I do not mean that man should "take no thought of the morrow," for he should take thought of the morrow, and of all probable morrows of his existence in this world. I mean that the getting of material gain should be subordinated to the getting of Divine wisdom. There is no middle ground between God and Mammon. "He that is not for me is against me." However, God is interested in business enterprises in so far as they are conducted for the purpose of giving greater opportunity for the necessary mainte-

nance of the physical that its functions as the instrument of the soul and mind fit them for congenial association with Himself. When business enterprises are so conducted, the string of life is neither over-stretched nor over-slack, and the music blends with the Song Celestial.

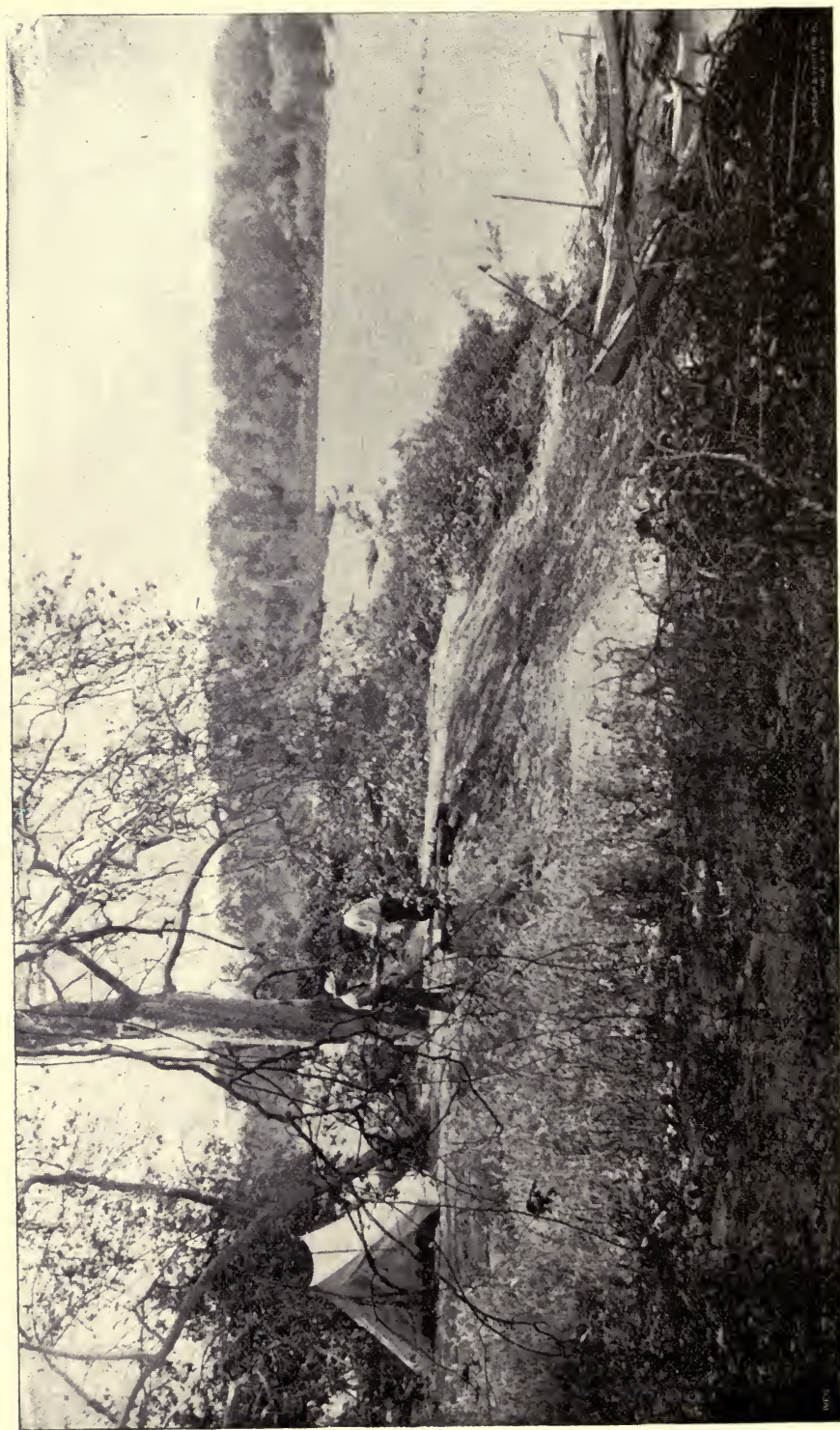
* * * * *

"Groweth from wholesome roots,
and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing,
too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends,
and patience peace,
Even while we live, and when 'tis
willed we die,
Shall there not be as good a 'Then'
as 'Now?'"

As the Dead Love

By Stanly Coghill

I cannot drive thee from my memory.
I close my eyes, and all the gulfs of Time
Are populous with ghosts that speak of thee;
And mighty spirits of the ancient dead
Whom once I knew and fought beside and loved
Bid me remember that I live again
In expiation of the deathless wrong
I wrought them for the beauty of thy face.
I see thee clad in purple, but the red
That mingles with the purple's midnight blue
Is blood of those I loved in other days.
I love thee as the dead alone can love.
They hate thee as the dead alone can hate.



Summer time in the hills or California.

Alligators and Rattlesnakes

near the Delta of the Mississippi

By Fred A. Hunt

TIS strange how a bar of music or the sight of a dimly remembered face will stir up memories that, until thus aroused, were utterly forgotten! This piece of wisdom is occasioned by meeting at the Presidio of San Francisco a well-known officer of the United States Army, Colonel Owen J. Sweet, 28th Infantry, bronzed and war-worn, and the possessor of a most enviable record for successful and desperate fighting against the turbulent Filipinos. But as the customary greetings were exchanged on the meeting, the writer's memory ran backward a good many years, to the period when the veteran of many battles and varied military experiences was a Second Lieutenant of the 25th U. S. Infantry, and stationed at the military post of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, 'way down south in Plaquemine parish, Louisiana, a post made notable by Admiral Porter's attack and capture in the earlier part of the Civil War.

As my recollection sought for the environment of our preceding acquaintance, Fort Jackson flashed on me, and in an instant I remembered it well, a fortification on the southerly bank of the Mississippi river, surrounded by water, everglades and morasses, and opposite Fort St. Phillip, which latter was subsidiary to Jackson. The fort itself was considered below the level of the river, and a pumping plant was kept constantly running to bail out the unending flow of seepage water that threatened the deluging of the land—in view of such a contingency the buildings were erected on stilts and scaffolds. Two kinds

of callers were continuously in evidence at the fort—alligators and rattlesnakes—and they were so numerous that one's life and limbs were constantly in jeopardy by being bitten by the one or stung by the other. One of the favored amusements at the forts was to catch a half-grown alligator, tie a short board across his back and fasten it by cords beneath his arm-pits, and thus panoplied turn him adrift in the river. At every attempt he made to dive he would but up-end himself in a comical way, when, after he had made a few such unsuccessful attempts, he would get into a furious rage, and then his gyrations would much resemble the pictures of the comic artists representing the man glued to the bulldog.

A number of the alligators were more than society callers; they were quite friendly. These were domesticated in the moat around the inner fort, in the casemates of which were a number of ex-Confederates, prisoners who were serving their sentences. When one crossed the drawbridge and whistled a few times, dozens of alligators would come to the surface and churn around in the water in their eagerness to get the food that was always thrown to them. It was an object to keep them inhabiting the moat as an extra preventive to the escape of the prisoners, who, however, did not seem eager to swim the gauntlet of their formidable jaws and insatiable voracity. One prisoner did, though, and successfully eluded them, escaping from the fort ultimately—as perhaps he deserved to do for his hardihood. His thoughts

must have been pleasant as he was swimming the moat.

On the sandy bars and spits in the vicinity of the water battery—that faced toward West Bay—on a sunny day dozens of alligators (an alligator was “El lagarto de Indias” of the Spanish residents of the early days) could be seen sunning themselves, the czar of them all being a twenty-two footer (measured by estimation, not by a yard-stick), whom the soldiers dubbed Jeff Davis. They were lazily, complacently content, long usage acquainting them with their immunity from slaughter; a General Order forbidding their molestation in the vicinity of the forts. Rattlers there were of all shapes, species and sizes, and they were of a disagreeably intrusive nature, one particularly large and fat one was picked up by a laundress in her quarters, and brought to post headquarters, the lady grasping the rattler’s head and tail firmly in either hand, and holding them widely apart, so that the snake’s contractive muscles were powerless. In front of headquarters he led a quiet and harmless life for some time in the privacy of a slatted dry-goods box, and until Major Zenas R. Bliss took command of the post and he ordered his destruction, lest the commandant’s little son, while playing about the box, should be stung. It took some little time to kill the snake; he seemed immune to chloroform, as the more was presented to him the madder he got, but ultimately his head was secured under a stout forked stick and cut off. Assistant Surgeon Philip F. Harvey (subsequently Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A.) made a critical examination of his head and poison fangs, and many of us interestedly scanned the body, wherein the heart continued beating for hours after he was beheaded. His skin had been taken off, and afterward a handsome belt was made from it, and

rumor said that some negroes ate the rattlesnake’s body—it was very cleanly-looking meat, but hardly appetizing to any one who knew whence it came.

If one tired of the sameness of the rattler population, there were plenty of water-moccasins perceptible. And when the shades of evening fell, with them came countless swarms of buffalo gnats.

Despite these natural and acquired advantages, Forts Jackson and St. Phillip is quite an inviting spot for a hunter, equipped with gum boots (hip length), waterproof clothing, plenty of courage, a keen eye and good marksmanship, for there are alligators galore, rattlers and water moccasins in lashins, blue herons and pelicans, and in the Mississippi, catfish the size of small whales. A delicacy much esteemed by the Cageans (abridged from Acageans) is the jiggers, a little crawfish abundant in that region, and the round-shouldered stoop of the Cageans is locally attributed to the ceaseless watchfulness wherewith they scrutinize the ground for this crustacean. Whether the stranger within the flood-gates would especially fancy them as a luxury is another matter, although the inhabitants of Portland, Oregon, devour similar lilliputian lobsters and assert by their father’s beards that they are the finest ever.

Perhaps there could not be a more enjoyable trip for an enthusiastic hunter, or for a tourist desiring to explore unusual by-paths of travel, than the trip to Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, and thence to the Eados jetties and Pilot Town. Those going by way of Cairo or St. Louis should travel by steamboat from either of those points to New Orleans, that they may enjoy the varied river scenery and the view of the many historic localities they will thus have the opportunity of seeing. From the Crescent City the visitor will have to journey by tug-

boat or some other special conveyance, unless he happens to arrive on the date of infrequent departure of one of the lower river boats.

On arriving at the forts and commencing his tour of exploration, it will be a delightful revelation to one who has never penetrated the cypress swamps of the South, and one who has will be pleased to renew his acquaintance with those giant trees, with their drappings of Spanish moss, looking like an assemblage of Druids, massive, quiet, inscrutable. The waters are dark and mirror-like in their black silence, looking the very region whence the poets derived their ideas of Lethe, and the berm-m-m of a bull alligator but accentuates rather than disturbs the vast abysmal quietude. I have been among the massive, infinite silences of the mountains, in the human silences of the great cathedrals and in the boundless silences of the Staked Plains, but there is no silence like the solemn muteness of the Southern everglades and morasses. This has an added strangeness, of seeming an expectant hush when one comes upon the wild rice swamps, possibly something like the darkness that moved on the face of the deep ere the creative power called the inchoate world into beautiful sentient life.

This observable tranquility, however peculiar the fact may seem, ceases with the approach of the short twilight, and then the deep diapason of the myriad bull-frogs and tree-toads makes a Wagnerian opening chorus wherein the innumerable insects join heartily. The millions of fire-flies flit with their flashing lamps as tiny calcium lights for the vocalists, and as incense upon the altar of Nature, with the inscrutable Druid cypresses as hierophants, the soft, sweet air is fragrant with odors of the flowers, shrubs and trees—and so the beautiful Southern night becomes a palpitating reality, and the moon's

beams permeate the scene, making it one of unreal loveliness. The dark black water shimmers and glitters with splintered light, the cypresses and glistening green of the live oaks catch the illumination, and the hoary Spanish moss hanging from them is luminous like the hair of angels, and a fairy silver sheen is over everything. Every blade of wild rice is as an Ithuriel's spear, and as some wild animal



Col. Owen J. Sweet, 28th U. S. Infantry.

makes the stalks wave, they sparkle like a giant will-o'-the-wisp. The very air is phosphorescent and quivering in

"Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silence
To keep the pauses of its rhythmic sounds."

And the first delicious trills of the vocalists of the South, the mocking bird, and as the mellow liquid notes quiver upon the balmy air, it becomes instinct with sweet, rippling melody, to which the quavering shadows seem to dance a wierd, but appropriate, accompaniment. As the exquisite song continues, the beauty of the whole scene seems oppressive, and a feeling of sadness, that is yet pleasure, weighs upon the listener, and he realizes what it is to be alone with his Creator, and also the utter paltriness of the world and its sordid ambitions and unworthy lusts.

A sudden splash startles the dreamer—in a phantasy of inestimable beauty, however—and this is followed by a series of staccato plops as the muskrats commence their friendly circle of visits, while the bull alligators perform their stentorian serenades to their mistresses' eyebrows, and to still further awaken the spectator to the

charms of a night in Dixie, a few hundred mosquitoes help themselves to little goblets of his gore, and these are skillfully aided and abetted by the voracious galley-nippers.

Thus disturbed one remembers the propriety of getting some food, and returning to the little settlement he seeks the colored mammy, and entertains her to concoct and cook some culinary marvel of "befoh de wah," like pepper pot or chicken gumbo. And then, having realized how flat the Olympian ambrosia was beside such food, he can self-satisfiedly visit with his hosts and hostesses, and in their undefinable charm of costume and manner, and the enjoyment of the unostentatious but hearty hospitality found in all stations of society in the South, he can readily comprehend how the feeling of "heimweh" comes upon an expatriated Southerner as he hears "Dixie," and how the scent of magnolia brings a longing to him.

"For the Louisiana lowlands, lowlands,
The Louisiana lowlands, low."

Surely the trip is worth while whether one pots an alligator or not, and I trust that the picture of Colonel Sweet may recall to some who view it a reminiscence as pleasant as that which I have recounted.

Opportunity

By Jeanette H. Carey

'Tis a long, weary road to the "bye and bye,"
And a "sometime" that seldom arrives;
Why not take the pathway that leads thro' to-day,
Make each day the "now" of our lives?
Why wait and plan for next month or year?
The "will" and the "wish" bring the "how;"
There is only one time to do each our best,
And that is just here, and just now.

The Outcast

By J. Gordon Smith

THE creek was in flood; instead of the shallows of the summer, languidly flowing over the exposed rocks and making trout rifles in the back eddies, the torrent of the rains rushed down from the foothills, carrying uprooted trees to the inlet and undermining the banks, which pleased Bryce, for it made prospecting easier. No attempt could be made to cross until morning; a fallen tree might make a bridge then, but not now. Unhandily, two tired men lowered a roughly-made litter, and its occupant groaned.

"We camp now," said the prospector; "there is nothing else for it, and it's long past supper time."

"Does the trail end, friends?" asked the old Indian who lay writhing on the litter. "Are the illahees of the Opitsats near at hand? Let us go, lest I die."

Emaciated and worn, his wrinkled brown skin hanging like a parchment bag about a cluster of bones, Skundo, the one-time tribal Shaman, whose voice was law among the tribes, was returning to his people borne on a litter by the charity of the wandering gold-seeker and his half-breed camp-follower.

Sympathetically, the prospector pulled the blanket into place over the old Indian, after they had lowered the litter by the creek-side. "Sleep now, Skundo," he said apologetically, "for we camp. The rains have flooded the creek, but to-morrow we'll see the totems of the Opitsats, and hear the drums of the tribe."

Bryce cut saplings, and soon had a canvas sheet—a make-shift tent—over the litter, and as he pulled the canvas taut, he muttered: "The old man's spent, but I guess he'll make

it; and I'll see him through, anyhow." Then, turning to the half-breed who sat on a boulder in the falling rain, puffing nonchalantly at his pipe, he shouted: "Get wood, Hakwa, you son of a lazy father, and we'll eat."

The twigs were wet, dry fuel scarce as the deer in the year of the big famine, but cedar bark is resinous, though wet, and soon the salmon steaks were frizzling on the smoke-clouded fire. Sheltering beneath the pine branches from the chilling wind and falling rain, the white man and brown man huddled by the fire, the prospector making coffee, while the siwash grilled the salmon steaks, until at length—long past the time—the evening meal was ready.

* * * * *

That morning Bryce had not thought that before nightfall he would be journeying through the woods along the shore to the Opitsat village; he had not contemplated the journey at all. He had been camped on a sand-spit near the Ahousaht village, eighteen miles away, and the flooding tide—which was higher than usual—had awakened him by swishing against his sleeping bag, and launching his pots and pans on the waters which rolled into the tent. He and the half-breed had gathered all their belongings from the incoming sea—both swearing the while—and after loading their canoe had migrated.

A full mile from where the rough cedar-planked lodges stand clustered in a crescent on the shingly beach—beyond the scent of the nauseating fish grease—they had hauled the canoe up on the gravel, and made camp, this time above high-water mark. The horizon, before

their tent, was hazy, and through the blurred mist, beyond which was four thousand miles of sea, the sun was shining. The ebbing tide was rippling on the shingle, where the drift-logs were still pounding in the kelp-laden surf. A slight breeze reverberated the pine tops, where the dead of the tribe slept in their raw-hides behind the village, the smoke of whose lodges ever bleached the boxed-in bones, and as the breeze bore the smother seaward it carried the malodorous scent of the oolichan grease towards the prospector's camp—a reminder of the feasting of the past night, for the mad "tamanamass" dances were on, and the illahees of the Ahousahts were thronged nightly with tribesmen, who feasted while the "hamatsus"—the witch-doctors—danced.

It was early, long before the usual breakfast time, when the second camp was made, but once out of the sleeping bag it is always breakfast time with the miner, and they soon had the mixed beans and potatoes—the residue of the last meal—simmering in the prospecting pan, which becomes a frying pan when the prospector is not washing the illuvial sands. Watching the pan, Bryce was thinking of the float in the near-by creeks, and imagining the formations in the unscratched woods above, when a sudden splash awoke him from his reveries.

"Hum," he muttered, thinking that a salmon had jumped, and his attention reverted to the pan. Then he heard the guttural cry of an Indian, followed by the chant of a Shaman song. He knew the rhythmic chant well, for he had heard it in many villages. Staring at him from the waters he saw the head of an old Indian, with grizzled and parchment-like face, who was immersed to the neck in the sea.

From his long acquaintance with the coast siwash, Bryce knew that he had disturbed a Shaman—the

sorcerer of the tribe—making medicine for the dances, or for strong deeds in prospect. "Klahowyah tili-kum-welcome, friend," he shouted in the Chinook jargon of the coast, "will the medicine be strong for the dances of the night?"

Quick as a seal awakened from sleep by the noise of the approaching hunters, the old siwash, startled by the prospector's voice, dived below the sea's surface, and as with each succeeding rise he saw the "mammattle" watching him—Bryce had left the fire and stood by the water's edge—he circled about, shrieking as he swam, and then he hastened obliquely toward the shore. Landing a short distance below where the prospector stood, he started to clamber up the bluff of rock close by, and Bryce—forgetting his breakfast—followed. Missing his footing in the excitement which was occasioned by the sight of the following white man, the old man slipped and fell, and when Bryce reached him he was unconscious. Near the prostrate Indian lay a strangely-carved whistle, shaped like the "hamatsus" rattles. The prospector held this in his hand examining its wierd looking carving, when the old man recovered consciousness, and seeing his whistle—the magic Kwakwallah, which gives men success—in the hands of the irreverent "mammattle," he began a moaning lamentation—and when he saw that it had been broken by the fall he would not be comforted. The Kwakwallah was broken—his luck was over.

"Come," said the miner, extending his hand to the old man; "come and eat—the medicine will be good." Together they returned to the camp-fire and sat down. Bryce passed a well-filled plate, and as he ate, the old man told a tale which took Bryce from the quest for mineral, and won the outcast Indian a friend.

The night before had seen a full moon—the night for great deeds—and Skundo the outcast had hurried from his ramshackle lodge on the mountain-side to the sea, his hardened feet not recking the prickly pine cobs. Hurling his frayed blanket aside, he had rushed into the waters and circled about again and again in the chilly sea, looking upward at the rim of the dying moon until it faded with the morning sun, and chanting his old-time Shaman songs—the chants he had made for his tribe before he became an outcast years before. Many times he sang to the Thunder-bird, to the raven and the whale, repeating again and again the songs he had oft intoned for the frenzied dances of the Opitsats many years before.

The snows of twenty years had come and washed down to swell the seas since Skundo had been banished, driven from his tribe with curses, and although he had twice seen the tops of the totems and the smoke of the lodges of the home village over the brow of the hill, he had remained away until at last, heavy with years, he had sent a knotted string—the letter of the coast peoples—to the Opitsat chief, the son of him whom he had hailed as chief before he was cast out. The string message was being discussed by the council of the Opitsats and Skundo had concluded to go and plead his own cause. To “make medicine” for his efforts he had circled about in the sea by the light of the dying moon, and now his medicine was complete.

“And you go now to make wa-wa in the house of the chief?” asked Bryce, who had listened quietly to the recital of Skundo, which in kindness to the reader has been translated from the Chinook, while Hakwa, seemingly disinterested, had washed the pots and pans at the sea’s edge.

“Even so,” replied the old man.

“The waters will make me strong—the medicine will be good.”

“It will be good,” said Bryce, with some emphasis, speaking as though to himself, “and so will mine, or I don’t know the Opitsats.”

* * * * *

They had journeyed all day. Then, tired, rain-soaked and wearied, their clothes torn by the bush, they had set the litter down; it had been found necessary to carry the old man who, weakened by his efforts, had given out soon after the start—and made camp by the flooded creek. Their supper had ended. Hakwa slept, and the white man sat smoking as he watched old Skundo tossing on the litter, too excited with the prospect for the morrow to let fatigue close his eyes in sleep. For some time the old man had been raving of his banishment from the tribe. “It was a mistake,” he whined; “the fault was not mine.”

“When men act without knowledge, sorrow is born,” said the prospector, assuming the air of a philosopher. “If the Opitsats had brains large enough to fit a flea’s head they would have known that the gunboat took you to pilot them. I don’t know if you know what I mean by pilot, but I can’t put it into the tongue. Anyhow, the shelling of the village was their own trouble, and no more of your bringing than theirs. You’ve been wronged, but I’ll fix things for you, or there’ll be the devil to pay. Tell me this thing again, though.”

“As you know, it was the custom before the King George men came to kill those who ‘killed,’” said the Indian; “to slay those of the stranger tribes when they ventured in our villages. This ship, a schooner, they called it, came to give clothes and waters which burned the throat and made men mad, for our otter skins. There were two King Georges and a Fort Rupert man. We traded with them and drank their firewater; then we

fought, and we killed them. They stole our women, therefore we killed them."

"So you killed them for stealing klootchmen," queried Bryce. "Did they not bring back the women?"

"Is the salmon which has finished the run, whose flesh is broken and torn by the rocks at the creek's head the quest of the spearmen," replied Skundo with warmth. "They brought the women to us again, but they came home with a sick heart, sorrowing and broken. We were mad with the firewater, which made our hearts black, and we killed them. Hecla, the son of Tlawis, struck at the Fort Rupert man with an axe, and the King George man tried to stay his hand, when Okut, the hunter, fitted an arrow to his bow and drove it through the white man's back, while a young man buried his spear-head in the breast of the other King George man. The Fort Rupert man fell from the schooner's side, his head cloven with an axe. Their sail canoe—the schooner—we set on fire, and it drifted to the sea."

"So that's how Captain Knight and the schooner Eagle was finished, was it?" asked Bryce. "How long afterwards was it before the Satellite—the warship; fire-canoe, I guess the tribes call it—came to destroy the illahees?"

"It is written on the totems of the Opitsats—my memory fails," said the old man. "It was many moons afterwards, when we were drying salmon for the winter. I was fishing at the inlet mouth at the time of the last salmon run, when the great ship, which sailed without cloth to call the wind came and took me from my canoe, which drifted seaward. They asked me where the deep waters lay, and fearing death, I told them. As we neared the village, we saw the tribesmen taking flight to the forest, and well was it that they went. The ship threw fire-balls on the lodges, and when the balls broke

whirring in the air they made noises as of the Thunder-bird flapping his wings on the mountains, and lodges fell, their timbers piled up like the fallen pines after the big winds of winter; the totems broke in the middle, canoes were broken into small pieces, and when the smoke of the fire-balls blew away, some of the illahees were burning. Two old women, whose weakness stopped them from running with the people, were killed by the falling timbers. My heart was filled with sadness as I watched these things, and when their canoe put me on the beaches, where we had so oft sat about the fires to sing and dance and tell the old-time tales, I wailed with sorrow as I walked through the silent, broken illahees. Then I made a new song, and when the ship went, I slept. The people came back while I slept——"

"And then they blamed you for bringing the warship to shell the village?" queried the white man.

"True, but it was the fault of Zadow, the singer, whose heart had been filled with envy because of the songs I sang. He put poisonous words in their ears, and with curses they drove me out. I talked with them, but my speech they silenced with their cries, and with the skin drums beating music for their mocking songs, they carried me to the edge of the illahees and bade me be gone and not return. Nor did I, though the snows of twenty years have come and gone, and like the leaves of the forest, none can tell where. It were well if the memory of man passed so."

"That was well said, old man," said Bryce; "there are many things I would like to forget; now my old woman—— But, anyhow, the Opitsats shouldn't have killed the King George men."

"True, as you say, we should not have killed," said Skundo, with a sigh, "but the law of the Indian is not the law of the King George,

The Fort Rupert man should not have come."

"Nor should the whiskey-sellers," said Bryce, puffing his pipe more furiously, "those devils make trouble all the time. Sleep now, Skundo, for to-morrow you need your strength. Then, we reach the illahees of the tribe, and if the medicine be as I think, you will live again in your old lodge, a free man, and perhaps an honored Shaman, as beforetime."

"May the Raven-god have it so," murmured Skundo, and he rolled over on the litter to sleep.

* * * * *

Along the long, faint trail, now sinking in the decayed vegetation sodden with rain or slipping on the smooth rocks, Bryce and Hakwa staggered with their burden, the former watching for the obscured blazes on the near-by trees, the latter endeavoring, varying cajolery with curses—to soothe the moaning Skundo, who writhed about on the litter, trying the tempers and wearing the strength of the bearers. Faintly, afar off, they could hear the roll of the skin drums, the clatter of the clubs on the cedar boards, and the murmur of the Shaman songs which told the wayfarers of the dancing in the lodges of the Opitsats.

Each knew by these sounds heard from the distance that in the village on the beaches at the other side of the mountain over which they were winding, the tribes had gathered to the potlatch; that several hundred Indians—their oiled bodies and painted faces aglow in the light of the driftwood fires built in the center of the lodges—were gesticulating and shouting as the dancers, with their wierd masks and mantles of skins and feathers hopped around before them, musicians beat their skin drums, and Shamans sang of the deeds of long-dead heroes.

Skundo raved of the songs he would sing when they reached the

village, seemingly addressing himself to an unknown whom, he believed to be walking beside the litter. Bryce staggered along, doggedly and in silence, while Hakwa perspired with excitement, for when Skundo spoke with the shade he would have fled. Once, as they stopped to rest, he started to run, but the click of Bryce's revolver as he lifted the hammer, brought the half-breed back to his place in the shafts of the litter.

The rests were more frequent now. Both men were fatigued, their clothes saturated with the rain which had continued to fall, and their limbs numbed by the chilling mist which all but obscured the trees on the hillside, up which they climbed, ever pressing on toward the village on the shingle of the inlet below.

They started some grouse while descending from the summit, and Hakwa almost dropped his end of the litter in his fright, for Skundo talked with the unseen companion. Bryce kicked him when they next set the litter down, but he did not complain. He was meek in his fright. Together they sat on the sodden moss-hillock and rested, until Bryce, spitting on his hands after the manner of his race when the spirit needs stimulant, said: "Hurry, you lazy siwash, or he'll peg out before we get him home." Meanwhile Skundo talked with the shade which accompanied the litter.

For a mile they slid down the hillside until at last the illahees were in sight, the totems jutting through the mist. They were almost on the threshold of the village, and the songs, which had grown in volume as they came down the mountain trail, were now plainly heard; the drums rattled and the boards clattered as though the wayfarers sat in the lodges below. Then with a shout Skundo jerked himself into an upright position on the litter, so that the bearers maintained the equilibrium with difficulty. Throwing his

blanket aside, he shouted "The medicine is good. Skundo is welcome. The tribe has said it. They sing of welcome to the outcast."

Slowly he sank back, his bony, almost fleshless brown arms stretched towards the side of the litter, and as the tired men lowered it to the ground, they saw that the outcast was dead. Death had been on the trail with them, and the outcast had recognized in the grim shade a friend.

There on the foothills, the shrubbery and salal bushes, shaking the rain upon them, the tired pilgrims sat, their hats off, silent in the presence of death. Then, with a sudden inspiration, the prospector stepped into the place between the front shafts of the litter. "Lift, Hakwa," he said, "and we'll take him home to his people; if he couldn't go in life, he can in death."

* * * * *

The hamatsu was dancing and the tribesmen sang, as the frenzied dancer sprang about, his feathers waving, his necklet and anklets of bear claws rattling. Then, walking slowly, solemnly, the prospector and his man, bearing between them the litter holding the dead outcast, stepped into the big lodge and walked to the center of the earthen floor. The dancers stopped, the song ended abruptly as they lowered the litter there before the hundreds of expectant tribesmen.

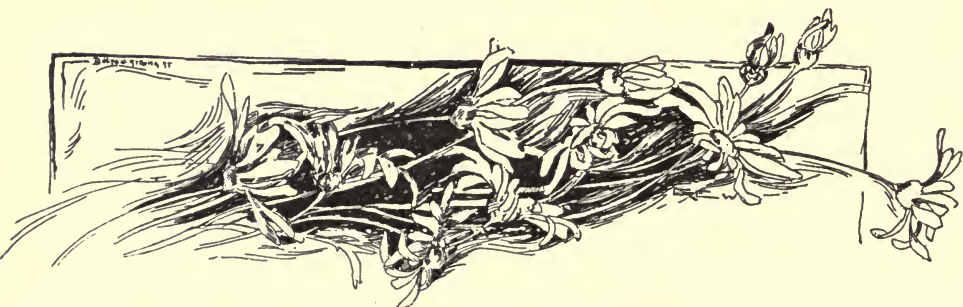
Drawing his Smith & Wesson from his hip pocket, the miner faced the gathered Indians. "Friends," he said, "you know me. I have ever been your friend. Years ago you cast out Skundo and you wronged him. He sent you his message that he would return, for he had been wronged, and he is here. If any man will say that he has not the right to come, let him speak, and I will kill him. I have spoken."

There was a hush, and then Wicananish, chief of the Opitsats, stepped from his place among his council at the end of the lodge, where was piled the blankets ready for the gift feasts. Walking, with head erect to where the prospector stood, his revolver in hand, the chief held out his hand.

"You speak well, friend," said the chief; "we welcome Skundo again to his people, for indeed he was wronged, and we have gathered to celebrate his return. This potlatch I give in honor of the return of the outcast."

Stepping past the prospector to where the litter lay, the chief pulled the blanket aside, and then with a wailing cry he started the death song of the Opitsats.

Returning three days later to the village, after having gone to bring his effects from the camp, Bryce heard several hundred tribesmen wailing in the illahees of the Opitsats—it was the death chant of the tribe.



How We Caught the Burglar

By Ethel L. Preble

“WONDER if it will be our turn next?” said father, as he looked over the edge of his paper.

“What?” asked mother.

“Burglars,” said father, briefly. “Judge Townley was robbed last night. That makes the fourth house in a week. They’ve been doing a rushing business, haven’t they?”

“Did they get anything at the Judge’s?” asked Alice.

“All Mrs. Townley’s jewels and about fifty dollars out of the Judge’s trousers pockets. The burglars got ahead of Mrs. Townley that time,” chuckled father, with a sly glance at mother.

Mother resented the implication immediately.

“Why, James! How can you talk that way! You know I never——”

“Oh, ma, can’t you take a joke?” exclaimed Nathan, winking at father.

“But, really, father,” I said, “we ought to take extra precautions, with all of Alice’s wedding presents in the house. They would make a fine haul for a burglar. It’s a wonder that we have escaped so far.”

“Maybe they feel slighted because they were not invited to the wedding. But say, I’ve got an idea! It will fix any burglar that tries to get into this house, and he’ll be a permanent fixture, too, or I miss my guess,” said Nathan.

“What is your method, Nathan?” inquired mother.

“That’s a deep, dark secret.”

“Do I come in on this deal, brother mine?” I inquired, for Nathan and I were always chums, and many an adventure we had together.

“I guess you do, Sis—don’t think I can work it alone. Put on your hat and we will get the necessities for sealing Mr. Burglar’s doom.”

The rest of the family clamored at being left out in this unceremonious way, but Nathan would not enlighten them, and succeeded in escaping from the room without giving them any satisfaction.

“Mum’s the word,” he said, as I joined him on the porch.

We walked in silence for about half a block, I holding my peace, for I well knew, from former experience, that when Nathan was ready he would tell me all about it.

“Fly-paper, Sis,” he exclaimed at last. “That’s the stuff! Fly-paper. What do you think of it? Good stuff to catch burglars, eh!”

“Nath,” I exclaimed, “you’re a genius.”

The clerk looked at us in amazement when we demanded a dollar’s worth of the stickiest fly-paper he had.

“Flies pretty thick up at your place?” he ventured, hoping to get an explanation. But we didn’t satisfy his curiosity any further than to say that the mosquitoes were thicker.

When we arrived home we hid the package until the rest of the family had retired for the night. Then Nathan and I laid our trap. We put a sheet of the sticky stuff on every place that would be likely to catch a person who was prowling around in the dark. We put none in front of the windows, for we wanted the burglar to get well into the house. We even made it easy for him by leaving two of the most accessible windows carelessly unlatched.

* * *

I opened my eyes suddenly, and lifted my head from the pillow, straining my ears until they rang in the intense stillness of the night. Presently I became aware of a peculiar, hammering noise coming at

regular intervals with distinct clearness. My heart gave a bound and landed somewhere in the region of my vocal apparatus, only to fall back again as I realized what had caused the noise. It was the clock ticking. I laughed aloud at my stupidity and fright, and was just settling back comfortably in bed when a loud bang startled me into a wide-awake condition. Slippers were on my feet and a kimona around me before I realized what I was doing.

I reached Nathan's door just as a low, angry, but clear oath vibrated through the air from downstairs. The memory of the fly-paper came to me, and I forgave the oath.

Cautiously pushing the door open, I exclaimed in an excited whisper: "Nathan, wake up! There's a burglar downstairs."

No answer.

"Nath.!" I called again, "wake up!"

Still no answer.

Another bang downstairs.

I reached Nathan's bed and leaned over to shake him. The bed was empty! My knees wobbled, and my heart tried to replace my brain—it went up so quickly. As soon as I could think coherently, I made a rush for father's room, dumb with a senseless fright. Before I could reach his door, however, I heard Nathan's voice from the foot of the stairs.

"Is that you, Sis?" he was saying. "For heaven's sake, come down here and light the gas."

"What on earth is the matter, Nath, and why don't you light the gas yourself?" I said, as I descended the stairs.

"Can't," explained Nathan, in a muffled voice; "my hands are otherwise occupied. Careful, there! Look out for the fly-paper."

"Was it a burglar, brother mine, and did you catch him?" I gasped, as I groped for a match.

"Seeing's believing," he said, ex-

asperatingly, "light the gas and find out."

My fingers closed on a match at last. I struck it, and it flew out of my hand. I reached for another. It was the last in the box. I scratched it three times before I discovered the thing had no head. The situation was one to tempt profanity. I stooped down to recover, if possible, the match which had dropped. After several ineffectual sweeps of my arm, my fingers grasped the elusive bit of wood, and I arose hastily. That hasty movement was my undoing, for I lost my balance, and flinging out my hand to steady myself, brought it down, match and all, into the middle of a piece of fly-paper. I made a frantic grab with the other hand. That caught, too, and for the life of me I couldn't shake the tenacious things off.

"Oh, Nathan!" I wailed, "help me. Both my hands are caught in this awful stuff, and it won't come off!"

Nathan giggled—yes, actually giggled.

"Why, Nathan Murdock," I began, but he cut in with: "You're not the only stuck-up member of this family. That's why I asked you to light the gas."

"Nathan! Are both your hands stuck, too?"

"Yes," he groaned through the darkness, "and one of those blooming affectionate things is claspng my back hair and streaming down the back of my neck!"

It was my turn to giggle now. I did more; I doubled up with laughter, and clapped my hands against my knees. They stayed there. I managed to loosen them, however, but in so doing, I stepped backward, hit against the edge of a chair, my knees doubled, and I sat down. Not on the chair. Oh, no! I didn't stop half-way, but went on down and hit the floor—and, incidentally, a piece of fly-paper which had in some malicious way turned under so that

what was not sticking to my kimona was fastened with imp-like persistency to the carpet.

"There!" exclaimed Nathan, in a relieved tone, "my hands are loose at last. But what can I wipe them on?"

"Use my kimona, Nath," I said. "It is ruined, anyhow; only don't get stuck on it. And please pull this stuff off my hands, too."

He groped his way through the darkness to me, and, after releasing my hands, stooped down to wipe his. Just as he did so, I heard a light step on the porch.

"Sh!" I whispered softly. "Don't make a sound, but listen. Do you hear anything outside?"

We both strained our ears to the utmost, but could hear nothing. Our eyes, grown accustomed to the darkness, could discern clearly the window opening on the porch. Suddenly Nathan grasped my arm with a force that almost made me scream.

"Watch the window," he whispered in my ear. "And don't scream, whatever you do."

He cautiously groped his way to the piano and crouched against the end nearest the window. I could just make out his form through the darkness, and started to creep toward him, but my kimona held me fast. Giving it a hard jerk, I managed to loosen it, just as the window was cautiously and noiselessly raised.

Slowly a large foot crept over the sill, followed by an unusual length of leg. Gradually the bent figure straightened. To my excited senses the man looked about seven feet high, and I began to grow thoroughly frightened, and wished that I could get nearer Nathan.

The man took a few steps into the room, and then fumbled at his side for a second. The next instant my eyes looked full into the blinding light from a bulls-eye lantern. The burglar was the more surprised of the two. He stood, apparently

stunned at my sudden and wild appearance, for a moment, and then said:

"Well, I'll be jiggered if it ain't a girl! Look here, miss," he said, suddenly, in a threatening voice, "don't you squeak a teeny sound or make a teeny move, or you'll be sorry you was ever born. Understand?"

"I weakly nodded my head.

"Don't YOU squeak a teeny sound or move a teeny move, or you'll be sorrier you were ever born!" exclaimed a voice from behind the burglar.

He turned suddenly, and looked straight down the barrel of a revolver. Behind the revolver stood Nathan, as cool as a cucumber and evidently enjoying the situation immensely.

But the burglar was game, and he made a dash for the window. Nathan had anticipated that move, however, and stood directly in front of it, keeping him covered with his gun.

"What's all that row about down there?" called father's voice from the top of the stairs.

"Come down and see," yelled Nathan. "And say, Dad, bring some rope with you—I might need it."

"Hand over that lantern," commanded Nathan, "and leave your gun alone. No monkey-business, now, or I'll shoot."

Realizing that Nathan meant business, the man complied with his requests with astonishing meekness.

I took the lantern and put it down on the nearest table, with the glare of the light directed full into the burglar's face, from which the clumsy mask had slipped. He ducked his head quickly, and pulled his hat far down over his face, as if ashamed to let us see his features. But in that one instant that the light had rested upon his face I had received a shock of unpleasant surprise. For I had recognized in the man an old school-mate of mine, the

son of a man who held the respect of the whole town.

True, I had not seen Joel Mercer for several years, but one could never forget or mistake his face had they once seen it. For upon his left cheek was a livid, triangular scar, the result of dime-novels, ignorance and boyish exuberancy.

At that instant father's voice sounded from the doorway behind me.

"Keep your gun on him, Nathan," he said, "and I will tie his hands." And he came close to the burglar's side and looked at him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, recoiling as from a blow, "isn't this Joel Mercer? Old Dr. Mercer's son! What are you doing here? What a disgrace, what a disgrace!"

A dark, red flush slowly spread over Joel's Mercer's face, but he never opened his lips. He only pulled the soft hat further down over his eyes.

"I thought there was something familiar about his look," remarked Nathan. "I knew I had seen that scar before, but I couldn't place him."

The man's hand went up quickly to the tell-tale scar and he took a step nearer the window.

"None of that, none of that," said Nathan. "You stay where you are, if you value your life. Sis," turning to me, "you had better shut that window."

Joel shot a quick, appealing glance at me, raising his chin with a proud gesture as he did so. Instantly the thought of his proud old father—a man whose record was one of honor—and his sweet mother, flashed through my mind. How would they stand the disgrace of it?

I started to go toward the win-

dow, when father called to me: "Behind Nathan, Vera! Go behind Nathan. You don't want to get in front of that gun."

"You might as well submit quietly," said father to Joel, as he tied a slip knot in one end of the rope; "for although this is a very disagreeable duty, yet in the interests of justice I must see that you are turned over to the proper authorities."

In passing behind Nathan, I noticed that the lantern was on one end of a piece of fly-paper. The other end hung over the edge of the table which I had to pass to reach the window.

I glanced quickly at Joel Mercer. His eyes looked straight into mine for the fraction of a second. I brushed hard against the edge of the table, then sprang forward.

Crash! And sudden darkness enveloped us.

"What on earth's the matter?" yelled Nathan, his hand striking me as he wildly groped his way to the table. "Where's that light gone to?"

Through the confusion I heard rapid foot-steps on the porch, then the gate clicked, and I drew a deep breath of relief—guilty as I was.

"Confound it!" expostulated Nathan, with a hearty echo from father. He struck a match and looked around the room.

"That burglar has escaped, just at the eleventh hour! Did you ever see such luck!" And Nathan ground his teeth, considerably refraining from strong language.

"I'm glad of it!" I whispered softly to myself. "Yes, I am."

The match in father's hand spluttered and went out. I reached down and pulled the sheet of fly-paper from my kimona and threw it under the table after the lantern.

The Wooing of Titania

A Dream Idyl.

By Katharine Elise Chapman

IN the old time, fairies used to be born upon the earth, although they never died here. After they had lived out their thousand years (and some who wished to attain great earth age lived here much longer), they slipped quietly away and went upon their long journey.

Most of them were born out of the hearts of flowers; the substance of the flower their mother; their father the dew, the perfume-laden air, or a sunbeam. Many of them were tiny things, although after birth they grew to be much larger than their mother flower. Only a few attained to the size of mortals.

Nor were fairies born from every flower. They came only as genius comes to the mortal race—the culmination of the choicest growth of plant and flower for countless years; the epitome of long generations of life and vigor in one joyous, airy, peerless birth.

One day in that old time a rose-tinged lily began to unfold its petals in a tropic dawn. Its great leaves lay broadly prone upon the edge of a still, rank lake, where unimaginable richness of verdure had lived and bourgeoned and died through quiescent ages. Near at hand, upon the brink, stood a noble tree, whose roots were partly lapped by the lake water and partly thrust down, down into the deep richness of the soil. The vast expanse of its branches swayed above the shadowed lake, and the wide, still leaves of the lily. But once in the day, at sunrise, could the sun glow and burn down upon the lily pads. Then it was that the flower-bud lay uncovered to his resistless touch. On this supreme morning,

even at dawn, the petals began to stir, moved by the supernal thrill of his electric energy. At the touch of his first straight beams, they quivered and trembled with the ecstasy of creative force, and then, smoothly, unresistingly, unfolded themselves, making all the air about them a joy by reason of their elysian hue. For an instant, one long, bright beam pressed in upon the heart of the blossom—one instant, and from its inner cup of fragrance rose a new-born fairy.

The grand tropic lily had been for ages bringing to perfection this consummate production, and it was destined in all its generations to achieve but one of its kind; but this fairy was the last and greatest attainment in fairy history.

Her rose-pink robe of gauze was still folded close about her, and heavy with flower juices; but so slight was she that a breeze from the tree above bore her to a broad leaf where she lay, thrilled and shaken with still impending life. All elements of subtle beauty were mingled in her frame. There was the strong life of the great tree, drawn in by the plant fluids; there was the heavily-laden breath of forest and lake blooms; there were the tremulous air, the dew of night, the rainbow hues of the lake; and at her heart one imprisoned ray, a fine, intense core of fire, caught as in a burning glass—this was her father, the sun.

Such was Titania as she lay panting upon the broad, green leaf. When she grew quieter at last she glided into smooth slumber.

She was wakened by the rude and vigorous jostling of her leaf couch.

She opened her eyes of tawny-yellow right into the roguish, dimpled, ivory-hued visage of a being similar to herself. He was leaning upon the upturned edge of the leaf, rocking and swaying, his alabaster chin resting upon one dimpled hand, while with the other he fanned her with his gauze-green robe. In his eyes was wonder mingled with inclination. Into her eyes, also, came the wonder of the newly-born. While she gazed, he rose, dimpling and poising, and threw himself beside her. He ran his white fingers through her hair, still damp with the flower juices. He twined it around his fingers, he shook it about his shoulders lading all the air with enfranchised perfume.

Even this dainty play was rough usage for the stranger. Two dew-drops rose in her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. Hitherto she had lain motionless. Now, with an inward impelling reserve, she drew away from him to the utmost edge of the leaf.

A corrugated ruffle of pouting dimples swept the forehead of her visitor. He sprang aloft, a flying rainbow, scintillating as he moved, flung out upon all the air about him his filmy mantle, and vanished through the ether.

Titania's eyes widened with gazing, then narrowed again, as the distance swallowed him. She moved restlessly, making play with her young limbs. As she stretched out her lovely arms, her wings of translucent vermeil slowly opened. In untried effort she expanded them.

Oh, the joy, the ecstasy! The joy of conscious life, the ecstasy of flight!

Intoxicated by this strange power, exuberant of life, rapt with the joy of fresh discovery, Titania flew and flew. The warm touch of the sun, the buoyant lift of the ocean winds, the maze of forest, the ruggedness of mountain, the melody of bird-

song, all made her consciousness a filling treasure house of sweets.

And yet, is the joy of life enough to absorb her virgin being? She flits a moment here; poises an instant there; but an eager restlessness urges her on, on. She is alone, the only creature of her kind in this vast solitude.

After skimming the eastern ocean her feet touched upon the strangest shore she had yet discovered. Here was a land of twilight air. Here were stretches of verdant plains; placid rivers bearing curious argosies; low mountains lifting rigid greenery into the blue-gray sky. It was a land cold as well as mysterious, yet with enchantment in its mystery.

A weariness crept over her. She flitted down upon a great horizontal bow and stretched out upon it her airy length. And then, between the tree-boles, he, Oberon, danced up to her again—Oberon, King of the Fairies, drawn by her resistless attraction. Upon the nearest bough he alighted and began to sing.

"The clover dew distilled at morn
We drink, we drink, from hollow
horn—

Come follow, follow, follow!
Its honey-cup we'll pierce with
thorn

And drink from calyx hollow—
From lily's chalice hollow."

But as he sang, she rose, and half-flitting from her bough, poised herself with palpitating wings. Oberon changed the measure:

"Oh, a moon and a wood and a fairy
hey-day!

Oh, the trance and the maze of the
dance!

And hey, and hey, to circle and
sway

In the light of thy golden glance!"

Titania's ear was attuned to song, all her structure being replete with

avenues for beauty, but she did not yet comprehend fairy language. That was most quickly learned through love; and Titania loved only the joy of existence. Even as Oberon sang, she threw up her wings in a warm, suffusing cloud, and was away.

Her tantalizing flight drew the dimpled fairy after her. He followed, singing, laughing, in all the beauty of his outspread wings with colors flashing from bespangled dew-gems. Titania's young wings soon grew slow of motion, and she hid herself in a thick growth of ferns. Oberon, radiating down upon her nesting place, crept again to her side. The fine core of fire at her heart sent its glow through her whole body at this too near approach. Oberon was entranced by her splendor. He threw over her his spangled wing, and reached out his arms to draw her closer. The maiden fairy's instinctive dignity was affronted. Anger blazed outward from her inner fire. She drew herself away, and struck at him with both hand and wing. Her fire enveloped, it scorched, it wilted her over-bold admirer. He shrank low amid the fern-fronds, quivering, and Titania fled once more, winging her swift way back to her mother lily. The great blossom had opened its petals to the widest, and was turned a full, mature crimson. The fairy reclined low against its aureate heart, and immediately its leaves closed over her again.

But what was this? The cool, hollow, musky-fragrant cave, once wide to her as the audience room of a palace, now seemed a mere cell, a cramped cavity scarcely roomy enough to contain her folded wings. The enfolding panels of her state chamber pressed against her palpitating sides, and their scent was heavy and turgid. She crouched low awhile, leaning her delicate head against a petal. But she soon began again to long for the large, uncurb-

ed atmosphere, the lift, the buoyant spread of it, the rapture of parting it with her wings and flying free beneath the sun. She thought of the saucy boy whom she had seen at her feet, scorching in the blaze of anger. Was he lying there still, withered and motionless? Would she never again see him dimpling, scintillating, gemming the air with prisms?

She stirred restlessly—she rose to her feet. The panels of her tiny domicile fell away from her, and she soared like a lark into the large world.

She sought again the forest of ferns. She flew hither and thither, parting the long fronds with her delicate arms, searching, peering, suffusing the cool shadows with her topaz glance.

But he was gone.

Then, wing-weary but in haste, her gauzy pinions buffeting the heavy air, she beat her way again to the green, cool forest of the northern land. In the midst of this forest was a tree-encircled plain, floored with such plummy grass as fills with delight the heart of all living beings. Mortals love it; fairies revel in it. And there Titania caught glimpses of other creatures like herself—the first, except Oberon which she had seen. Central amid the shifting brightness of their movement was Oberon himself, light of heart and foot, joyous, iridescent. He was holding by the hand another sprite, fairer than herself, it seemed to Titania, and pale as the evening star. Titania knew no words, but as she heard their voices caroling to the dance, she could translate the music into the language of her own inner being. Like a morning cloud tinged rosy by the coming sun, she swept down upon them.

Oberon's companion was Eglantine, and she, even before the fairy king himself, caught sight of this vision which was dawning upon the fairy world.

She paused; in a flash she saw her empire over his restless fancy departing. She clasped tighter his dimpled hand and tried to divert his capricious humor; but he, even now gazing at Titania, was transfixed between confusion and enticement. Titania's soft little feet, already pressing the sward, were irresistibly drawn to the dimpling boy. A quiver such as he had felt when he shriveled before her anger convulsed him, and he shrank away. Eglantine, delighted, clung to him, leading him still farther away, and smiling wanly with liquid glance. Then Titania, unconscious of pride or shame, moved nearer, beckoning to him with inviting hand. Oberon took a step forward; but Eglantine, gliding in front of him, tried to oppose her slight body to his advance. Seeing this, Titania, falling upon her knees, a crystal drop swelling beneath each eyelid, again waved her pink hand in a gesture of gentle but imperious appeal.

In another instant, Oberon would have knelt at her side; but in that instant Eglantine began to sing:

"A nixie sang by a rivulet—
 'O ripple, ripple, ripple;
 I'll dip my brush till it's cool and wet
 And paint me a robe in silver and
 jet,
 With tawny streak and stipple;
 And a fairy lover I'll get, I'll get—
 Oh, ripple, ripple, ripple!"

Now, Oberon was born of a cascade, so at the words he turned again to her, drawn by the mysterious attraction of his origin. The wily fairy sang again:

"Beware, beware her scorching ray,
 Oh, hear the waters dashing!
 Beneath their coolness hide away
 And feel the wavelet splashing;
 Amid the pebbles frisk and play—
 Amid the whirlpool's crashing!"

As Oberon listened, Eglantine

lured him farther and farther from Titania. Now she spread her wings, still murmuring the refrain, and rising with Oberon, they sailed the blue air upon their wide-spread gauze, two fairy air-frigates, vanishing in the distance.

Titania, with a hectic flush which made the air about her wonder, rose in a glowing cloud and again sought refuge with her mother-blossom. She left behind her a ruby and carmine trail as she flew.

But, alas! the crimson petals of the great lily were withered and fallen. The golden heart out of which she had sprung was sere and dead. No warm, sheltering cave of fragrance was there to cover her drooping head, or to conceal her burning heart from the gaze of the sky. Titania sank in a rosy shame upon the broad leaf which had first received her; but even the leaf rejected her. It was too cramped for her expanded beauty; it quivered under the shock of her descent. She sprang up again and fled into the recesses of the near forest. She sank, fluttering, upon the sand. She drew around her her perfumed hair and shook it over her shoulders, her body, her face, all quivering in the agonizing desire to hide—hide—from jeering and scornful day. She spread her slight wings about her in a protecting mist.

And with her face bowed towards the earth, this gay creature, born to be one with the ecstasy of creation, drooped within the air, her essential element. She was conscious of a something throbbing within which drew to itself the juices and fragrance of her body, scorching and destroying them. She did not yet know that mortals called this strange sensation pain.

She sat there a nameless number of fairy hours. With the sudden departure of the sun she felt the chill of night closing about her. Her enfolding tresses were imbrued with her tears.

Out of the darkness and stillness rose a low, cool flow of sound. It was a song, tinkled out as a lover would murmur a soft refrain to be heard but by one. Titania was swept by a thrill of awakened sensation. She parted her hair at her ears and listened.

It drew nearer; it grew louder. She began to distinguish words—and, oh, joy! she could understand them now.

"Where is my rose-bloom lady?"

Titania parted the amber ringlets at her forehead and lifted her head.

"Where is my rose-bloom lady?
Hiding in plume-grass shady—
Wreathed in scent of flowers?"

Titania drew the ringlets over her face again and crouched lower. But

she peeped through her tresses.

"Where is my sun-warm lady?
Veiled in the mist of showers?"

The tremulous fairy folded her enveloping wings, and they fell, a mere thread, at her back.

"Oh, gay is the wood where my gem-
bright throne
Gleams 'neath the greenwood tree,
Come, amber-eyed, blushing mid
scintillant zone,
Come——"

Titania parted her tresses and swept them back over her shoulders.

"Come, warm in thy fragrance, thou
Peerless but Lone!
Come, reign with me!"

The voice ceased. Titania knew he had found her.

The Birth of Friendship

Adapted from the Japanese by Ichninotani Gleason

And—Daibutsu looked down with merciful eye,

Seeing Humanity a-struggling lie,

With selfish Despair in Hatred! mire.

With pitying hand upon each heart he pressed

That seal of affection forever blest—

Endowing it with a love unsexed—And called it
Friendship.

The White Owl

An Indian Tale.

By Lauren T. Tuttle

IN the early dawn of the nineteenth century there nestled an Indian village on the banks of the Rock River close to where it flows into the Father of Waters, the Mississippi. The village was ruled by the great chief of the Sacs and Foxes, Black Hawk. Near by, overlooking the whole surrounding country, was a lofty wooded summit. This, under the name of Black Hawk's watch tower, endures to this day as sole monument of a vanished people and their chief whose name it bears. Around its foot where once clustered the simple lodges of the red man, now gather the noise and soot of the white man's cities. About this tower of nature, even to this day, there lingers an air of mystery. The spirit of an Indian girl, in the form of a large white owl, may at times be seen hovering amid the shrubbery of its top. Thereby hangs the story of Ionas and Namah, intertwined with the fate of the Sacs and Foxes.

* * * * *

It was an autumn afternoon. The hickory, oak and maple trees and the sumac bushes on Chief Black Hawk's favorite summit were gay with the colors of early fall. Thus clad more than ever, this proud eminence resembled a giant chieftain. On the summit's crest stood Black Hawk, silent, alone and motionless.

He looked far out to westward over gleaming river and yellow plain to where the rolling prairie and the hazy autumn sky blended, and he saw no foe. The red man and nature ruled in virgin freedom—free as yet from the white invader. This

was a time of peace and plenty. Down in the village he saw the women busy drying the meat of buffaloes; the children romping about the lodges; and the warriors returning from the hunt. By the river he saw two young people conversing as only lovers can. The grave countenance of Black Hawk illumined with a smile as he murmured: "Ionas, tall and straight like the pine, brave as your father, Kaminikus, you are wooing my daughter, Namah, well. She will make you a good wife. May you be swift and fortunate in the hunt. May the wigwam of Ionas and Namah always hold plenty."

As the sun moved towards its setting, Black Hawk descended into the village and entered his lodge. While he sat and smoked, his wife came to him and said:

"Three Moons, wife of Kaminikus, has been here to ask for your daughter Namah to be wife of Ionas, son of Kaminikus." After some minutes of silence he replied: "Make ready a feast; to-night my nearest kinsmen and I shall talk it over together."

Just as the dusk deepened into dark, Black Hawk's relatives gathered at his lodge. The women brought in the boiled buffalo meat and berries, placing them before the guests seated in semi-circle about the lodge. After the company had eaten, Black Hawk, as host, took the sacred redstone pipe and prayed, blowing smoke to the Sky Deity, the Earth Deity and the north, south, east and west. Then he passed the pipe to his neighbor on the left, so it passed among the kinsmen gathered in council. The

chief spoke: "My brothers, Ionas, son of Kaminikus, asks for my Namah to be his wife. What say you?" A silence fell, then Spotted Tail, the oldest of those present, said: "Ionas should have the beautiful Namah for his bride. He is rich, he is generous, he is brave; and Namah will make him a good wife." Others spoke, all agreeing with Spotted Tail and so the matter was decided. Next morning, when the first slanting sun rays broke the twilight, an Indian maid passed down the village street. Her white buckskin gown was gay with beads and bright-colored quills and fringed with elk tushes; about her neck was a string of wam-pum; her hair, smooth and shining, fell in two long braids toward her dainty moccasined feet. It was Namah, followed closely by her younger sister. With downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, she was bearing the bowl of food to Ionas. This was the announcement of their betrothal.

On the evening of this day, down by the river, where the willows afforded a shaded retreat from the light of the full moon, a figure stood in silence as if waiting. It was the lover, Ionas. Soon a soft hoot, as of an owl, sounded on the quiet air. Then a lithe form glided down the path. Ionas stepped forward quickly; his loose outer robe of buffalo skin opened and then closed. Namah was in the arms of her lover. What those two lovers said, the wide world of lovers well knows. That conference by the river was a long one, and the lodge fires were no longer burning when they bid one another good-night. The village was wrapped in the quiet of peaceful slumbers; only the whinny of a horse or the snarl of a wakeful dog now and then broke the stillness of the night.

Ionas was entering his lodge when he saw two dark figures slip up to where his favorite horse was tethered. At once he knew these were enemies come to steal his people's

horses. He grappled with the nearer of the two invaders while the other fled. There, in the quiet of the night the two braves fought a life and death struggle. The combat was swift, deadly and silent. At last, Ionas, with his enemy beneath him, raised his dagger to strike. The strange warrior, yielding, begged for mercy, saying he was the only son of an aged chief. Ionas sheathed his weapon, then, with sudden treachery the captive drew a concealed knife, and slashed the right arm of his merciful captor, painfully but not seriously wounding him. Ionas quickly disarmed and pinioned his foe to the ground, again sparing the life of him who in treachery would have taken his. By this time the camp was aroused and the captive hostile was made secure. With the coming of morning a solemn council was held to give him quick trial and punishment. He was found to be Nanamakee, son of Shoquoquon, the chief of the Ioways. The aged prophet, Wobokeshick, arose, his eyes bright with the fire of vengeance, and said: "This man tried to steal our people's horses. He is an enemy. He must die. His scalp shall ornament the lodge of his captor." Nods and grunts of approval passed around the circle of men. Ionas then spoke: "Oh, great Chief Black Hawk, and you, my brothers, this man is the only son of the Chief Shoquoquon. He is young and strong and can kill many buffaloes. His father is old and weak, and needs his son. Spare his life. Send me to the Ioways and I will bring you rich ransom for him." So the council decided.

That evening when the sun was set and the hunters had returned, and the women had laid by the tasks of the day, the beating of a tom-tom was heard from the great dance lodge. The lively rhythm of the hollow one-toned music called the people to the dance, the merry pow-wow. Black Hawk in the full rega-

lia of his state, the warriors with faces freshly painted, the young women, with long, glossy braids, all gathered in glad obedience to the tom-tom's summons. On the right of the lodge sat the men; Nanamakee was there as the guest of Ionas. On the left of the lodge were the women. The singers began their chant, while the dancers circled slowly. Namah, graceful and light as a birch canoe on the water, moved into the dance. Every eye followed her; Nanamakee's kindled with a sudden fire when he beheld her. Soon she came and paused before Ionas, the sign that she would have him dance with her. Turning, Ionas said: "Nanamakee, although a captive, you are my guest to-night. This is Namah, my promised bride; you shall dance with her." They stepped out on the floor together—Namah and Nanamakee. Suddenly, a large rattlesnake started out from among the logs on the fire, and gliding in front of Ionas, passed out into the night. At the same moment a white owl flew stealthily down within the circle of fire light, then quickly fled, uttering a dismal cry. Ionas was filled with a sudden, unnamed terror. Wobokeshick, the medicine man, shook his head: "Evil omens those, my son."

That night, before the lodge door of Black Hawk, Ionas bade farewell to Namah. "To-morrow I go on a far journey to the land of the Ioways. When I return I shall have many horses and much buffalo meat. Then you shall come to my lodge and sit beside me and be my wife." "May the Great Spirit keep you, Ionas," she replied, "and make you swift in the hunt and successful in your mission. Namah will wait for you."

By the early morning light, Ionas, accompanied by White Antelope, the young son of Black Hawk, quietly departed for the land of their foes, the Ioways. They had crossed

the wide waters of the Mississippi, and were well on their journey when a band of Sioux swooped down upon them. White Antelope died fighting; Ionas, severely wounded, was captured and carried to the far-off territory of the Sioux.

* * * * *

Five summers and winters of captivity had passed, and now, at last escaped, Ionas approached the village of his people. He remembered his parting with Namah and her promise to wait for him. Seven times in his dreams he had seen her, but when he stretched out his arms she disappeared, and a white owl rose and flew past him. Once, suddenly awaking, he found a white owl sitting at his feet. When he stirred, it rose and flew over him, fanning his face with its ghostly pinions. The memory of all this filled him with a dull fear. As he passed along he noted many cabins of the white men here and there. These, too, boded no good. But he strove to cast his fears from him; surely she was waiting for him, his beautiful Namah. He pressed on eagerly.

Black Hawk's tower he found standing sentinel-like as ever, but the village was gone. Where Black Hawk's lodge had been only a pile of ashes remained. Where his own lodge had stood a hideous rattlesnake lay coiled. Overhead on the cliff sat a great white owl.

In dumb desolation, Ionas wandered in search of his people. On the western shore of the Mississippi near where the Flint River enters, he found the still proud Black Hawk with a miserable remnant of the Sacs and Foxes about him.

"Oh, Father Black Hawk," he said, "I am Ionas, returned from the great desert that stretches to the mighty western mountains, the wigwam of the Sun God. I was carried there by the Sioux. They killed your son, White Antelope, but took me, and held me these many moons

"a slave. Where is my Namah?"

"Jonas, our sorrows are many. Nanamakee, the loway, tried to steal the heart of Namah from you. But Namah was true. The moons of winter waxed and waned; the warm-breathed south wind came again, bringing summer; still no sign came of you and White Antelope. Then we set Nanamakee free to return to his people. The next night Namah went down, as usual, to draw water at the river. It was the dark of the moon and a storm was threatening. While she was gone, the storm broke. I started out to find her. There was a cry. Then by the glare of the lightning, I saw Namah and—it was Nanamakee bearing her away. He passed close by the cliff while she struggled to free herself from him. A flaming fire-brand of the lightning burned across the heavens and smote the cliff; there was a rumbling as of many buffaloes charging over the sky-prairies, then a crash; a portion of the cliff fell. Namah and Nanamakee were buried beneath it. By the flickering lightning-torch, I saw a white owl rise from the ruin—it was Namah's spirit. A rattlesnake slid away into the underbrush—that was Nanamakee. My son, Namah was true. As a white owl, her spirit still waits for you."

"But, Father Black Hawk," the stricken young man asked, "why is our village deserted?"

"From the East, that dark place whence the Night Monster comes to chase the Sun God to his lodge, the white man came bringing dark evils. He drove us from our village and our cornfields. He has killed and scattered our people."

Jonas turned away, silent in his sorrow. Before the sun had risen the following day, he entered his canoe and turned its bow up the river seeking an island in the Mississippi where, alone, he might mourn for Namah and his dying race. From a thickly wooded isle, weirdly festooned with the wild grape vines, a white owl silently sailed down and settled on the fore part of the canoe. At the sight, the desolate Jonas startled. "Namah," he cried, "Namah." The white owl turned to fly, but its wings seemed suddenly to fail, and it sank into the Mississippi. At that moment the sun cast a ruddy gleam across the water. Peering into the rippling depths, Jonas saw his Namah as he saw her that night at the dance lodge. "Namah," the young brave cried, "I will join you."

Then the Father of Waters received him too. Jonas and Namah were united in the Spirit Land.

A canoe drifted down by Black Hawk's lodge. He saw it, and discerned two figures—Jonas and Namah. But the mist lifted, the canoe drifted closer; it was empty. The old chief understood.

Humility

Translated from the Japanese of K. Shinomiya by Ichinotani Gleason

The morning-glory recks not my smile nor sighs,
But awakens with welcome to the glad sunrise.
The whispering trees and the low-song river
Stop not nor listen when my soul's a-quiver.
Nature is singingly glad in cherry-bloom time,
So I must gloss over my trouble—and then sublime
My face—for but an atom to Kama am I.

A Mountain Wilderness

in the City's Heart

By Harold French

IN the very heart of the City and County of San Francisco exists a terra incognita. Walled by houses on the north and east, a vast silent, solemn forest swells from ridge to ridge for the distance of nearly five miles, its area exceeding that of the Golden Gate Park and the Presidio combined. Its timbered mass sweeps across hidden sheltered valleys, mirrored here and there by lonely crystal lakes, transforming cheerless dunes into scenes of sylvan loveliness. Yet, save to a few more venturesome spirits, this densely-forested mountain range is veiled in mystery. Many a Park pedestrian, wearying of the sameness and the tameness of his more familiar haunts, has wandered upwards towards the Affiliated Colleges with the purpose of exploring this Black Forest which lies beyond. Suddenly, he is confronted by a barbed wire trocha, surmounted at frequent intervals with this warning: "Positively No Admittance to the Forest." Then he remembers certain fearsome legends of man-eating watch-dogs and their biped prototypes, dragons, which rumor whispers lie in wait for the unwary trespasser.

Then there are tales of suicides found hanging to the trees, and stories of the bleaching, well-picked bones of men who enter its solitudes, never again to emerge. The barbed-wire trocha, the guardian dragons and the "h'ants," combined with the promptings of a hereditary instinct handed down from the days when the king's forest was forbidden to the peasantry under the penalty of the gibbet, all these tend to turn the wanderer back.

Where Stanyan street ascends the steep Clarendon Heights, its westerly line is shaded by a dense wall of eucalyptus trees over fifty feet in height. A few rods removed from the street, sturdy young pines, cedars and cypresses replace to a large extent these Australian exotics, enabling a rich, wild undergrowth to flourish luxuriantly. "Over the hills to the poorhouse," and far beyond, this forest extends in a southerly direction to the line of the Ingleside cars, thence spreading westerly for over two miles across the hills and dunes to a hidden, sand-margined lake, Laguna Puerca.

The forest's northerly front stretches from Stanyan street to Seventh avenue, then turns to the south over to Lake Honda, where, crossing the Almshouse Road, it sweeps diagonally over a brushy ridge which slopes steeply to the west in a series of storm-eroded sandstone pinnacles. On the map of the City and County of San Francisco, the Sutro Forest is indicated by the San Miguel Rancho, and is divided into two wooded areas by the Corbett or San Miguel road. The northern forest girdling Sutro Peak extends over 1,250 acres, while the southern wood robes the crest of Stanford Heights, whence it spreads to Ingleside, and westerly to a point a mile beyond the Trocadero, covering about two thousand acres. By way of comparison, the Golden Gate Park extends over 1,015 acres, while the Presidio covers fifteen hundred.

In 1879, the late Mayor Adolph Sutro bought the San Miguel Rancho from Mr. F. L. A. Pioche, and in the few years following he pro-

ceeded to afforest this rugged range—the backbone of the county. Four mountains, each verging on a thousand feet in altitude, were thickly planted with millions of young trees. A pleasing variety of the eucalypti and coniferae were set out, interspersed with locust trees and acacias. In a few years the rough contours were softened with the vivid green of young verdure, while in the canyons a dense undergrowth sprang up as by magic with all the wildness of nature. Whether Mayor Sutro originally intended this private forest reserve as a future public park or whether, as is more probable, it was planted for purely speculative purposes, is still a matter of conjecture. At the present time the Sutro heirs strictly exclude the general public from the forests on the ground that privileges, if granted, would be abused. Several dangerous fires have menaced the woods in late years which were started by careless or malicious intruders.

The Wilderness of Sutro Peak.

South of the Affiliated Colleges, a densely wooded slope rises to the altitude of a thousand feet, the main crest being known as Sutro Peak, or Blue Mountain. Its structure is a massive formation of San Francisco sandstone outcropping in a series of protruding ribs of variegated, ribbon-jasper. These ledges are of beautiful stratification, many-hued and polished by the lapidary-storms, their rough edges being softened by luxuriant, clinging ferns and deep moss. Here and there festoons of creeping vines half conceal deep caves in which a man might live in comfort. Broad paths of easy gradient, wind through the forest, cut in places through the solid rock, resembling miniature railway routes. Here the trail dips down into wild canyons, densely timbered with resinous pines whose needles form a foot-pleasing carpet of rusty color. Rank, water-haunting undergrowth

of much variety vies with ferns of diverse and graceful profusion. Bumble-bees and humming-birds vibrate as they poise over glorious wild-flower thickets. The classifying of myriad herbs would delight the eager botanist who should venture here. You are to all appearance in the heart of some remote mountain gorge "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Now the trail invites you on to new delights, and suddenly you pause on the brink of a beetling bluff. Below you the pines drop away in orderly retreat, and behold! the vast, expanding city spreads beneath.

Its thousand streets and waves of house-built hills stretch from the ship-dotted bay to the white fringe of surf pounding on the western rim of the peninsula. Thousands of black human specks animate the low-lying Golden Gate Park, from whose relief map, a study in green and red, the distinct though distant music of the band concert floats upward, blending with the ceaseless sound of the surf. Now the drone of a holiday-laden trolley car drowns out the music of band and wilding bird and bee. The most sweeping panorama of the city is obtained from a number of flower-sprinkled ledges half-way up the northern front of the mountain, the actual summit itself being overgrown with trees which obscure the view. Wildest of all the recesses of Sutro Peak is Stanyan canyon, which slopes towards the street, bearing the same name. From steep overhanging bluffs of jasper rock, you may turn your gaze from the roofs of nearby residences and the city's streets, and peering over its mossy edge, you may see deep in the canyon's shaded depths flaming unplucked columbines nod on their dainty stems to bowing companies of ferns.

Entering the forest from upper Stanyan street, a broad road crossing a low divide between Sutro Peak and the wood-walled Clarendon

Heights, leads to a sunny ranch in a clearing on the southern slope. Here, in the midst of a promising orchard is the cozy cottage of the forest-keeper, Mr. Brickwedel. An acquaintance with this guardian of the estate proved him to be indeed a most genial type of a dragon, but his strenuous watch-dogs, regardless of the writer's passports, surpassed all expectations and apprehensions. One challenging Cerebrus nearly uprooted a two-foot pine to which he was fortunately chained, in his endeavors to live up to his reputation as a man-eater. At night, these canine dragons are turned loose to keep off the coyotes and foxes which really infest these woods—and it is probable that in their nocturnal prowlings they have more than once tasted human flesh, since many unfortunates select the Sutro forest for the purpose of committing suicide. The forest-keeper has frequently found the remains of these suicides in some remote place, from which it is difficult to remove them, and since he has to bear the brunt of such unpleasant discoveries, he mildly suggests that all those who enter the forest with the fell intent of shuffling off this mortal coil will confer a favor upon him by keeping near the road. He also protests against those individuals who prefer to hang themselves, as it is naturally jarring to his sensibilities to suddenly bump into a cadaver swinging among the tall timber, as has been his experience.

The Southern Forest.

The Southern slope of Sutro Peak is drained by a little streamlet emptying into Lake Honda, beyond which lies the Almshouse tract and a sheltered little upland valley dotted with the checker-boarded crops of Italian vegetable gardeners. Were Market street extended a couple of miles in its present southwesterly direction, it would pass through the saddle between the

Twin Peaks and descend into this little hill-girt valley, and for some distance, it would closely parallel the Corbett road. South of this thoroughfare, another jagged ridge rises to an altitude of over nine hundred feet, dense, young forests flourishing upon its steep and rocky slopes. To the east this ridge is known as Stanford Heights, and is situated a mile to the west of Glen Park. On all sides during the spring months, open spots among the pines are a blaze of gorgeous poppies, blue-eyed grass and dainty nemophilae. From its crest you may look down upon miles of forests stretching to the south and west, while beyond the Ocean House road other woods belonging to the Spring Valley Water Company extend to the glistening surface of Lake Merced. Eastward the city spreads far and wide. Chimes from a distant belfry float softly upward. A heavy train rumbles around the Bernal curves. A white puff of steam from the locomotive is followed ten seconds later by the sound of its warning whistle. On the shoulder of the southern slope, a long wall of jasper rocks follows the backbone of a flanking ridge. This wall is nearly a thousand feet in length and is composed of huge fragments of rock, some of which exceed a half ton in weight. Its appearance indicates great age, and it has served no modern purpose whatever, since it was here when the first settlers came. Half a mile southward in the heart of the forest is another of these mysterious, ancient walls, a hundred yards in length. These are undoubtedly relics of a pre-historic people who settled in the Berkeley hills and elsewhere in the bay region at some very remote period. It is believed that before their completion, according to the purposes for which they were intended, their builders were overwhelmed by some enemy, more powerful physically, but lower in the scale of civilization.

In the midst of this lower forest, three-quarters of a mile northeast from the Ingleside, are three mining shafts which have been sunk to a depth of from forty to sixty feet. These were dug by an old miner years ago, who claimed that he had discovered gold-bearing quartz running several dollars to the ton. The formation is very far from being an auriferous one, but streaks of manganese ore are common among these jaspery rocks. Dangerous spots are these pits, because the open mouths are full of temptations which lure the feet. Beautiful ferns of several varieties, including the dainty golden backs, cling to the upper surfaces of the shafts. The dump-piles are rich with poppies, floral nuggets of great beauty.

The Future of the Forest.

Year by year the Sutro Forest is becoming more of a wilderness. Meandering paths which might delight holiday thousands are becoming hidden by creeping vines and fallen trees. Coyotes and other "varmints" have found excellent retreats in this covert, from which they may descend on marauding expeditions in-

to the Golden Gate Park to prey upon the rabbits, quail, pheasants and water fowl which are an abundant and easy game. Frequently coyotes and foxes have been killed by Park policemen, and their tracks have pointed toward the Sutro Forest as their last place of residence.

To one who has wandered an entire day within its umbrageous depth, meeting only two human beings within its confines, thoughts regarding the future of the forest prompted the following questions:

How long will its silence remain unbroken by the merry laughter of children on a holiday's ramble, or when will the axemen and surveyors commence their work of deforestation and dissection into blocks and lots?

Could not some arrangement be effected by which the city could afford the forest protection in return for the privilege of admitting the public under certain necessary restrictions?

Or is it really true that our citizens, who are free to ramble at will among the wild places of neighboring counties, cannot be trusted in this wilderness so near at home, even under police supervision?

Lest We Grow Too Content

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Lest we grow too content,
Lest the joys of the world make the pain of regretting
To leave it too keen, we have sorrows that, fretting
Our souls with their cankerous gnawing, are given
Lest we grow too content.

As the pendulum swings
So our lives, ever pendent 'twixt laughter and sorrow,
To-day swing in light and in darkness to-morrow;
The tears or the joys may be cut with the stroke
As the pendulum swings.

Taken in and Done For

By John Baden

HI'M a pore lone widder; hand Hi live hat Hundercliff, Stockton-hon-Sea. Mr. John Dunkum, hov sainted memory, my late 'usband has was, 'e departed this life, rest 'is soul, hon Chris'mus Heve, 1899. So you see, Hi've been a widder five year come Chris'mus; not but what Hi could 'ave been marri'd hagen, hover hand hover hagen; but hout hov love hand respect for the dear departed, Hi med hup my mind to stop single, hand ha'ard time Hi 'ad hov hit, Hi can tell you; for though Hi sez hit has didn't hought to say it, Hi was, hand for that matter, ham still, ha very 'and-some young widder; hand many was the fine young fellers has set their caps hat me, but Hi stood hup hagen hem hall.

When fust me hand my 'usband was marri'd, we lived hin London, but summow the hair didn't soote 'im, hand we was rekimend to come 'ere. 'Owsomever, 'e didn't last long hafter 'e got 'ere, pore dear man, rest 'is soul. Stockton-hon-Sea hain't much hov ha place for visitors, but hit's quiet hand sheltered hand 'ighly rekimend for consumtives, but hit didn't soote 'im, pore dear man, rest 'is soul.

That sign has you see hin the winder wasn't halways there; when fust Hi was ha widder, Hi took hin plain sewin', for what with doctor's bills, hand little delicacies, hand such like, Hi was come pretty close, hand 'ad to do somethin' to bring hin ha crust. Hi halways was, though Hi sez hit has didn't hought to, ha very good sewer, hand the people 'ereabouts soon found hit hout; hand Hi was kep' busy from mornin' till night, hand ha good many young men was hamong my best custom-

ers, hand mighty pertiklar some hov 'hem was, Hi can tell you, hand they hused to come pretty hoften to see 'ow their work was gettin' hon, which hused to 'inder me ha good deal, but Hi couldn't be cross with 'hem, you know, they was hall hov 'hem such nice young fellers. But there was one hin pertiklar, Mr. Smith was 'is name, 'e was so very considerin'. "Mrs. Dunkum," sez 'e, "why do you stick so close to your sewin'? You'll hinjure your heyes, you will?" Hand sure henough, 'e was right, for Hi was beginnin' to feel has Hi should soon 'ave to wear spekticles. "Don't you think you would do better hif you took hin some young men hand did for 'hem? There's me, for hinstance. Hi should be so glad hif you would take me hin, hand do for me, has well has my sewin'! Then there's Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, hand Mr. Robinson. Hi'm sure they would hall like you to take 'hem hin hand do for 'hem, hif you would honly do hit. You needn't give hup your sewin', you know, but takin' hin some hov hus, hand doin' for us, would rest your heyes a bit hand give you ha change hof hokipation."

Well, you see what 'e sed was so reasonin' hand sensible like that Hi hup hand sed to 'im: "Well, Mr. Smith, you halways was so very considerin' hand took hall my hinterests to 'eart, Hi'll consider what you 'ave sed, hand let you know what Hi think about hit."

"Mrs. Dunkum," sez 'e, "you don't need to consider habout hit; hall you've got to do his to do hit; come, now, say when, hat once."

Well, you see, 'e was so very considerin', hand so very persuadin', hand such ha nice young man, that

Hi thought has Hi would try the hexperiment hon 'im, hand hif hit turned hout has 'e sed hit would, Hi could take hin hothers has well hand do for 'hem, too, so Hi hup hand sez to 'im: "Mr. Smith, Hi'll take you hand do for you has soon has Hi 'ave ha room ready for you, hand Hi do 'ope has things will turn hout has you say." Then sez 'e: "Hi'm so glad, hand Hi'm sure that things will turn hout hall right, hand then you'll be glad too. Hi'm ready to be taken hin hand done for just as soon has hever you are ready. Come, now, make hup your mind hand say when, hat once. Can't you 'av a room ready to-morrow? You can hif you try, Hi'm sure." "No, no; that would be too quick, Mr. Smith," sez Hi. "'Owsomever, Hi'll try; hand Hi'll do my best to hoblige you, but Hi won't promise, mind." "Thanks, Mrs. Dunkum," sez 'e, "hand whatever Hi can do to 'elp you, Hi'll do hit." 'E was such a nice young man, hand so very considerin'.

"So, bright hand hearly hin the mornin' Hi begun, hand, has hit were, turned heverythin' hout hov the winder, hin my room, so to speak. Hov course, Hi didn't much like turnin' hout hov my hown room, but Hi was hoblged to let 'im 'ave hit, because the hother front room wasn't haired, hor fully furnished. But what did hit matter? Hi could sleep hin the little back room, downstairs; hit would be big henough for me till Hi could do hup the hother. Besides, hit was such ha snug little room, hand Hi might 'ave to keep to hit hif Hi took hin hany more young men; hand, besides, 'e was such a nice young man.

'Owsomever, before night the room was ready, hand habout 'alf past six Mr. Smith came hin hand hall 'is belongin's, which his to say: 'is portmanty hand ha bundle; besides his humbereller hand 'is walkin' stick, which 'e took hupstairs, hand Hi went hup with 'im, hand

sez Hi: "Well, Mr. Smith, 'ow does the room soote you?" "Mrs. Dunkum," sez 'e, "you're the nicest woman Hi know hof; heverything his just has Hi hexpected, hand hit sootes me very well hindeed, hand Hi'm sure we shall get halong hall right. When will tea be ready?"

Now, this was ha poser, for Hi 'adn't considered has boardin' young men was hincluded hin takin' hov hem hin, hand doin' for 'hem. 'Owsomever, Hi was noways, decomposed, hand sez Hi: "Tea will be ready direkly; but what would you like to 'ave? Shrimps, sprats, hor muffins hand crumpits, hor his there hanythin' helse has you would like?"

"No; hanythin' you like, Mrs. Dunkum; whatever sootes you will soote me." 'E was such ha nice young man hand so very considerin'. So we 'ad muffins hand crumpits hand ha good cup hov tea. Hi halways did like ha cup hov good tea, hand was very pertiklar hin the blend. Hi halways perferred China black, with ha dash hov Young 'Tson. Well, we set down to tea, hand Hi must say has hit seemed sort hov nice to be settin' down with ha nice young man, hin ha cozy little room, hand drinkin' ha cup hov good tea. Hit seemed to bring back hold times, hand Hi'm hafeared has ha tear rose hup hin my heye; but Hi'm sure has Mr. Smith didn't see hit. Well, hand Hi think has Mr. Smith henjoyed 'is tea, too, for sez 'e: "Mrs. Dunkum, Hi consider Hi'm the luckiest young man hin the world to 'ave found such ha nice young woman to take me hin, hand do for me. Hi do 'ope has we shall get halong nicely together, hand be 'appy for ha very long time." 'E was such ha nice young man, hand so very considerin'.

Hafter tea, 'e went hout, hand Hi went habout my sewin'. 'E came 'ome habout ten, just has Hi was makin' ha glass hov somethin' 'ot for myself, for Hi halways 'ad, as pore dear Mr. Dunkum, rest 'is soul,

hused to call ha "night cap" before Hi went to bed. Hi hasked Mr. Smith to 'ave some, hand 'e hobblin' consented. 'E was such a nice young man hand so very considerin'. When 'e 'ad finished 'is second glass Hi hasked 'im what 'e would like for 'is breakfast, hand sez 'e: "Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Dunkum, Hi mean—Hi halways like 'am hor bacon hand heggs, hand ha cup hov good kau-phy for breakfast, hand for my dinner Hi like some sort hov meat, with two kinds hov vegetables, puddin' hov some sort, hand to finish hup ha bit hov good cheese, hand ha glass hov good beer. But, has Hi've said before, you can do just has you like, Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Dunkum, Hi mean, for Hi'm sure Hi shall be quite satisfied with whatever you do, hand will pay whatever you hask, for Hi'm sure you won't charge me too much." 'E was such ha nice young man hand so very considerin'. Then 'e said "Good-night," hand went hup to 'is hown room.

When 'e was gone, Hi set myself down to think things hover ha bit, hand sez Hi to myself: "Mary Dunkum, you're hin luck; you won't 'ave to 'urt your pore heyes, nor break your pore back ha sewin' much longer; you'll soon 'ave ha nice young man to look hafter you hand take care hov of you, for 'e certing-ly must be hin love with me, for didn't 'e say twice Mrs. Smith, hin-stead of Mrs. Dunkum; hit couldn't 'ave been haccident hentirely, helse 'e wouldn't 'ave sed hit twice; so 'e must 'ave somethin' hon 'is mind. Leastways, 'e speaks very fair when 'e says 'e'll pay me whatever Hi hasks 'im for whatever Hi do for 'im. So, Mary, you're hin luck, hany-ways, hand hit shan't be my fault hif Hi don't please 'im."

With these happy thoughts and in this self-satisfied frame of mind, Mrs. Mary Dunkum went to her cozy little bed in her cozy little room downstairs to sleep and per-

chance to dream of connubial bliss in the not far distant future.

Hit his true Hi never received hany money from Mr. Smith, but then Hi never gave 'im hany bill, hand you know no man his called hon to pay huntil 'e knows 'ow much 'e howes, hand 'as been hasked to pay hit. Well, one day hat dinner Mr. Smith says: "Mrs. Dunkum, biz-ness calls me haway, hand Hi shall be habsent habout three hor four days." "Very well, sir," sez Hi, hand Hi thought no more habout hit. Hin the hevening 'e brought 'ome with 'im ha little leather bag, which 'e carried hupstairs to 'is room, hand brought hit down packed, when 'e came down to tea. Soon hafter tea 'e got hup hand bid me good-bye. "Good-bye, sir," sez Hi, "hand Hi 'ope you'll soon be back hagain."

When 'e was gone, somethin' struck me has hall was not quite right; not has Hi suspected 'im, for 'e was such ha nice young man. 'Owsomever, Hi went hup to 'is room hand there was 'is portmanty hand 'is things hin the drawers has husual, hand Hi was cross with myself for suspektin 'im for ha moment. Whilst Hi was lookin' haround, the thought come hinto my 'ead has Hi would sleep in 'is bed while 'e was gone; hit would keep hit haired, hanyways; so Hi did it. Hon the fourth mornin' hafter 'e was gone, has Hi was dozin', Hi was roused by ha noise hin the room. Hi jumped hup hin ha fright, hand who should Hi see hat the foot hov the bed but Mr. Smith 'imself. "Don't be hafraid, Mrs. Dunkum," sez 'e; "Hi'll go downstairs hagain hand wait till you're dressed." "God bless you, sir," sez Hi, "Hi thought Hi would sleep hin your bed hand keep it haired whilst you was haway; Hi'll be down hin ha minute." Hi must 'ave looked ha pretty figure, has Hi set hup hin bed, for you know we women haint the same dressed hand hundressed, but Hi haint like most hov 'hem has his hall paint hand

patchwork, but Hi'm free to confess has Hi look much better when Hi'm dressed.

Soon hafter this, 'e received ha letter, hand when 'e 'ad read hit 'e sez: "Mrs. Dunkum, Hi'm sorry Hi must leave you hat once. Hi shall never be hable to repay you for hall your kindness to me; but hif you'll give me your bill Hi'll pay hit with pleasure." So when 'e was going Hi gave 'im 'is bill. 'E looked hat hit and sez: "Hi cannot pay you this

now; but Hi'll send hit has soon has Hi'm settled." What could Hi do? Hi was sorry to death 'e was going; 'e was such ha nice young man hand so very considerin'. So with ha tear hin my heye, Hi bid 'im good-bye. Hit his two years since 'e left me, hand Hi've never 'eard ha word from 'im since. Hi very soon found has hit was me has was "taken hin hand done for," hand Hi stuck hup that card hin the winder, but now Hi makes 'hem hall pay hup reg-lar.

Their Golden Wedding Day

By Evelyn Singer

'T WAS the last day in March; the morning had dawned clear and bright; towards noon, however, a cold wind arose and threatening clouds obscured the sun. Colder and colder it grew, light flurries of snow began to fall; belated travelers buttoned their coats and quickened their paces.

"I told you," said the weather-wise, "that we'd have a storm; those frogs were singing too early. We'll have a blizzard before morning, or I'll lose my guess."

Beside the window of a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of a quiet country village, sat an old man, looking out on the gathering storm. The tall pine trees swayed in the blast; he heard it not; the dog, his faithful companion in many a ramble, his trusted ally in the care of his flocks—laid its head on the old man's knee and looked into his face in dumb sympathy. For once it was not heeded. Through the gathering darkness his troubled eyes saw the marble shaft which marked the graves of his little ones, and his thoughts were busy with the past. One by one he saw the grave swal-

low their boys and girls until five graves were on yonder little knoll, and only one prattler in the home; he saw his wife strain the little one to her bosom, first as a babe, then as a rosy-cheeked, laughing boy; he saw her on bended knees as she prayed God to let her keep him always beside her.

Years fled; he saw a tall, manly form as it bade them good-bye and started forth into the world.

"This place is too small for me, father," he said. "I must go out into the world and see what is there. I must climb the ladder; never fear—I'll make my way in the world, little mother, and come home rich and famous, and you'll be proud of your boy." He kissed them good-bye and passed down the garden walk, taking all the sunshine with him. The gate clicked, the dog whined.

"Hello, Rover! What's the matter?" asked the old man as he started from his reverie, and placed a kindly hand on the head of the old dog.

Beside the flickering firelight sat an old lady, her fingers busily knit-

ting, a big black cat lay curled on the rug at her feet, purring contentedly as it winked at the glowing coals. There was a trusting look on the peaceful face of the old lady as she looked up from the open Bible which lay on a table at her side, and said:

"Cheer up, dear heart; the blessed book says: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' We've done our best and trusted in God always; He'll not desert us now."

"I wish I had your simple faith, dear wife, but really, I can't see as you see. If I'd only not gone Bensen's surety, then all would be well."

"You did what was right as far as you could see. Bensen's not to blame that his barns were struck by lightning; that his crops failed and his wife took sick. Misfortune seems to have followed him; still, there's an over-ruling hand in all things. I feel the Lord will not suffer us to be turned out of the home we've worked so hard to get."

"Turned out in our old age—on our golden wedding day—in the darkness and storm."

"No, no, man, not turned out," said she, as she came closer and laid a kindly hand on his head and strove to smooth the wrinkles from his brow.

"No, not yet, but will be to-morrow. Where's the money to come from I'd like to know, if our home isn't sold."

"I don't know; but neither did Moses know where the water would come from when he smote the rock."

"I wish I had your simple faith," he said again, as he imprisoned one of her hands and pressed it to his lips.

The fire burned brightly, and the old man watched his wife, as she busied herself about the room. Soon the frugal evening meal was prepared, and they were about to partake of it when there was a knock at the door. Upon the threshold stood a man, tall and bronzed.

The snow lay thick upon his head and shoulders, his eyebrows and flowing beard.

"I have lost my way; am I on the main road to Comber?"

"Yes," said the old man; "but come in out of the storm. It will be too late to do any business to-night, so have a bite and rest yourself. See, mother's put an extra plate for you!"

Nothing loth, the stranger accepted the invitation so heartily given, and during the evening entertained his hosts with many strange tales of far-off lands. He noticed the cloud on the old man's face, the troubled look which would sometimes flit across the face of the wife and wondered at it.

"Stranger," said the old man, "do not think us lacking in hospitality, because we do not enter with more life into your truly interesting stories, but we have a great sorrow resting on our hearts. A calamity is about to overtake us. In a desire to help a neighbor I went his surety; misfortune dogged his footsteps—he could not pay, and now I must. To-morrow, on our golden wedding day, our home is to be wrested from us, and in our old age we must start life anew."

"Have you no children to help you?" asked the stranger.

"None. We had a bright, handsome lad, all that was left of a family of six. He was not content in this little corner of the world, and left it to make his mark. For some time letters came, then ceased. It is years since we heard from him; I've long given him up as dead, but mother prays for him every night and morning."

"You do not believe him dead, then," said the stranger, as he turned to the old lady.

"I do not know; this I do know—if he is still alive, as I sometimes think, a mother's prayers may protect him from harm. But come, stranger, you must be tired, and I

will show you to your bed. This," said she, "is the room my boy used," and she opened the door of a large bedroom on one side of the kitchen and adjoining the one in which the old couple slept.

Presently he heard the voice of the old man in family prayer; then later the sweet, kindly voice of the mother as she prayed God to give them faith in His promises, and to bless their boy wherever he was that night.

Through the partly closed door he watched the flickering firelight as it lit up the shadowy corners of the room or dissolved into darkness. Without, the storm howled; the snow beat against the window; the branches rattled and tossed in wild confusion. Soon sleep, calm and peaceful, folded her robes about the old couple.

When they awoke the sun was shining brightly, the birds were carolling; all nature seemed rejoicing. The old couple arose, and while she prepared the morning meal, he went forth to take a last look at some familiar objects.

"Come, father," she said present-

ly, "breakfast is ready, and do you know we slept so late that the stranger is up and gone. Do you know, father, there were times last night when he made me think of our Jamie—the way he leaned back in his chair, the passing of his hand across his forehead, as Jamie used, when in thought. Look, there he is now," and she leaned against her husband for support as a wild thought flashed through her brain. The stranger walked briskly toward them with a gait which seemed so like her boy's, and he whistled Jamie's favorite tune of Annie Laurie. He stepped behind a tree, and when he approached them the beard was gone, a smile was upon the bronzed face, and a happy light in the bright blue eyes.

"You know me, little mother," he said as he clasped his arms around her. "Look, father," and he laid a paper in the old man's hand, "the surety is paid. I am rich in this world's goods, and have come back on this your golden wedding day, never to leave you nor the old home again."

The Legend of Lake Jonive

By Harry Willard Pierce

LONG before the advent of the conventional white man, treading iron-shod and heavy over the beautiful valleys and rolling hills of California, that incomparable garden spot of the Golden Shore, while yet the deer and the elk, the shaggy and uncouth grizzly, the gaunt, hungry-looking cinnamon and black bear, unmolested, roamed at will; while yet the industrious beaver, the otter and kindred kind and the cougar reigned supreme in

the forests, a story of love and misfortune was told that still echoes and repeats from the mountain sides and is caught by the ear of the magician, whose visits, now separated by long and uncertain intervals, must soon cease; while the white man, aggressive and relentless, usurps his beautiful virgin lands.

White Squirrel was a southern Indian, tall, young and handsome. He led and excelled in all the hunts and games, was a general favorite

of the tribe and many a dark pair of dusky maiden's eyes fell at his approach or with shy, wistful glances followed his retreating form from view. Yet none succeeded in tuning the chords of love in harmony with his, and many a smothered sigh was borne away on the cool night winds. But with Undeda, the fairest of all the maidens of the south, he often tarried, often walked through the woods or meadows at evening, and the people all said: "Lucky is the maiden—lucky is the man." But White Squirrel was restless, and at times ill-humored and fretful. There was a feeling in his breast, burdensome and oppressive, a longing for something, he knew not what, a distant voice seemed to be calling to him, a distant hand to beckon him to come, but whither and why? At times he wandered forth through distant mountains or valleys, meeting with and talking with the deer or the antelope, the beaver, the rabbit or the squirrel, the birds of the air or the fishes of the stream, asking of each: "Have you called to me or beckoned me to come?" And always the same answer: "No, White Squirrel, it is the heart will not let thee rest. A maiden calls and beckons thee to come."

But though Undeda, fair and lovely as she was, strove with studied grace and charm to lure his heart within her net, the burden in his breast grew more and more oppressive, the distant voice grew louder, the beckoning hand more plain to view, and rising from her side he rushes forth to the seclusion of the forest, calls to the great owl, the sage of the woods, and implores him: "Oh, Peechee, wise one, tell me what it is that so disturbs my breast and will not let me rest. Whose voice is it calls and whose hand is it beckons me to come?" And the great owl, Peechee, the wise one, said: "It is the heart will not let thee rest. A maiden calls and beckons thee to come. White Squir-

rel, go to thy lodge and rest, and at night a voice will speak to thee, and thou must do as it shall say."

And while White Squirrel lay at night in his lodge, a voice spoke to him, saying: "White Squirrel, arise, and if thou seest a star fall go to where it has fallen and thou shalt find the voice that calls thee and the hand that beckons thee to come. It is the maiden thy heart longs for. Thou wilt woo and win her, and the burden in thy breast will be sweet to bear."

And as he stood watching the bright, starry sky, a large and brilliant star left its place in the heavens and descended to the earth in the northwest. At the same time the voice seemed to call louder than before, the hand to beckon more surely. White Squirrel would have flown on his way immediately, but that the way might be long, and he must first bid adieu to Mawana, his aged mother.

At sunrise in the morning, White Squirrel, after telling Mawana all that the voice in the night and Peechee, the great owl, had told him, started on the trail to the far northwest, where the star had fallen.

But early as he was, one had gone before him. Undeda, lying awake at night, had heard the voice that spoke to White Squirrel, and had seen the star fall—ah, and had felt it, for it passed straight through her heart, tearing and burning as it went, setting her heart on fire with its lurid flames, overwhelming and crushing it under a load of despair. And as she lay awake and restless, a voice spoke to her—an evil voice—saying: "Undeda, arise quickly and hurry on the trail to where the star has fallen, and when you shall have come to a beautiful lake, make your lodge and habitation on its bank; its waters will reflect and magnify your beauty, its tall willows and rushes add their graces to your form and being, your voice will be more musical than the birds of spring,

and when White Squirrel shall come greet him with your smiles and graces. If he ask for the fallen star tell him it was here, and as the voice has said he must woo and win you, then win your happiness be assured."

And in the agony of her burning heart she sped on her way, following the trail to the fallen star, resting neither at night or day. On she flew like the wind, over valleys and mountains, rivers and rushes, neither eating nor sleeping, and as she went her form began to diminish and finally vanished, but her spirit kept on, flying invisible and alone until finally when it stopped on the banks of the beautiful lake, as told by the voice, her spirit had entered a new body even more lovely, more youthful and graceful than the one it had left. And Undeda, looking in the clear waters of the lake, was enraptured at the change she saw, and in a burst of exultation pealed forth a merry laugh, saying: "Ah, White Squirrel will love me now, will woo and win Undeda, and the burden in his breast will be sweet to bear." And she began to gather the tules and willows to weave in mattings with which to make her lodge.

The black-birds in the rushes ceased their noisy chatter to list to her sweet, musical voice; the larks of the meadows vainly tried to imitate the soft, seductive notes as they rose and fell in gentle waves and ripples and scattered profusely over woodland, lake and meadow. And 'twas thus White Squirrel saw her when he came, following the trail to the fallen star.

On nearing the lake, and entering the woods he was surprised to hear the sweet voice of a maiden singing a song of love. He paused, not knowing which way to look for the singer, as the rich, voluptuous voice seemed to so fill the air that the point of its origin could not be located. A little farther on, and parting the rushes, he beheld a scene

that thrilled him and almost stopped the beating of his fluttering heart. There, sitting on the green bank, her bare feet patting and gently stroking the clear blue waters of the lake, arms and shoulders bare, and in graceful motion to the song she sang, sat an Indian maiden fair and lovely beyond description, eyes that shone and twinkled like twin stars, the rich, fresh blush of the early morn on her cheeks. The black-birds in the rushes had been robbed of their rich coal black to paint her long, glossy hair; the willows and rushes had given up their graces to make her's a form and figure more fair and graceful than any had ever been in pleasant dream. What man's heart would not flutter at such a sight? And if a man's heart was longing for just such a thing, as was White Squirrel's, what must his feelings be? Had he at last reached the hand that beckoned him? Was that the voice that had called to him? Was it here the star had fallen?

As her song ceased, he stepped forth in full view of the maiden. On hearing the noise of the parting rushes she looked around, and seeing White Squirrel, arose with her most bewitching smile and manner and came toward him, saying: "Ah, White Squirrel, you have come at last. I have waited long for you. Long have I called and beckoned you to come. See, I have a lodge prepared and have waited for you."

But White Squirrel neither moved nor answered her. At the instant, he would have gone forward to meet her; the voice that had spoken to him in the night spoke to him now: "No, White Squirrel, do not stop here. It was not here the star fell." As he still hesitated, Undeda came and took him by the hands and led him to the door of her lodge, saying: "White Squirrel, a voice has told me that you were coming to seek me, and I have prepared. Did not the same voice tell you to go to

where the star should fall and you would find the voice that calls and the hand that beckons you? White Squirrel, it was here in these deep waters the star has fallen. Do you not speak to me now that you have come? I have waited long for you."

"Beautiful maiden," said White Squirrel, "long has a voice been calling me to come; long has my heart been restless and burdensome. Yes, the voice spoke to me at night telling me to go to where the star should fall and I should find the voice that calls and the hand that beckons. I heard your sweet voice singing, and when I saw you sitting on the bank, I thought and hoped my journey was done. My heart was going out to you, but as you arose to meet me, the voice again said: 'No, White Squirrel, do not stop here; it was not here the star fell, and at the same time the voice called to me and the hand beckoned to me to come yet farther.'"

"Ah, White Squirrel, it is not so," said the maiden, her face showing great disappointment and agony; "did I not know it was you when I saw you in the rushes? Did I not call you by your name, White squirrel? Did I not know you were coming and have prepared for you now? Ah, White Squirrel, it is the same voice that told me you would come. Here in the deep waters of the lake the star has fallen. Then why will you not tarry with me?"

White Squirrel was indeed perplexed. Why had the voice told him just now not to stop here? Surely the maiden knew of his coming and even knew his secrets, and had prepared for him; then it must have been the same voice told her. But what should he do? The voice had told him not to stop here, and Peechee, the wise one, had told him to do as the voice should say. But after all, why should he do as the voice had said. Was it not to still his restless heart that he was going to find the maiden where the star had

fallen? Could that maiden or any other be more beautiful than the one before him? No. Her only rival was the reflection in the still, clear waters at her feet. Already his heart was going out to her. He felt that he was being drawn to her in spite of the voice that called and the hand that beckoned him on. But in the evening, as they sat on the bank, hand in hand, a sudden change came over White Squirrel. The voice that had spoken to him in the night spoke now, again warning him not to tarry longer, and in the woods Peechee, the great owl, called to him: "White Squirrel, do as the voice has said if you would still your troubled heart. For each heart that is made there is another, and only one for its mate. Until you have found the heart that was made for yours, you will know no peace. Arise, then, and go on your way."

And, as Peechee concluded, the same star that had fallen before descended again to the earth in the northwest, leaving a fiery trail that lit up the earth as bright as day. The girl, now terrified, threw herself at White Squirrel's feet, beseeching imploring and threatening. Beautiful in her agony and tears, beautiful in her anger and despair. But White Squirrel, as though in desperation, freed himself from her clutches, and plunging in the lake quickly swam to the other shore, and soon vanished—following again the trail to the northwest.

But long after he left, the girl continued to rave and weep till finally, in her great despair, she rushed to the water's edge, and crying in a voice loud and shrill in the still night: "Ah, White Squirrel, go to the maiden who waits for thee at the fallen star. Woo and win the fair maiden, but the burden in your breast will be more than you can bear. Ah, ha ha, White Squirrel, you shall yet come to live with Undeda." A splashing of the water, a few faint screams, and a struggling,

gasping form sank from view. The waters closed over, the circling waves expanded and vanished in the dark shadows of the opposite shore, the screech of a startled owl died away in the night, and all was quiet and peaceful again.

White Squirrel kept on his way till he came to where the star had fallen and there he saw the lovely maiden Ometa, daughter of the chief of a large tribe. Ometa had many lovers, and although the chief, her father, would give her hand to one of them, she steadfastly refused to give her heart. White Squirrel knew when he saw her that his search was over. His heart told him so. It was the voice that had called and the hand that had beckoned him to come. Ometa knew when she saw White Squirrel that the heart she had guarded had been taken from her and that where the heart had gone should also go the hand. But true love and ambitious parents seldom agree, and the lovers were denied the joys and sweets that should have been theirs.

As the sun was setting behind the low-lying hills, two persons, a young man and a maiden hurried down the eastern slope towards the lake that lies at their feet. Often they looked back, and their haste and anxiety gave evidence they were, or feared they were, being pursued. At the water's edge they paused not a moment, but jumped in and swam to the opposite side. On nearing the bank bordered with tulés and shrubs the man entered the rushes first to break the way for the maiden. But

e'er the maiden reached the bank a monster of indistinguishable form arose at her side, and stretched forth a mighty pair of arms. With a wild, piercing cry, she called: "White Squirrel, wait for me! wait for me!" But when White Squirrel came back the maiden had disappeared, and though he called and watched all night she answered not a call.

The years went by and the white man came. The timbers were cut and the lands were tilled that bordered on the lake. Year by year an old Indian was seen to come for a season and sit by its placid waters, bending more and more as each succeeding year added its weight to his already heavy load. A plowman making his last round for the day, saw the old Indian sitting there, and when he had passed was startled by a wild, despairing cry: "Ometa, wait for me, wait for me." When the plowman returned, all that he saw was the heavy staff the old man had used, slowly drifting away on the waves caused by the sudden commotion in the waters.

Even in recent years a monster of undistinguishable size and form is occasionally seen by boatmen on the lake at twilight, and the magician tells us it is the spirit of Undeda, who prayed to the evil voice to give her power for revenge and was changed to a monster and dwells in the depths of the apparently bottomless lake.

(Note.—"Jonive" is pronounced Ho-ne-va. Commonly known as the Laguna, near Sebastopol, California.)



Panorama of Bogota.

The Republic of Colombia

By Mary A. Davis

THE Cordilleras of the Andes, in Colombia, are in three distinct chains, which form in their turn three great river basins. In the most important of these basins, the central and the eastern, communication with other countries is facilitated by the Magdalena, the principal river of the central basin, and by the Meta, a branch of the Orinoco, and the Napo, and several other large branches of the Amazon, forming the principal rivers of the eastern basin.

These rivers, especially the Magdalena, form the only good means of transportation for the country, as the people have built very few wagon roads, and have succeeded in making only short parts of railroads connecting the rivers with the cities in the interior. There have been numerous abortive attempts to build railroads, and many pieces of machinery lying along the banks of the Magdalena—silent testimonials of

the desires of the people to advance with other nations—show their inability to cope with the problems that confront them.

Before the occupation of the Spaniards, the Indians built good roads, and in many parts of the country a bridge to span a stream or a little widening of the road is all that would be necessary to make a fine wagon road, and yet they never seem to realize the disadvantages under which they labor, and continue to carry their freight on men's or mule's backs, talking about the time when they hope to have railroads, without any apparent desire to facilitate transportation by building wagon roads.

In the Magdalena Valley there are leagues of comparatively level country, with roads already suitable for carriages, but no bridges over the numerous streams and rivers. There are certain shallow places in every river, considered more or less

safe for fording, where a man usually lives on the bank and obtains a precarious livelihood in guiding animals loaded with passengers or freight around the deep holes and quicksands to the other side. If there have been rains and the river is swollen, the rider drops the lines on the intelligent animal's back, draws up the feet, clutches the pommel of the saddle with both hands, shuts his eyes to keep from getting dizzy, implores the Lord's protection, and is safely guided to the opposite bank. If the rains have been unusually long or severe, and the river found to be too deep and rapid for safe passage, the traveler simply sits or squats down in the little thatch-covered house of the "pasero," and waits for the water to subside. Time is not of much consequence in this country, and the American who goes there to transact business either gets nervous

prostration or is cured from the hurrying habit forever after.

There is a fine steel suspension bridge, built by an American firm for the government, across the Magdalena at Gisardot, on the road leading to Bogota, the capital of the country. A few stone bridges of early aboriginal workmanship are scattered about the country, very picturesque and substantial, and the road that leads up the steep mountains to Bogota is paved in a most enduring manner, and in various other parts of the country there are evidences of the skill of the aborigines in road and bridge building, before the Spanish occupation.

They had also attained a remarkable degree of enlightenment in numerous directions. They had a knowledge of either making gold malleable or soluble, which is lost to their descendants and to us.

Ornaments found in their graves



Wayside inn on road to Bogota.

show the marks of the rings in the skin of the fingers of the person who made them. They made an excellent pottery, and had domesticated the Alpaca, and from its wool they spun a fine cloth. They were a happy, prosperous and peaceful people until the Spaniards appeared upon the scene in the early part of the sixteenth century. Spain has many barbarities to account for in her history, but nothing worse than the cruelty she displayed to these gentle, inoffensive people, Spanish atrocity making the country produce riches for the whites and slavery for the Indians.

The Republic of Colombia was originally called New Granada, for Granada in Spain, and was conquered by three different parties of adventurers who were sent out by Charles V of Germany and King of Spain. The first of these parties went from

the south, the second from the east, and the third from the north. Pizarro and his three brothers were then on the Pacific coast of the South American continent, busily engaged in conquering the people and robbing them of their gold. Hearing of a fabulously rich country in the interior, he fitted out an expedition under one of his lieutenants named Benalcazar. The Spaniards named this imaginary country El Dorado, from the peculiar costume supposed to be worn by the ruler in his desire to have a more expensive and gorgeous appearance than any other king in the world.

His body was supposed to have been anointed every morning with a certain fragrant gum of great price and gold dust blown upon him through a tube until he was covered with it, and glittered like the sun whom they worshiped. As the sun



Crude method of sugar making.



Bogota and Guadalupe Mountains. A church on the top of each of the three peaks.

set at night in darkness, this was all washed off and his dark skin left until morning, when a fresh coat was put on. Hence the name, El Dorado, the Gilded One.

Benalcazar set out from Quito, as Ecuador was then called, in search of the famous El Dorado, with one hundred and fifty of his own countrymen, well mounted and clad in armor. They were accompanied by a large band of Indians, whom they had converted and induced to join them in their conquest of the new land. They were two years on their quest before reaching the stronghold of the Chibchas, on the plain of Bogotá, conquering numerous villages and securing much treasure on the way. The horses of the Spaniards and their riders, whom they considered as one, being sent by the gods, and their peculiar arms filled the people with terror, and although vastly exceeding them in numbers, they made little resistance.

The party from the north were

under the leadership of Quesada, and were sent out by the governor of Santa Marta. They were eight hundred strong, and going up the Magdalena for a long distance, began to explore the country. They made friends with the Indians and visited the chief in his palace at Tunja. Quesada claimed that while resting, the Spaniards were treacherously attacked. However this may be, the chief was taken, and after much slaughter, Quesada gained possession of immense riches, one golden lantern alone being worth six thousand ducats. This treasure was sent back to Santa Marta by some of the men, and Quesada proceeded against the sacred city of Iraca. Upon his arrival, two of the soldiers accidentally set fire to the great temple of the Sun. The conflagration spread to the whole city, and an immense amount of treasure was destroyed.

He next proceeded against Bogotá, called by the Indians Thibsa-

quilla, and was so busily occupied in conquering the people and robbing them of their wealth that he neglected to capture the magnificent temple which stood on the shore of the lake. When the high priest saw that this, too, must fall into the hands of the Spaniards he set fire to its exterior, immuring himself in its walls, and perished in the flames, destroying, besides, incalculable treasure, the traditions of a people and the history of a nation.

Quesada had scarcely completed his conquest when Benalcazar, who had been overrunning the country from the south, appeared upon the scene, and the next day Fredeman arrived from the east with one hundred and sixty men. Jealousy united these two leaders in an attempt to overthrow Quesada and obtain the wealth he had accumulated, but he had a stronger force of men and succeeded in controlling the army until the others, by intrigue and falsehood, gained the ear of the Emperor, when he was banished and remained in exile several years. Later on he regained the favor of the Emperor, and returned to New Granada in 1551 with the title of Marshal of the Kingdom of New Granada. He made Bogota the capital, drove out marauders from Venezuela and Ecudor, and exhibited as great a degree of energy and ability in protecting the people of the country against all invaders as he had shown in effecting their conquest.

He expended much time and money in continuing the search of the El Dorado, and died a victim of leprosy, after a rule of twenty years.

Among the numerous voyagers who came to the new land was Las Casas, a priest who sailed with Columbus on his third voyage. He accompanied Fredeman in his expedition across from Venezuela and used all his power in the church to ameliorate the desperate slavery of the Indians, and prevent them from be-

ing exterminated. It is peculiar that in his efforts in their behalf, he who was called the "Protector of the Indian," should have brought slavery upon the African, and should have been instrumental in bringing the African slave trade to the American continent. Las Casas returned to Spain and interceded with the king for the Indians. He convinced his Majesty that the Indians were docile in accepting the religion of the Catholic Church, and induced the king, through the queen, to ameliorate their condition. He then returned to New Granada and persuaded the Spaniards to give up their Indian slaves if Africans were given them in their place. The change was made, and the Indians were forever freed from bondage. The negroes do not seem to have been mistreated in their servitude, and in 1821 they, too, were liberated, and have improved physically and mentally, until they are among the best citizens of the republic.

Their method of freeing the negroes forms a marked contrast to the long and bloody struggle of the United States, which resulted in the emancipation of the slaves. A certain portion of the revenues of the country were set aside for this purpose, and as fast as children became of age they were purchased from their masters by the government and set at liberty.

The beginning of the nineteenth century found the people of New Granada, Venezuela and Ecudor free after a long struggle from the Spanish yoke. They united themselves into a confederacy, thus forming the first Republic of Colombia, and elected General Bolivar for their President. He was a brave and capable soldier, but like a good many other generals, was not so successful a politician, and differences arose between the three States, which led at his death, in 1830, to the separation of the three into distinct republics.

General Santander, an officer who fought under Bolivar in their struggle for independence, was elected president of New Granada, but served only four years, proving unpopular because he insisted upon paying the war debt incurred in the previous revolution. Santander was succeeded by Morquera, whose administration was a notable one, and contributed much to the advancement of the people in constitutional government.

It granted the franchise for the construction of the Panama railroad, which brought about a complete revolution in the tariff with the nations bordering on the Pacific, and it paid off a large portion of the national debt. After Morquera went out of office, New Granada slipped back into the condition of perpetual disturbance and revolution, until 1863, when the government was re-organized and the country was constituted a federal republic under the name of the United States of Colombia. It provided for a complete separation of Church and State, freedom of religious opinion and worship, the suppression of convents, and the confiscation of church property over and above buildings in actual use for public worship. The Jesuit priests were all driven from the country, convents were confiscated and the nuns taken to seaport towns, put upon vessels and sent to Europe, and all who dared to remonstrate or intercede in their favor were treated with the utmost rigor.

Then followed a long struggle between the Church or Conservative party and the Liberals, lasting over twenty years, with the Liberals continually in control of the government.

In 1879 the Liberals elected Dr. Rafael Nunez president. He was a brilliant and scholarly man, who had served the country well in several foreign courts, and as governor of one of the States. He made an efficient president during the first four

years, but upon his re-election in 1884 he changed his politics and allied himself to the Conservative party. This defection was violently resented by the Liberals, and as their rights were curtailed, the States endeavored to secede, and war was declared. President Nunez seized the government with an iron hand, practically making himself dictator by announcing the suspension of the constitution. He called together a council of delegates from the different States and re-organized the constitution. The federal system was in part abolished, the government centralized, the States reduced to departments, and ruled by governors appointed by the national executive, and the power of the States to make war between themselves or manage internal revolt without interference from the general government, was entirely withdrawn.

He conquered the Liberals after a two years' struggle, and placed the country again on a peace footing, when, to the great surprise of both friends and enemies, he resigned the presidency to the vice-president, and retired to his home in the country to escape assassination, with which he was threatened, and no doubt merited, from the hands of the bankrupt and incensed people. There was no formal abdication of authority, no resignation of his office, not even an official announcement, but merely a private message to the head of his cabinet saying that he had abandoned the government, and it must get along as well as possible without him.

A time of great rejoicing followed, the vice-president, General Payan, was made president, freedom was given to the press, all Liberals who had been in exile or hiding returned to their homes, and all prisoners were released. This state of affairs did not last long. The Conservatives were dissatisfied with the extreme liberal views of the new president,



Unfinished capital and square, Bogota.

and prevailed upon President Nunez to return, as he had never formally relinquished his authority.

As soon as he returned he reversed the decree giving liberty to the press and even removed General Payan from his office of vice-president, placed him in prison, and finally removed him under guard to a distant and inaccessible prison in a town of the interior. Several of the leaders who resisted arrest were killed, and the rest were imprisoned or banished. He controlled the army, and his enemies were powerless to resist his re-election when his term expired. For the third time he was elected president, and this time with a congress unanimously Conservative.

He took upon himself all the autocratic powers of a czar, and not only tyrannized over his own subjects, but interfered with the treaty obligations the government had with several foreign nations. He cancelled several concessions which had been granted to foreigners, and so embroiled the government in difficulties with citizens of other coun-

tries that he caused his own downfall.

There was a meeting of the diplomatic corps of the various countries and a committee was appointed to wait upon him, with a warning that such a violation of treaty obligations would not be tolerated. This alarmed the Congress and leaders of the Conservatives, and the chief men of the church, who saw that their president was about to plunge their country into complications with foreign powers, which would end in calamity.

He was accordingly induced to resign and retire to his home. Some time afterward he died suddenly, and was supposed to have been poisoned by one of his numerous enemies.

The vice-president was elected in his place, and the Conservative party still controls the government, with what sagacity is shown by their refusal to allow the United States to build the Panama Canal, and their consequent loss of the most valuable part of their territory.

REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

Part II.

Methods of carrying on war in Colombia are unique. Bogota is the capital of the country, and also the capital of the State of Cundinamarca, each with its own government building in opposite parts of the city. In the war which began in 1885 the governor of the State was a Liberal, and as the States began to secede, President Nunez seized the State house and arsenal, and declared the city under martial law. This city, having an elevation of nine thousand feet, a fine climate, the best schools in the republic, is the home of many wealthy Colombians, although their property may be in other parts of the country. President Nunez immediately caused all the wealthy Liberals to be taxed sums ranging from ten to forty thousand dollars to pay the expense of the war. Many paid the first tax on assurances that they would not be taxed again, but in a short time a second tax was demanded, and those

who could not pay or would not bankrupt themselves to do so, either hid themselves or were thrown into prison, and were starved and maltreated until they, or their friends, raised the amount of the tax.

In many cases those who hid themselves had large families, whom they were obliged to leave in the home, and upon these the persecution fell. In all large houses there is only one entrance, and that through a paved court into a patio in the center of the building. Immediately upon publishing the decree for the second tax, soldiers were sent to the houses of the different Liberals. If a man agreed to pay, he was given a little time, but closely watched. If they could not find him, the house was searched, and a guard placed at the entrance, and no one was allowed to pass in or out. Very few of the homes have water piped into them, but depend upon the fountains in the square for their supply, and the thought that his family were dying of thirst or hunger usually urged the unhappy husband



Cemetery vaults. The custom is for friends visiting graves to leave their cards.

and father to use every effort to raise the required sum. In some cases the whole family escaped, when the house was turned into a barracks for soldiers, pictures and furniture were destroyed, the walls defaced, the house ruined, and all available property confiscated.

In one case a widow, who was known to be in sympathy with the Liberals, had an only daughter, a beautiful girl, whom they seized and put into prison, threatening the mother if the money was not forthcoming at a certain time that the girl would be given over to the soldiers. Another widow had a little son, whom they seized and abused until she, too, was obliged to pay her tax.

In this manner they not only obtained money to carry on the war, but prevented Liberal sympathizers from assisting their own party.

The floors in the better class of homes are of brick, and the brooms used in sweeping them are very poor and wear out in one sweeping, being made of long, dry grass bound in a bunch on the end of a stick. They are very cheap, and usually bought by the dozen, so brooms are very plentiful in every household. Servants are numerous and wages cheap, each child in a family having its own nurse, and every household has a retinue quite devoted to the master's interest.

A prominent lawyer of Bogota, a very brilliant man, was an able assistant of the Liberals in their cause. He was a peculiar looking man, very homely of visage, and because of his fancied resemblance to a toad was called "Sapo" by his friends and neighbors until he became generally known by this nickname. His wife was as beautiful as he was ugly, and a very charming woman. They had eleven children and a very happy household. When the war came, he was taxed a sum which it almost beggared him to raise, but he paid it and received a

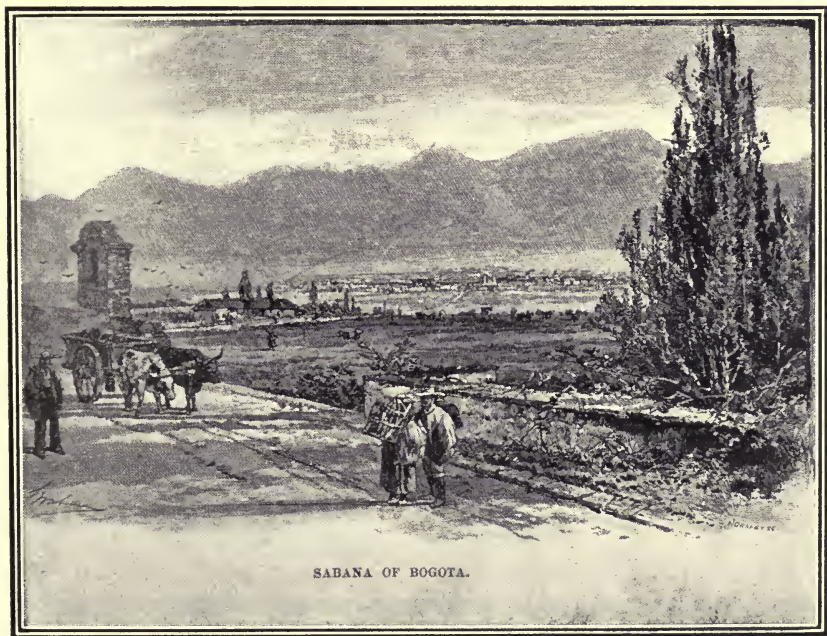
written assurance that he would not be again assessed. One morning while the family were at breakfast, they heard the tramp of soldiers and an order to halt at the door. They rose in consternation, and the wife urged her husband to flee, telling him they would not suffer, as they had water piped into the house, and she had provided a supply of food to last some time, until perhaps the revolutionists would be able to take the city. The General in command of the Conservative troops was well known to them, and had been an intimate friend in times of peace. Before the husband could effect his escape this General walked in and a number of soldiers stationed themselves at the door of the room, while the frightened servants gathered around, one with a broom in her hand. The General shook hands with the whole family, including the baby, a little tot of a year old, and asked after their well-being with effusive politeness. He then proceeded to say that he had come with great regret to disturb their happiness, but could get no further with his speech, for the wife seized the broom from the servant, shook it in his face, calling out: "If you take the sapo, you must take the sapa" (female toad), and the children took up the chorus, each furnished with a broom as if by magic, and screamed: "If you take the sapo you must take the sapitos" (little toads), and the servants each shook a broom in the faces of the soldiers and danced about, yelling: "If you take the sapo, you must take the servants of the sapo." While the bewildered General was trying to regain his wits from this sudden attack, his prisoner disappeared, probably by some secret passage, and he was obliged to leave without him, but left a guard, making all in the house prisoners.

A short time afterward the baby was taken very sick, and the distracted mother sent for the General, and begged him to allow their family

physician to come to them. He refused, and she besought to allow them to send for medicine, and he again refused. She managed to get word to her husband in his hiding place and he gave himself up and the guard was taken from the house, but it was too late—the baby was dead.

The commanding General of the revolutionists was taken prisoner and brought to Bogota. He managed to escape, and left a note saying: "I will return at the head of my army and assist you in celebrating, upon

policed by soldiers, many of them mere boys so ignorant and inexperienced that it was dangerous to go upon the street at night. Every corner had a guard, and no Colombian was allowed on the streets without the pass-word, which was changed each night. Foreigners were not molested if, when challenged, they answered "extranjero" (foreigner.) If the answer was not immediate, the guard was liable to shoot, and there were a good many narrow escapes and some casualties in consequence.



SABANA OF BOGOTA.

the approaching anniversary of the independence of Colombia." A vigorous search was made, but he escaped by hanging from a bar suspended outside the house between two windows, while the soldiers searched the room, and another time by crouching behind a chimney on the roof. The city was so carefully guarded that he did not reach his army, but was forced to remain in hiding until the war was over.

The whole city was guarded and

A little boy was visiting his father, an officer at a camp just outside the city. In the evening, the father being called away from the tent, the child became restless and wandered out. A soldier challenged him, and the alarmed boy, without answering, tried to run back, but he was shot and killed. The soldiers themselves were only children, the greater part of the army were boys from twelve to eighteen years of age, who were caught wherever found and taken to

the nearest barracks. If unruly or inclined to rebel, they were starved into submission. After a few days they were given a uniform (their first entire suit of clothes), drilled with men and taught to handle a gun, and soon made brave soldiers.

It is not strange that they made mistakes, and the soldier who shot the officer's son was not much older than the child who was killed.

The climate of the Magdalena Valley, where most of the fighting was done, is hot and very malarious, almost fatal to those raised in the high altitudes of the interior country.

The mothers of these boys, realizing that their sons, if sent down the river, would hardly escape the fever if they did the bullets of the enemy, congregated around the barracks if they heard that a regiment was to be moved to the front. When they started on the long march a line of women followed on either side of the street, crying and wringing their hands, while the little fellows, who looked scarcely able to carry their guns, marched sturdily on, without looking to either side.

These boys knew very little about why they were fighting, and when captured in battle they were starved a couple of days, then given a full meal, and artfully persuaded of the justice of the cause of their captors, until they were ready to fight just as valiantly for their conquerors. During the war a whole regiment was captured by strategy by the Conservative army. They were led to understand that by going to Bogota, they were helping the Liberal cause, and were needed to protect the city. Upon their arrival, after being feasted and crowned with laurel, they were escorted by bands of music and marched through the streets amid an ostentatious display of bunting and other decorations, happy in the thought that they were heroes in the cause of liberty, and all unconscious that they were forging tighter their country's chains.

When officers were caught they were treated with great rigor and cruelty, and were usually taken to some out-of-the-way place for safe-keeping. It is said that they were sometimes shot without trial, or were so abused on the journey that they fell by the way, and when no longer able to walk were bayoneted. It is also said that when they had a number of prisoners, they were placed in the front of the battle line as a protection against the bullets of the enemy. This served a double purpose, as it prevented their foes from firing upon their own friends.

A great many Liberals were in hiding in and around the city of Bogota, and homes suspected of harboring them were searched almost daily.

Foreigners were treated with more or less respect, according to the supposed strength of this country and the popularity and firmness of the resident minister. German subjects had numerous difficulties. Their houses were often searched, and they seemed to have little redress for the indignities forced upon them. This was partly due to the fact that they mixed themselves more or less in the politics of the Colombians, and partly because of the weak and vacillating policy of their minister.

The British minister was out of favor with the executive of the government for trying to protect the sons of British subjects from a special war tax, claiming that as their fathers had never given up their allegiance to the crown and their mothers were English, therefore the sons were also British subjects.

The Colombian court compelled these men to pay the tax, deciding that as they were born in Colombia, had always lived there, and were carrying on business under the laws and protection of the country, they should therefore help to pay the expense of the war just as other Colombians did. Fortunately there

were no Americans in the country in this predicament, for the American minister considered this ruling of the Colombian court a just one, and would not have accorded the rights of American citizenship to such a person. The American minister at this time was Mr. William R. Scruggs, a Southern gentleman who had an excellent knowledge of the Latin races and their languages, and a dignity in conducting the affairs of this country which made a deep impression upon the Colombians of the importance of the United States as a nation.

The few Americans then in Colombia sympathized with the Liberal party and their struggles for freedom, but were warned by the minister to take no part whatever in the politics of the country, and especially not to aid in hiding the Liberals or protecting their property.

The writer of this article was the wife of an American mining engineer, whose company had large properties in the State of Tolima. On account of sickness in the family and the unsettled state of the country which prevented him from carrying on work at the mines, he moved to Bogota, and leased one of the best houses in the city from its Colombian owner. This Colombian was a shrewd lawyer, who, foreseeing trouble, leased all his property to foreigners, and sent his family to Conservative relatives in the country.

He was a radical anti-church man, and had obtained the greater part of his real estate by securing a portion of the church property, which was taken by the government when they drove the priests and nuns out of the country twenty years previous, and confiscated their convents and monasteries. He was one of the first of the Liberals to be taxed, and paid \$15,000 on their promise not to tax again, but he kept himself in readiness, and when he was ordered

to pay a second tax, this time \$10,000, he disappeared, and was seen no more on the streets of Bogota until the war was over.

President Nunez heard that he was hidden in his own house, and sent some soldiers to search it. An American friend who happened to be passing by saw the soldiers and stepped in to see if he could be of assistance to his countrymen. The mining engineer was out, but the Captain of the guard gave permission allowing the native cook to go in search of him. She was fortunate in finding him promptly, and when they returned they were told that they could enter the house, but could not go out again. The cook wept bitterly and was very much terrified, but so faithful are these Indian servants that although her master offered her money to support her and advised her to go to the country to her friends, the faithful creature insisted upon entering and remaining with the family, and the whole household were made prisoners, together with the gentleman who went in to assist them.

The guard made a careful search of the premises, and although it was certain that the owner was not there the whole party were kept prisoners until the minister convinced the president that it was unwise thus to interfere with the liberty of American subjects, when an officer was sent with profuse apologies for the inconvenience which had been caused them and the guard was removed.

Another American had a train of mules carrying salt from the government mines near Bogota to the cities in the south. And when his cargoes were disposed of, the animals were loaded with chocolate, which was brought to Bogota and sold, thereby making a double profit.

The States in the South were in the hands of the Revolutionists, while the country around Bogota was in possession of the government

party, but we had no fear of molestation, being provided with an American passport and having nothing to do with the affairs of either army.

One day he was stopped by government troops and told that one of his mule drivers had carried a letter of information from a Liberal in Bogota to the commander of the Revolutionists, and although it was not a fact, and they had no proof to substantiate their claim, they threw his cargoes of chocolate down on the roadside and confiscated his mules for the use of the army. He immediately reported to the minister, who promptly demanded redress from the government, and although the American did not succeed in having his mules returned, and the treasury was in such a bankrupt condition that it was not considered wise to endeavor to obtain indemnity in money, he received a deed to a large and valuable piece of government timber land on the head waters of the Amazon.

REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

Part III.

The Republic of Colombia, owing to the inequalities of its surface, presents to the eye magnificent and beautiful panoramas. Here are steep mountains, there deep and extensive valleys, and further on, broad plateaus, and although very near the equator, and directly under a vertical tropical sun, the inhabitants enjoy every variety of temperature. The forests abound in trees suitable for building purposes, for dyeing and cabinet work. Several varieties of India rubber are indigenous, but unfortunately are not cultivated and are in danger of extermination.

Quinine was so much in demand a few years ago that several companies of foreigners were formed, and set out large plantations of these valuable trees, which thrive at

an elevation of about five or six thousand feet.

The country is rich in all sorts of minerals, but the mines are worked in a very crude manner by the natives, and the government affords so little protection to foreigners that men of capital are afraid to invest their money.

Colombia has a population of about 4,000,000, a comparatively small number being of pure Spanish descent; the greater portion are Mestizos, the result of the intermixture of the Spanish and indigenous races. There are some pure negroes, very much improved since their emancipation in 1821, but most of the population have more or less Spanish blood, which is not considered an advantage to them morally, as it is thought the purer the Indian or negro blood the better the people.

The annual revenue is considerably less than the expenses of the government, and is derived chiefly from the customs, working of the national salt mines, stamp duties, and slaughtering of cattle. Tariff is moderate, and does not exceed thirty-five per cent of the value of the imported articles. The system employed is of gross weight, which facilitates trade, but has the disadvantage of being subject to great inequalities. Imports of machinery for mining purposes, agricultural implements, materials for telegraph and railroads, sail vessels and naval supplies, books and paper for printing, and various raw materials, are exempt from duty. Many luxuries are not heavily taxed, but the tax upon necessities is very high. A large army is maintained, with many more officers in proportion than men.

Colombia has a heavy foreign indebtedness, partly incurred in the war of independence from the mother country, and augmented by various sums borrowed since from several European nations. This debt and its constantly accumulating

sum of unpaid interest might have been paid had they accepted the proposition made by the United States for the building of the Panama Canal, but without even the revenues from the Panama railroad, the finances of the country would seem to be in a hopeless condition.

There are very few foreigners in the country, and these are allowed no part whatever in the government, and nearly all the manufactories and the larger number of great enter-

sent to Europe, and the larger and coarser beans to this country.

There are large plantations of chocolate trees, with their queer pods full of beans sticking out anywhere on the branches and trunks of the trees. They use great quantities of these beans at home, besides annually exporting tons to foreign markets.

The vanilla is an orchid which grows wild in many places. The beans of this plant are ground with



Cathedral and square, Bogota.

prises are in the hands of the natives and supported by native capital.

Large quantities of hides are exported and the government demands a tax upon every animal killed. In war times, the tax for killing a single beef is as high as eighteen or twenty dollars.

Very fine coffee is raised on the uplands. This is all sorted by hand, and the small round beans, which have the most delicious flavor, are

the chocolate beans, and impart a fine flavor to the beverage. Its blossomy spikes resemble the tuberose in whiteness, and like that flower, gives out at night an exquisite fragrance, also dropping a honey-like moisture, found on its leaves in the morning. Large pods grow from these flowers resembling bananas, full of rows of beans as large as almonds.

There is a national university at

Bogota, which has four chairs. One of literature and philosophy, one of jurisprudence, one of natural science and one of medicine. Doctors, lawyers and litterateurs abound, while there is a scarcity of architects, engineers, mechanics and all branches of skilled labor. Sources of profitable employment are scarce, being confined to trades, farming, teaching and political positions under the government. There are no large fortunes, probably not ten millionaires in the whole country, a person with ten thousand dollars' worth of property being considered in affluent circumstances.

The people are industrious, and in spite of their numerous wars and burdensome taxation, a certain material well-being is common among all classes of its population.

Caste rules are rigid; a peon cannot rise out of his humble station in life, and apparently has no desire to do so. The clothing of the men of the lower class is simple and manufactured of native cotton and wool, but the men of the upper class are extravagantly fond of dress, and also particular about their appearance, and when in the cities, always appear upon the streets in high silk hats, black clothes and patent leather shoes. When in the country they wear large hats with high crowns, beautifully made of fine grass, and costing from fifteen to twenty dollars apiece, white or gray linen clothes, and frequently wear grass sandals on their feet instead of shoes.

Women of the lower class go barefooted, and wear only colored calico skirts and white waists made with low neck and short sleeves. When they go upon the streets they put large bright-colored handkerchiefs around their necks, and when in church they wear black shawls over the head, throwing one end over the shoulder, enveloping themselves completely in its folds. When they ride horseback they wear large

straw hats, but at other times go without a covering for the head.

Women of the upper class have small feet, and enjoy wearing very high heeled patent leather shoes. They always appear when upon the streets in a black dress and mantilla, and they usually carry a parasol, but do not wear any head covering unless they are riding, when they wear a high straw hat with a gauze veil around it. When riding in the sun they usually envelop themselves in a sheet to keep off the heat, and always carry a large square of rubber cloth, with a slit in the middle, to put on over the head to protect them from the rain. Men also carry these squares of rubber, and loose trousers of the same material, with wide legs made entirely separate and buckled on at the waist with a leather band. Hats are all made impervious to water, and so large that they completely shelter the face and neck from rain as well as sun. All classes are cleanly in their habits, and are especially fond of bathing in the vine-covered pools on the margins of streams and rivers. The rivers are full of alligators, but they are not feared by the natives, who say they are not the man-eating variety.

The climate of the large river valleys is hot and unhealthy for foreigners, but in the mountains and elevated table lands of the interior



Peon peddling wood.

it is delightfully cool, and very uniform in temperature.

The houses are usually only one story high because of the many earthquakes, and have no glass in the windows, simply iron bars to keep out intruders and wooden shutters which may be closed if privacy is desired. The walls are generally of adobe, and the roofs are thatched or made of tile. Every little town has a square in the center with a church facing it, and very early every Sunday morning country people gather there with their produce for sale. Meat is spread out on the hides, fruit and vegetables in wicker baskets, lard in cases like our sausages, poultry and eggs, wheat and corn flour, rice, plantains, coffee and chocolate, coarse home-made cotton and woolen goods, the fine hats which we call Panama hats, grass sandals, excellent cigars and tobacco in the leaf. These, and many other things, are spread out upon the ground in the square, and everybody purchases a supply for the week. By ten o'clock everything is sold or put away, the people go to church and afterward visit with their friends until it is time to return home. The church observes many feast days, and they have life-size waxen images of the Virgin, Christ, the Apostles, John the Baptist and Mary Magdalene, which men carry on platforms in their processions. Sometimes the square in front of the church is transposed into the twelve stations of the Cross, with floral arches and altars decorated with hand-made lace and flowers at each station. The procession headed by the priest in his vestments and accompanied by the village band, goes around the square, holding religious services at each station, and when they have stopped at all twelve, they return to the church and finish the ceremony there. There is also an annual festival in which fruit is used for decorating instead of flowers, and they have so

many varieties unknown to the people of the temperate zone that this celebration is more interesting to foreigners than the flower festivals. It is interesting to note this, because although new in this country, and fancied by some to be original, has been followed by the Colombians for centuries.

The churches are large and usually have chimes more or less tuneful. There are no seats in them, but all kneel upon hard brick floors. Much incense is used, which is made from the gum of a tree native to the country. Besides having a pleasant, pungent odor, this incense is a good disinfectant. Just here is an excellent hint for those who poison the air in churches and assemblies of different kinds, with the heavy odor of flowers.

The adobe houses are cool, with brick floors, and plastered inside except the ceilings in the bed rooms, which are thought to be cooler and to have a better circulation of air if they have no ceilings. Sometimes the beds have canopies over them, to prevent anything from falling from the roof upon the occupant. Many sleep in hammocks, but if beds are used, they are made of hide with the hair side up stretched over frames. Sheets are spread over, but there are no mattresses, and although they are cool, they are hard and are about as comfortable as if one was sleeping on a large drum. Pillows are made of cotton which grows on trees, and costs only the trouble of picking. Feather pillows are not popular because they get damp, and have a peculiar musty odor unless aired each day. The lower class people have only a pillow and grass mat, which they spread down anywhere.

It rains frequently, usually at night, and the vapor that rises from the ground is so great that a line full of clothes takes all day to dry, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade.

Many houses have no floors, but those which have are of brick pressed thin and about a foot square. These bricks are set in the ground and the floors are so damp that trunks must be set up on boxes and shoes left lying on the floor for a couple of days are covered with a long white mould. Houses have but little furniture, and that of the simplest kind, and none with upholstering, because it harbors insects. Chairs are of native wood, with seats and backs of leather gaily painted in birds, flowers and fruits.

In the turns of the large rivers where transportation is convenient, they import a great many of our old-fashioned rocking chairs, and consider a parlor well furnished with a double row of eight or ten of these ugly but comfortable chairs placed to face each other, with no other furniture in the room except a couple of straw mats. Their mats are well made and durable, and are not only used for floor covering, but make comfortable beds for all classes.

The thatched roofs afford shelter for many bats and scorpions. The bats fly about at night and seem to take delight in fanning the face of a sleeper with their wings. They are very annoying, and carry bed bugs into the houses. The sting of the scorpion is very painful, but not fatal, and produces a partial paralysis of the tongue for a couple of hours. There are quantities of ants but no flies. Hermites, or so called "white ants" are found here, and live in villages of their own construction. These houses are built up from the inside of a material similar to that of a wasp's nest, are oval in shape, from two to twelve feet high, and from six inches to three feet in diameter. There are hundreds of these houses in a village, but none of the little insects are in sight, as they live and work in the dark. Each house contains a central chamber with passages running from

it in all directions. Another variety feeds upon wood, eating the center out of all the wooden supports in a house, without visibly injuring any part of it. Suddenly the house collapses and the owner finds that every piece of wood used in its construction has been bored through from end to end. They frequently come into a house, but can be detected by a tunnel about the diameter of a small pencil, which they build to travel through unmolested in the dark. This tunnel is made of mud, and extends along the ceiling or wall on the dark side of a room, or along the floor behind beds and furniture, with branches extending in different directions. They are very fond of books, eating the centers out and leaving only the covers and the edges of the leaves. If the lid of a trunk fits loosely, they build their covered way up the side, across the tray, and down into every part where there is wood or paper, but do not disturb the clothing.

In the cool, damp regions among the mountains, fleas are very troublesome, and in the warmer parts there is a variety called negua, similar to the jigger of our Western States. It buries itself in the flesh, usually about the nails of the toes, and if not removed, multiplies so fast that it produces dangerous sores and even causes the death of the person. All the natives, men and women, smoke cigars, and if a little soreness is felt on the bottom of the foot or around the nails, they take a sharp point of a knife, push back the skin to the flesh and lift out the little white sack of eggs, with the tiny black insect attached to it. Then a little hot cigar ashes is dropped into the place and there is no more trouble, unless in removing it the sack is broken and some eggs left to hatch, which are removed in the same way. Another small insect very troublesome to foreigners who have thin skin, lives anywhere in the grass, and its bite,

although too tiny to be seen, or even felt at the time, produces poisonous sores which itch and burn intolerably, and are difficult to heal unless bathed at once in alcohol.

Ticks are common and troublesome, and attach themselves to persons as well as animals. Another larger insect like a small caterpillar bores into the flesh, but if a cigar is smoked close to the spot it crawls out again, when if hot ashes are dropped into the sore it soon heals; otherwise the flesh is poisoned and is difficult to cure. If the insect is left there undisturbed, it multiplies rapidly and the life or limb is endangered. Natives pay very little attention to all these insects, but they are great pests to foreigners.

There is a disease peculiar to the country called *caratti*, which is supposed to be caused by insects under the skin, which produce irregular spots of color all over the body, usually blue, red, white or black, according to the complexion of the person. It is thought to be contagious, but not by contact, and as the skin is not sore or inflamed, those who have it seem to be proud of their appearance, considering it ornamental. It does not affect the general health, except in rare cases where it breaks out in an eruption similar to *eczema*.

Children have a troublesome disease called *lombrizis*, caused by worms in the stomach and intestines. If not properly treated the stomach distends to an enormous size, when the sickness is called "*banna belly*," and if not prevented, the child eats quantities of clay and soon dies. All their diseases they suppose to be caused by some form of bacteria, and the people drink very little water unless it is filtered through their stone "*ollas*," and even then gulp it down as we do medicine, taking a little sugar or something sweet after it. If one asks for a glass of water when visiting, it always comes on a tray with

a small dish of preserves of some sort. Their native sugar is made into cakes called "*panela*," resembling in size and color our bars of laundry soap. It has a pleasant flavor similar to maple sugar, and is always taken on journeys, and either stirred into the water or a piece is eaten immediately after the water is swallowed.

A peon's breakfast consists of hot water poured over *panela* and a couple of biscuits made of corn flour. In all the wayside inns, a barrel of "*chicha*," a liquor made of ground green corn and molasses, is kept. It is refreshing and nourishing if taken in moderate quantities, but intoxicating if taken in excess. A vile brandy is made from sugarcane, which is almost as strong and clear as alcohol, and nearly as injurious to the system.

Wheat is raised on the uplands, but it lacks gluten, and their flour is not as good as ours. Corn meal is ground finer there than here, and makes excellent bread and cake. The poor do not use much bread, but have a fine substitute in baked plantains. They have a national dish called "*sancocho*," a stew made of beef, plantains, rice and several vegetables native to the country, which is uniformly eaten for the mid-day and evening meals. Potatoes are small and poor, but they have a fine substitute in the *yuca*, called in some countries *cassave*. They eat very little acid food, all popular fruits being sweet, and to our taste rather insipid. They have plenty of oranges and lemons, but use them for washing clothes. Mangoes are delicious, and grow on beautiful large spreading trees. The *curuba* is a fine fruit, which grows on a variety of the passion vine. Guavas and many other kinds of fruits are made into "*dulce*" or preserves. The people like the fruits of the temperate zone and try to raise them in the cooler portions of the country, but with indifferent suc-

cess. They import our canned fruit, but owing to the difficulties of transportation it sells for a dollar a quart can.

They raise fine mules and horses, the latter being a cross between the Andalusian, English and Arab breeds. They are not trained for driving, but have a very easy pace for long journeys, as they seldom gallop or trot, but have five distinct pacing gaits.

Their dead are not buried in the ground, but every town has a walled cemetery, the inside of which are filled with vaults, each one large enough for a single coffin. These vaults are rented for a term of years, at the end of which the bones are removed and buried in a common pit with others. It is customary for people to visit the dead and leave cards.

This is a land of flowers—orchids such as the pen is powerless to describe; oleanders, marguerites, wild verbena and fuchsias, and trees one hundred feet high, one mass of red, yellow or purple blossoms. Lovely humming birds flit among the flowers, exquisite butterflies flutter about—some as large as your hand, all green and blue and gold, and beetles large in size and gorgeous with the most iridescent hues. There are

tall, feathery ferns, graceful bamboos and palms in which flutter green parrots and brilliant cardinal birds; and cocoanut trees with their tops bending with fruit, and vines loaded with blossoms clinging to every wall.

There are many rivers, and if the traveler is lazy and does not wish to ride in the hot sun, he has a raft built of a light wood called Balsa, lashed together with vines, and covered with hides. He hires an expert boatman, who skillfully guides the clumsy craft down the river, through rapids and around curves and jutting rocks, while the owner drowsily watches the alligators on the sand banks or the monkeys in the trees.

At the approach of the setting sun the craft is tied to the trees on the bank. There is no twilight here, but myriads of fire-flies lighten the gloom, and the darkness settles down, the stars come out, and the lonely foreigner looking up at the Southern Cross, sighs with a homesick longing for the Dipper and the far-away loved ones in the Northern home. His boat rocks gently under the overhanging boughs and he finally falls asleep, lulled by the famous singing sands of the river underneath.

Lethe

By Jeanette Heintzen Carey

Where the winds never wake,
Where the clouds never break,
Where the waves never slip on the shore;
Where the days are all sweet,
Where they part not, who meet,
Where pale sorrow dies outside the door.



A narrow passage.

To Beautiful Miyajima by Fishing Boat

By Charles Lorrimer

WE heard such glowing accounts of the charms of Miyajima from the first day of our arrival at Kobe that, with one reckless shake, wrenching ourselves free from the convention-bound tourist routes, we determined to turn aside and seek out this earthly paradise, not only for its beauty, but also for the novelty of the journey which has not yet become hackneyed.

Kobe is infested with a plague of guides in ill-fitting foreign clothes, or else amphibious costumes, which seem equally well fitted for a plunge into the waters either of Japanese or European life. Some are only European as far as their hat; others no further than their boots. But we saw none of them who would help us to imagine our-

selves, as we wished to be, a hundred years back in Old Japan. The bare idea of "doing" Miyajima in company with any one of them made us shudder. The great trouble in Japan is this bursting of every English-speaking guide into impossible, incongruous, semi-foreign clothes and manners which make him a perfect blot on the picture. This most artistic people, who know to the fraction of an inch how to set their temples and houses so as to form perfect little landscapes in the midst of the big one planned by nature, who can dress themselves and their babies so marvelously tastefully and quaintly, seem to lose their whole artist's sense as soon as they come into contact with foreigners.

Quite unexpectedly we found just

such a guide as we needed for our adventure, through a bright little sampan-man. He had such an intelligent, happy face that we invariably chose his boat for our trips on the bay. The more we spoke to him the more surprised we were to hear how quaintly he answered us. Later we found the explanation of his formal, studied replies when he fished out from the tiny hold, a mere box under the planking, a well-thumbed phrase-book. Through him we discovered many things about Miyajima. It was plain that he scorned trains and mail steamers quite as much as we did.

His father, we found out, was the owner of a fishing junk, one of those picturesque boats which seem to contain the souls of the old Viking's ships. On hearing this, the novel idea struck us that a trip to Miyajima by fishing boat would satisfy our thirst for local color as nothing else could.

The perfecting of the bargain took some time and many polite formal-

ties. In the first place, the old fisherman was not anxious to have us go with him. He had a lingering dread lest we should be seasick or fussy, and he had also some suspicion of a party which was willing to offer him for a day's sailing enough to compensate him for the loss of two days' fishing. So, when we ultimately started, it was with a certain amount of distrust.

What a morning it was as we crept down shivering in the grayness to the little pier! A light breeze, fresh and salty to breathe, had arisen already, and was beginning to stir the water, tracing little designs on its calm, dead surface—waking it up playfully. The sky, minute by minute, was throwing aside the thick veil of silver dimness—the low fog-clouds banked themselves along the horizon as if to shut us in with a gray wall. We climbed into the boat in the demitwilight quite quietly. Somehow, the sea and the sky and the morning stillness impressed us. We felt



Bay near Miyajima.



Inland sea fishing boats (Miyajima.)

as if we were in a great cathedral where desultory chatting and laughing would be out of place.

The old fisherman, when we were all seated in the bow, hoisted the sail, and his young daughter held the rudder. In Japan women are the best sailors, quite fearless and capable of taking charge of big junks entirely by themselves.

Our boat was only of moderate size, flat-bottomed, the bow running into a sharp point like the bow of a gondola, the stern square, with a huge, ungainly rudder worked by a thick pole running at right angles to it. The sail was marvelously picturesque. As it was slowly hoisted, it looked like the wrinkled face of a very venerable alligator. Gradually the little corrugations and furrows which, by means of tucks in the cloth, appeared to cross and re-cross each other in a mysterious way, widened out. The wind caught the broad surface, and it spread, bellying like a shirt attached to a clothes' line. Then the color of it alone made us glad that we had embarked on a unique trip. Instead of common white canvas which any

one with a tawdry taste for simile could compare to a dove, it was sun-burned deep orange and red, and freckled yellow in patches like an old crazy quilt.

After about two hours sailing the sun began to reach long slanting fingers of light over the sea, now dotted with tiny fishing boats like birds flying from the four corners of the horizon. It is surprising to think of all the people who live by fishing in the Inland Sea. One often wonders that its 3,000 islands should leave room for so many finny creatures.

We were sailing over an enchanted lake, it seemed, infinitely blue, yet holding irresistible greens in solution. We passed on perfectly calm water through the 3,000 islets. It seems incredible that any one should have been able to count them, for they are like no settled bits of land, permanently fixed. Half of them seem enchanted, they arrange and re-arrange themselves so continually.

Often we sailed through very narrow passages. One could easily have thrown a biscuit across. These

seemed like nothing so much as a vicious sword-cut between two hills. We could distinguish the villages quite easily, built in terraces like sea-gulls' nests. Every scrap of ground was green with crops. Little crannies were even artificially leveled, and tiny patches of rice and grain found a foothold on them.

Now and then we saw crumbling castles, much more picturesque than those on the Rhine, with rheumatic, twisted pine trees bending over them, or else temple roofs peeping out of thick bamboo groves with pretty, long, wooded approaches guarded by old Buddhas of granite or bronze.

Our little boat raced through the narrow passage. It was thrilling and almost like shooting rapids to be swirled along by an eight knot current which swept us quickly by until we threaded our way out among a new group of idyllic islands.

So it went on till noon-time. We unpacked our sandwiches just as the old fisherman, after tying the ropes of his crinkled sail, picked up a board from the bottom of the boat and disclosed his provisions. The daughter seated herself picturesquely on the log which formed the handle of the rudder, and they both proceeded to greedily gobble huge bowls of rice. The fishermen of the Inland Sea make but a meagre living. We afterwards found out that this mid-day meal of rice is their one square meal of the day. No wonder they attack it hungrily! Yet if the fisherman is poorly paid his wants are few and simple. His rice, which is of the worst quality, costs him three sen per day. A sen almost corresponds to a cent. Three sen more buys his other course, or his savoury, usually the insides of fowls or the heads or tails of fish—he cannot afford what is between. So that six or seven sen a day luxuriously covers all expenses for himself and his family. Hardly riotous living,

is it? Besides, these fisher-folk invariably have a beaming smile of good nature which they seem to procure quite free of charge by reason of their healthy, open-air lives.

From time to time we had glimpses of the railway line along the shore, and as golden noon was turning into afternoon, we sailed past Hiroshima, one of the most attractive places imaginable. Overlooking it is a Daimyo's castle, half in ruins and simply bristling with poetic legends. We looked and looked till our eyes were absolutely surfeited with beauty—the hill behind the town, the dainty tea-houses straggling down the side of it, and finally, silhouetted sharply in the water, were charmingly Japanese. It was here, in the old moated castle, that during the war of 1894-5 the Emperor came to live in order to be nearer to his soldiers fighting in China.

It seemed impossible that anything could be more lovely than the bay we had just left until our old fisherman whispered "Miyajima" in a hushed, awed voice, and we realized that we were drawing near to one of the three most lovely sights in Japan. It burst on our view first from behind a promontory. The scene almost baffles description, this beautiful, sacred island with its rocky profile standing out sharp against the blue sea! The center of the island slopes up to a peak which breaks into little valleys like the smiles on a pleasant face. Nestling in these among groves of fickle, changing maple trees are the pilgrim's inns and tea houses, the dwellings of the fishermen and image carvers and priests.

We soon discovered that the business of Miyajima was holiness, from the sweet-toned temple bells which rang out across the sea and spread a holy peace over everything. Then the first object which caught our eyes was the great temple itself, built on piles, they told us after-

wards, though we positively refused to believe in the purely mundane explanation of such a fairy building.

We arrived, as we should, at high tide, and floated in through the great toriye, or archway, which stands like a sentinel in the water. It is a perfect giant, and immensely impressive. To see a man standing beside it at low tide gives one some idea of how truly colossal its proportions are. And the grace of its shape is most appealing just because it is so simple. So, as it stands there apparently improbable and likely to vanish, one can still realize that it is natural. The imagination is tricked into believing that it may be real. The Japanese have a most telling way of using natural wood unpainted, and this famous temple is built entirely of white pine. It seems to be floating on the water like a ghostly mirage.

It has always been an old religious rule that no births could ever occur on the island, and it was considered the worst of bad form to die there. The priests removed the sick, no matter whether they were in extremis, to die on the mainland, and the mourners were not allowed to come back for fifty days. No women or dogs were allowed on the island, the idea being that it should be simply a refuge for monks and pilgrims to contemplate undisturbed by the ordinary events and trials of life.

We landed, and went to see the great temple, famous over the whole of Japan, but fortunately not yet over-run by tourists. Though it is a favorite motive of Japanese artists kodak fiends are not allowed to mutilate it, and so it is little known to Europeans. We wandered through the galleries of the temple. They spread out on both sides like wings and are full of old pictures by famous artists. At least the guide books declare they were famous—one would scarcely guess it from

their works. The old fat priest who followed us around was very enlightening concerning each, but we soon grew weary of the exploits of the muscular heroes. We came upon some modern pictures, hung in a corner together, of the China war, appallingly hideous daubs in oil just like cheap cigarette advertisements. They must have been offerings from some artists more enthusiastic than popular.

Just close by the temple stands a great unpainted hall called the Hall of a Thousand Mats—a mat is about five feet by two and a half, and Japanese rooms are always spoken of as rooms of 4 mats or 6 mats or 8 mats, instead of so many feet long by so many wide—said to have been built by Hideyoshi out of the wood of a single camphor tree. When one has been some time in Japan one is not in the least surprised to hear of any remarkable exploit of Hideyoshi. He is responsible for one-third of Japanese history and two-thirds of its romance. The Hall is immensely grand, with splendid sliding doors painted with historic scenes, and one feels that the Japanese have a continual source of pride in their hero.

But we were anxious to row out again through the toriye, just at dark, for the loveliest sight in Japan. Hundreds of votive lanterns, bronze or wood or even paper, according to the means of the giver, line the shore and fringe the temple. We had made a bargain with the fat old priest to have them lighted. Imagine bargaining for fairyland! He consented to do so for a few yen—a yen almost equals a dollar—and we therefore took up a vantage point on the water. One by one the lamps shone out, little beads of fire apparently rising straight from the water like will-o-the-wisps in a bog.

Surely if ever the elves or the fairies or the water sprites come back into this prosaic world, they come as the souls of the votive



The big Lorye—Gateway of Miyajima.

lights. Perhaps that gives the supernatural luminous brilliancy that we see in the lanterns sometimes. Miyajima was a glowing mass before our enchanted eyes, a cluster of pin-pricks of fire more lovely than priceless diamonds, braiding and interweaving and dancing an interminable round. The old fisherman had rowed us out, and he, like a good Buddhist, was on his knees improving the opportunity by muttering prayers. It was certainly enough

to put one in a religious mood—those hundreds of little stars set out in rivalry to the real stars in the purple sky. It was as if the sea had been polished and polished till it reflected the heavens.

We watched for an hour, and then, as the lights were slowly, slowly dying, one by one, we rowed across the narrow strait to the mainland and took thought of such prosaic considerations as dinner and beds.



An Apostrophe to the King Mountain of the Royal Gorge, Colorado

By James Edward Wolfe

Oh, ye sky-piercing crags! Ye wondrous hills of God!
Titanic strata multiplied! Amazed, the captive eye
Grows weary in vain efforts to scale thy dizzy heights;
Heights, where eagles build their nests and rear their young,
Safe and secure from all adventurous alien hands.
How oft I've gazed upon thy beetling towers,
And watched the lightnings weave electric halos 'round thy head,
While cloudy garments robed thee in their fleecy folds,
And echoing thunders voiced thy grace and majesty.
I've seen the storms of heaven bathe thy rugged face,
Until it shone as pure as burnished walls of gold.

Full oft I've fancied thee a living thing;
The darting lightning but the flashing of thine eye;
The rolling thunder but the deep bass of thy voice;
The tempest's roar the diapason notes of worship upward sent;
The softer winds, sweeping through tree, and crag, and peak,
The ecstatic tones of souls attuned in heavenly courts
To sing sweet vespers, as only seraph hosts can sing.

In thy stupendous Presence, with bared and rev'rent head I stand,
And join with thee in worship of the Mighty God, thine Architect;
With thee I lift my feeble voice in hymns of praise,
Adoring Him whose plastic hand thy battlemented walls upreared.



A glimpse of the studio and two piano work.

How Children May be Trained to Express Thought in Music Language

By Cora W. Jenkins

LET no act be done without a purpose, nor otherwise than according to the perfect principles of art."—Marcus Aurelius.

Again from my cherished little book I read: "Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness if thou canst go by the right way and think and act in the right way."

It is this, the choice of the right way, the motives which lead one to

it, the steadfastness which binds one to it, that determines the value of one mode of teaching over another and which manifests through teacher and pupil the "equable flow of happiness" attainable only by fidelity to a ruling principle. Again may I express in Marcus Aurelius' own words that "Nothing is so productive of elevation of mind as to be able to examine methodically and truly every object which is presented

How Children May be Trained to Express Thought in Music Language.

* * * in life * * * the use * * * the value thereof." In consequence of which belief we draw even the smallest child to the conscious realization of tone, color, combination and sequence—cultivating the expression of thought in the language of music, with and without rhythmic and poetic sentences, and laying the foundation of an exact appreciation of that which is true and good, melodically and harmonically. In other words, the child acquires a vocabulary. He learns to read and write, to think a little melody—sing it, play it and write it; to combine tones into intervals and chords, to think these intervals and chords and write them without the aid of the piano; and by constant rhythmic and metrical drills, by constant training of the ear and eye, by careful attention to scientific rules of melody writing and harmonization, he eventually is freed from the bondage of servitude to his instrument and becomes instead the master. The average active, intelligent children in our American homes are full of beautiful thoughts, and one more medium of expression is thus provided.

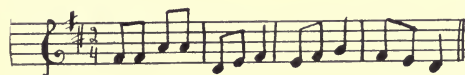
"This happy child is roaming thro' the woods
Singing songs, merry songs,
Singing songs thro' the woods."



This little song was brought to me one day as a surprise gift by a dear little nine-year-old girl. The beauty of the word thought pleased me not less than the truly melodious setting, and I accepted the gift with great pleasure.

Another little girl in class one day, in response to the desire that I should be given a poetic sentence, after much deliberation produced very shyly: "Little birdie in the

tree, come to me, come to me." This was converted into melody by first one eager child and then another, but little Berrita herself gave us the best setting:



The spontaneous melody writing in class is one of the most delightful and productive drills imaginable. Keen listening, concentration, poetic expression, memory, observation are all called into play, as witness: I play:



"There's a bird" will come the quick response from one child. Or:



"See the little rose-bud." Or:



"Sleep, baby."

The reader will enjoy a Cradle

Song the little people made in class one day—the children from seven to nine years of age. I played in phrases:



watching the faces and the fluttering hands, and choosing at random: "Sleep, oh, sleep, my baby, sleep,"



"Hush-a-bye, do not cry!"



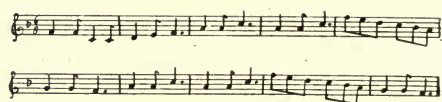
"Mother is here by her baby's side."

Upon my repeating the phrase at the piano



every hand went up, and the instant repetition of "Hush-a-bye, do not cry," with the consequent comfort: "Mother is here by her baby's side," brought entire satisfaction to the little class before me.

I want to say now that the spontaneous melody writing is always ac-



Sleep, oh, sleep, my baby, sleep.
Hush-a-bye, do not cry,
Mother is here by her baby's side.
Hush-a-bye, do not cry,
Mother is here by her baby's side.



A duet.

I asked for its production at the piano. The result was excellent, three of the little girls playing it almost perfectly at first trial. Then for the dictation by name of note, seven of the children doing that accurately: f f c c | d e f, etc., as I played. The following Thursday nearly all the children remembered the words, half a dozen could play the melody, and two had written and harmonized it, one in 4-4 metre:



the other correctly in 6-8.

The influence of these constant drills is made manifest to us throughout the year in most charming forms, usually as surprises and as birthday gifts.

April 8th, 1903, one of my small boys brought me this:



Blackboard work.

cepted under class approval (gently influenced by the teacher), both as to words and music, and the cultivation of judgment thus effected is of tremendous value in all their study, the power of choice increasing tenfold the power of enjoyment.

To return to the little song:

How Children May be Trained to Express Thought in Music Language.



I asked him how he happened to think of it, and his analysis of his own emotions and impulses was so interesting that I asked him to write out that which he had told me, so that I might not forget "how" he made it. Shortly he brought me this: "We have a big book of music home, and there is one line of a piece there and I played it wrong. I struck a note too many times, but it sounded pretty, and I thought I could make a song out of it, so I tried it, and I did, and put in the bass."

The piece from the big book of music:

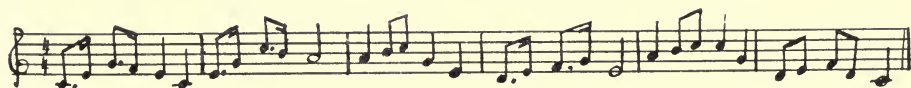
Long Long Ago



Anon I pasted it for safe-keeping in my music journal, as a fitting prelude to the little composition.

Frequently a little poem is assigned to a group of children, and those who care to may make a little song.

This is one setting of Mr. Charles Keeler's "Dolly's in the Cradle," written at the end of five months' experience:



Dolly's in the cradle, Falling fast asleep. Hush! little mamma, Run and take a peep. Hush! little mamma, Run and take a peep.

And this, another:

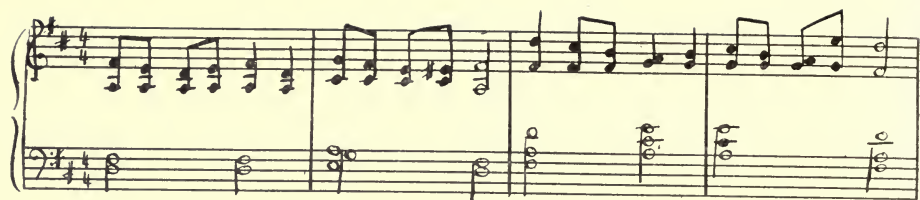


by a little girl who had been with us two years. The latter song was made in about ten minutes, conceived and executed with amazing



My youngest pupil.

rapidity, and repeated accurately phrase by phrase, until I had written it down. The bass was written by the child at home and a neat little copy brought to me at the following lesson.



"Dolly's in the cradle
Falling fast asleep.
Hush! Little mamma,
Run and take a peep.

"Shut are dolly's eyelids,
Cover up her arm.
Keep the little dolly dear
Safe from every harm."

I must not pass over the allusion to the birthday gifts, for each year it is the custom among the children to make little songs or instrumental pieces for me in honor of that very important day. Occasionally an original drawing or painting will accompany the little music composition.

I have in mind one that I received last March, a year ago, called "Sunrise," the sun rising in radiant glory behind the rolling mountains, the brightest of green trees and bushes lining a little mountain stream, and upon a solitary twig a solitary bird singing its joyful greeting on my natal morn. The picture was handed to me, and then the little girl proceeded to play the music—and who could have failed to hear the bird singing or the murmuring stream! Her little heart was certainly attuned to nature. The previous January had she not written for me a little essay on music, stating naively that "Nature was the one who started the thought of music by creating the brooks, softly rushing as they wind in and out, splashing over stones and producing a gentle music; the waterfalls have their music, the trees gently swayed by the wind have their music, too."

The instrumental forms are equally interesting, beginning with the descriptive, as "The Dolly's Tea Party," "The Little Girl Going to the Brook," "The Dance of the Firelight," and passing on with the natural growth of the child to Two and Three Part compositions, Etudes, Minuettes, Adagios, Allegros, after the style of the small forms contained in the Etudes and Sonatines which they study. Very naturally, they play with intelligent perception of the composer's thought, every study and piece being analyzed as to figure and form and memorized accurately, from Gurlitt and Reincke to Bach.

"Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness if thou canst go by the right way and think and act in the right way." We, having the power to choose, make this our path, but not for a moment do we say this is the only way. It is the right way only for those who believe as we do, for those who believe that music is something more and deeper than fine technique, something broader than constant expression of other men's thoughts, something higher than the daily drift of human interests.

Are the United States a Nation?

By Thomas Blackburn

ARE the United States a Nation? Emphatically, yes. Are the United States a Republican Nation? In a measure, yes. Is the existing form of administering the concerns of the Government compatible with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, as adopted by the Fathers of the Republic? In some respects, yes; but in most respects, no. Since the introduction of steam and electricity as harnessed forces to expedite communication and transportation, civilization has moved forward at a rapid pace, and it demands quicker, stronger and more positive administration of the public affairs of the people. The sovereignty of the individual which obtained a century ago was the unstable realization of a fanciful dream. The awakening had to come, and it did come, though so gradually that the sovereigns did not realize that they were steadily transferring their individual sovereignty to themselves as a collective body, which is the government—a government that could not nor should it be handicapped in times of emergency by traditions or declarations or conventions. The processes of community and commonwealth evolution had to put aside the swaddling clothes of the Republic's babyhood, and as it grew to man's estate they had to oblige it to conform to the requirements of bodily and mental growth—to expand in territory and centralize in political and administrative power, and the people had to acquiesce, although they might not have known how or why they did so.

The distinguished American soldier and statesman who said: "This is a Nation, and it is spelled with a big 'N,'" was right, though not

many realized that the culmination of the evolution of the lower case "n" into the upper case "N" was on the field of Appomattox. Nor do very many realize that the size of the initial letter and the meaning of the word have been growing ever since. Nevertheless it is as it should be—should be because it is in harmony with the steadily expanding requirements of growing centralization. The Declaration of Independence has justly and properly become a fundamental centre of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," from which actualities radiate according to existing conditions of the Nation's relations with itself and with the other Nations. But "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is not now necessarily an "inalienable right." Only the big "N" possesses such rights. It acquired them when sovereignty was transferred from the people to their general government, which they centralized by the transfer. It is no longer the Creator, but the government that "endows" the people with "rights." That is to say, the United States in their infancy were too weak to do more than claim that a power higher than they, the Creator, had endowed the colonists "with certain inalienable rights," but since they became a giant backed by the power of the people, which power is now lodged in the hands of the government, the bounds in which "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" may obtain are fixed by the government, the government, not the people, having authority to extend or contract the bounds as may be deemed best for all the people. It is true that fundamentally the government is of the people and for the people, but it is only indirectly by

the people. It has to be so under the law of individual progress and National expansion. The strength, the glory and the steadfastness of the United States are in the good sense of the people to keep their country abreast of the vanguard of the agencies of civilization, progress and national unity.

It is to be expected that the voice of the self-constituted guardian of the Constitution and of the rights of the people will be heard in protest against "encroachments," but it is the voice that shouts in the dark to frighten away ghosts—ghosts that have no existence, other than in the imagination. The same voice was heard when President Thomas Jefferson threw the Constitution to the winds that it might not interfere with the "Louisiana Purchase," and it has been heard in season and out of season all down the years, but it is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Very true, the gradual centralization of the political power of the Nation at Washington has encouraged the centralization of capital on the one hand and labor on the other. Very true, the tendency of these centralized economic factors is into antagonistic forces, the one against the other, and it has been of a positive and determined nature, a war for supremacy, indeed, but they had to come into our national life as a part of it. They are simply problems that were born of the country's possibilities in the world's channels of business activities, and their solution will come in due time by the master minds that shall control from time to time the centralized power of the Nation. And the centralized power of the Nation is so much mightier than these and all other domestic problems there need be no fear that their solution will not be in the spirit of truth and justice, and for the best good of all the people. Again, the centralization of the political power of the people has

set the pace for the destruction of competition. The Interstate Commerce Law practically obliterates State boundary lines, except for local police supervision and distinctly State affairs, and even then the National Government's courts and army may be appealed to for assistance or protection. And strangely enough, the Interstate Commerce Law is the old Granger laws enlarged, but the Grangers had a widely different purpose in view when their legislatures enacted them. Anyway, the National law was enacted to eliminate the authority of the States in commercial and industrial enterprises, and to prevent competition. Competition had become the death rather than the life of trade, although certain interests greatly profited by its death. Out of this national example of stifling competition grew capital's efforts to centralize on the one hand, and destroy competition on the other. In self-defense, perhaps, labor began to centralize for the same reason that capital combined. Thus the government and the two leading factors in the development of the country became monopolies and competition destroyers, and the government set the pace.

But there is this difference between the centralization of the political power of the nation and the centralization of capital and labor. The purpose of the former is to give greater protection and more encouragement to all the people without discriminating against any individual or locality. The centralization of capital and of labor is to monopolize given industries and certain labor opportunities, and confine all accruing profits and advantages to those directly in interest, to the hurt and discomfort of the masses. Centralized capital would monopolize all the agencies of production for its exclusive benefit, and labor would monopolize all the opportunities to labor for the sole

benefit of a minority of the working people. The one is as hostile to the general good of the country as the other. The one represents a clique and the other a class. Both are leeches upon the body politic; both are actuated by the mean and hateful spirit of selfishness; both countenance lawlessness, and both are enemies of the general public. And since all the people have interest in the conduct and consequences of such centralization, they may, by their centralized political power, supervise, regulate or crush either one or both of them without transcending the government's authority in the premises. This could not have been done fifty years ago. In fact, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are no longer consulted very seriously these days. We live under laws, to be sure, but they are temporary enactments to provide for given present or possible exigencies, and for the guidance in a general way of the administrators of the centralized power. It is quite true that a Supreme Court is maintained to pass upon the constitutionality of these enactments when their authenticity is questioned; but since the "opinion" of the court is determined by the majority vote of its members, its decisions do not appeal to the people as having any great value, believing, as they do, and have the right to believe, that men profoundly learned in the law should not differ so widely in the constitutionality of an enactment, unless the Constitution is itself "all things to all men," and many sided. The necessity for a Supreme law court does not seem to be at all pressing. But the United States are not measuring their advance by home growth in population and wealth alone. From the heights of Bunker Hill a prophetic eye would have seen by the light of the cannon's fire a nation of people which could be counted by the tens of millions,

whose homes stretched from where he stood away to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Great Lakes down to the Gulf of Mexico. And peering again he would have seen the Nation's strong arm stretching out over the seas and holding in its firm grasp the Philippine Islands, and the islands of Guam, Tutuila, Hawaii, Porto Rico and possessions in Panama reaching from ocean to ocean. These islands belong to the United States. The "Power Divine" that shapes the destiny of men and nations willed it. But the accomplishment was in laying aside the toys of the infancy of a century and a quarter before and grasping the instruments with which mighty manhood achieves, and in the gradual centralization of a scattered and somewhat incongruous political power that strong and trusty hands might wield it. The United States are not now a compact between independent States. They are not a confederacy. They are not a family of States from which a member may withdraw. They constitute a Nation, bound together for all time by bands of dependence and interdependence that were forged and welded in the people's workshop of human experience and human progress. A century ago the people wanted to know the details of the conduct of the public concerns of a Republic. Now the people look to the results of the conduct of the public concerns of a Nation. Father Grime's coat "that buttoned all down before" is a pleasing memory, but it is out of fashion now.

Certainly the Nation has many weak spots. The weakest spot is universal suffrage; the next weakest spot is the personnel of the Congress, especially the Senate. But the first weakness is the cause of the second, and the remedy lies in restricted suffrage. In the transformation of the Republic into a Nation there was a painful lack of foresight in not providing for an able

Congress. In the lower or supposedly representative body, those who are statesmen in the true sense of the word could be seated on the front row of benches. The other more than three hundred members are small lawyers, political bosses, alleged farmers, so-called newspaper men, and an occasional medicine and divinity doctor, with a seat here and there occupied by a labor agitator. If the lower house is a representative body, barring the few real statesmen and truly reflects the morals, social life, the intellect and the culture of the people of the United States—but they do not, except for the most part, those who should not be clothed with the right of suffrage. The Senate has been called the "Rich Man's Club" for several years, which means that the epaulets of the great Websters, Clays, Calhouns, Sumners and Thurmans have been sold to the Lords of Cash, and that they are now worn by men whose seat of greatness must be sought below rather than above their shoulders, and who think that the greatest genius is the best cook. It is marvelous that as the Nation grows in numerical, industrial, commercial and intellectual strength its law-making agency should grow weaker. The statesman who lifted his ponderous body to his feet and with haughty and lordly emphasis said: "Sir, I am opposed to the acquisition of territory that is not contagious to the United States," (meaning contiguous, of course), was well enough in his counting room estimating the enormous profits accruing from the hire of convicts in his harness and saddle factory, but it could hardly be said that his measure of his own greatness is the measure by which the Nation should want its mightiness measured by its brothers in the family of nations. Nevertheless, he "represented" his "district." The "fair, round belly, with good capon lined," is well enough, but

such seats of wisdom should find no place for their rotundity in the council chamber of a great nation. So long, however, as the government is directly of and by ALL the people, the "capon lined" and the Lords of Cash will continue to wear the epaulets of statesmen.

Not one in one hundred of the voters of the United States has ever read the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, or the Constitution of his own State, and yet the Nation and the States gravely submit proposed amendments to the fundamental law of the Nation and State to the popular vote for its approval or disapproval of them. Such a theory of government laps over the burlesque and the absurd, and is as fallacious as it is dangerous. Let the Nation rid itself of the antiquated and erroneous notion that the people are the sovereigns and the government merely a reflection of the will of the majority—a majority that is likely to be the minority tomorrow, so shifting and unstable is public sentiment. The innate lawlessness of combined capital and the cultivated lawlessness of combined labor are a menace to individual rights. They must be dealt with by the entire political power of the Nation centralized in the government at Washington, else in devouring one another they may wreck the possibilities of the Nation in the world of international competition and strife. A loyal and patriotic interest in the welfare of the nation is demanded of every citizen, and in return for such interest it is the duty of the Nation to protect each one in the matter of his personal and property rights, and in all lawful pursuits for the betterment of his condition of existence. The individual gets all this protection from the Nation in consideration of his loyalty and patriotism. Does not that balance the account? If so, have the beneficiaries of the Na-

tion's protecting power a moral right to demand additional compensation in the way of special privileges, such as the right of suffrage? Rather is not the right of suffrage something to be conferred by the Nation upon such as it deems wise and prudent to grant the privilege to in the interest of itself, for its own safety and protection at home and abroad?

I shall be misunderstood if it is said I mean that the poor men of the country should not and the wealthy should have the right of suffrage. As a matter of fact, the dangerous elements will be found in the circle of the very wealthy and in the circles of those who are poor because they are willfully improvident. They are not illiterate, no more than the very wealthy are, but both maintain low and vicious standards of morality in commerce and politics. They are debauchees and upon a common level of conduct of life, only the one is gilded, which hides defects, while the other stands forth without covering. The gilded one debauches himself and debauches the uncovered one by buying his vote that he may control legislatures and courts in the interest of his enterprises. The uncovered one debauches himself and the gilded one by selling his vote. Alike they are traitors to the Nation. Should either have the right of suffrage? Certainly there are very many exceptions to the rule in both classes. In a recent address at Har-

vard, President Roosevelt said: "This nation never stood in greater need than now of having among its leaders men of lofty ideals, which they try to live up to and not merely to talk of." In referring to the wealthy he said: "It is far more important that they should conduct their business affairs decently than that they should spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy." Only a man of iron nerve, lofty ideals and uncompromising loyalty and patriotism would have dared to utter such sentiments. And may it not be inferred that he would have the Nation deprive these types of citizens of the right to participate in the conduct of the Nation's administration? It is said that "vigilance is the price of liberty." Why is vigilance needed? If the keeping of liberty be in the hands of honest and loyal men it could not be in danger. Then does not the danger lie in the possibility of its falling into the hands of voting traitors? If so, why not remove the danger by depriving all of the right of suffrage who are not "worthy and well qualified" to maintain the high honor and dignity of the right of suffrage and to have a voice in the direction and supervision of the public affairs of the Nation? Let us make the United States a Nation in the highest and truest meaning of the word. Let us make moral worth, intellectual force and unyielding patriotism the standard of worthiness of the ballot and public trusts.



A Modern Diogenes

Russian whiskey and Japanese cold water were the real admirals in the naval battle in the Korea Straits. But we need not look to the Far East for proof that whiskey is a bad commander. It is to be found here in San Francisco. Men, business men or otherwise, who require a drink of whiskey to encourage the appetite before eating, and a bottle or two of wine to stimulate the appetite while eating, will sooner or later run against a Togo. Every stimulant is a false or unnatural agency working to supersede Nature in her always correct methods of carrying forward the purposes of destiny. Moral sense, business integrity, social honesty and domestic faithfulness need no artificial stimulant to "brace them up."

"It is no proof of a man's understanding," says Emanuel Swedenborg, "to be able to affirm whatever he pleases." More than two score and ten cultists in San Francisco stand ready to contradict Swedenborg. But they mistake impudence, ignorance and chicanery for understanding; or, rather, their dupes do. And as their dupes are men and women who wish to be known as "advanced thinkers," they are as putty in the hands of the glazier. For the most part, they belong to that class of religious discontents who think it an evidence of wisdom to take issue with church dogmas for the sake of the excuse there is in it to advertise themselves as liberals, which means that the conventions of society may be relegated to the sub-cellar of social and home life. It is a short cut to soul damnation.

I met a real, true spiritist the other day. "Are you a spiritist?" I

asked. "Why, man, I was born and reared in Kentucky. Certainly I am a spiritist," he promptly replied. I have been wondering ever since if ghosts do not appear, or talk, or play upon musical instruments or rap in a degree of actuality and reality that is contingent upon the presence of the same quality and quantity of mental disturbance that Kentucky spiritism produces. I have been wondering if mediumship is not a product of some sort of mental intoxication; if one does not have to get drunk on the fumes of the distillation of the flowers of the imagination; if one does not have to "fill up" on the soma juice of unbridled expectancy, or daze common sense by veneering it with intense desire to make the unreal a substantial, tangible fact to build something out of nothing, or see ghosts, which amounts to the same thing. However, the ghost-chaser gets an immense amount of pleasure out of the "tests," and perhaps it is better to leave him undisturbed in his illusions and delusions and wild imaginings.

I attended a meeting of the Free Thought Society a little while ago. The subject under discussion was "Frauds." I came away wondering why some men and women never lose an opportunity to reveal their true selves.

As I mix with the multitude, I become more and more convinced that common sense is very plentiful, but that it is not popular with most people. It retards growth apeward.

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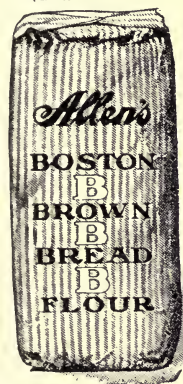
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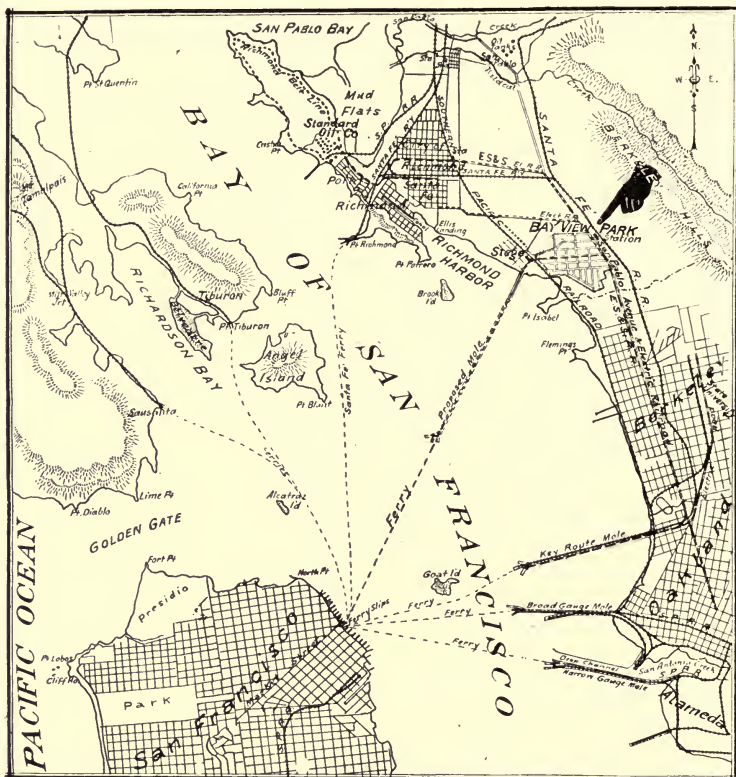
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Rambler



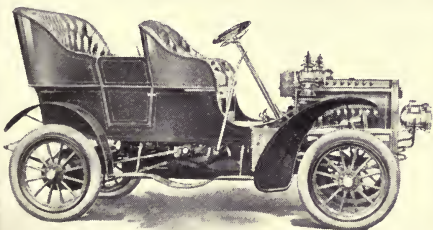
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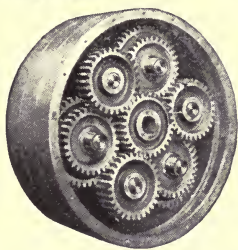
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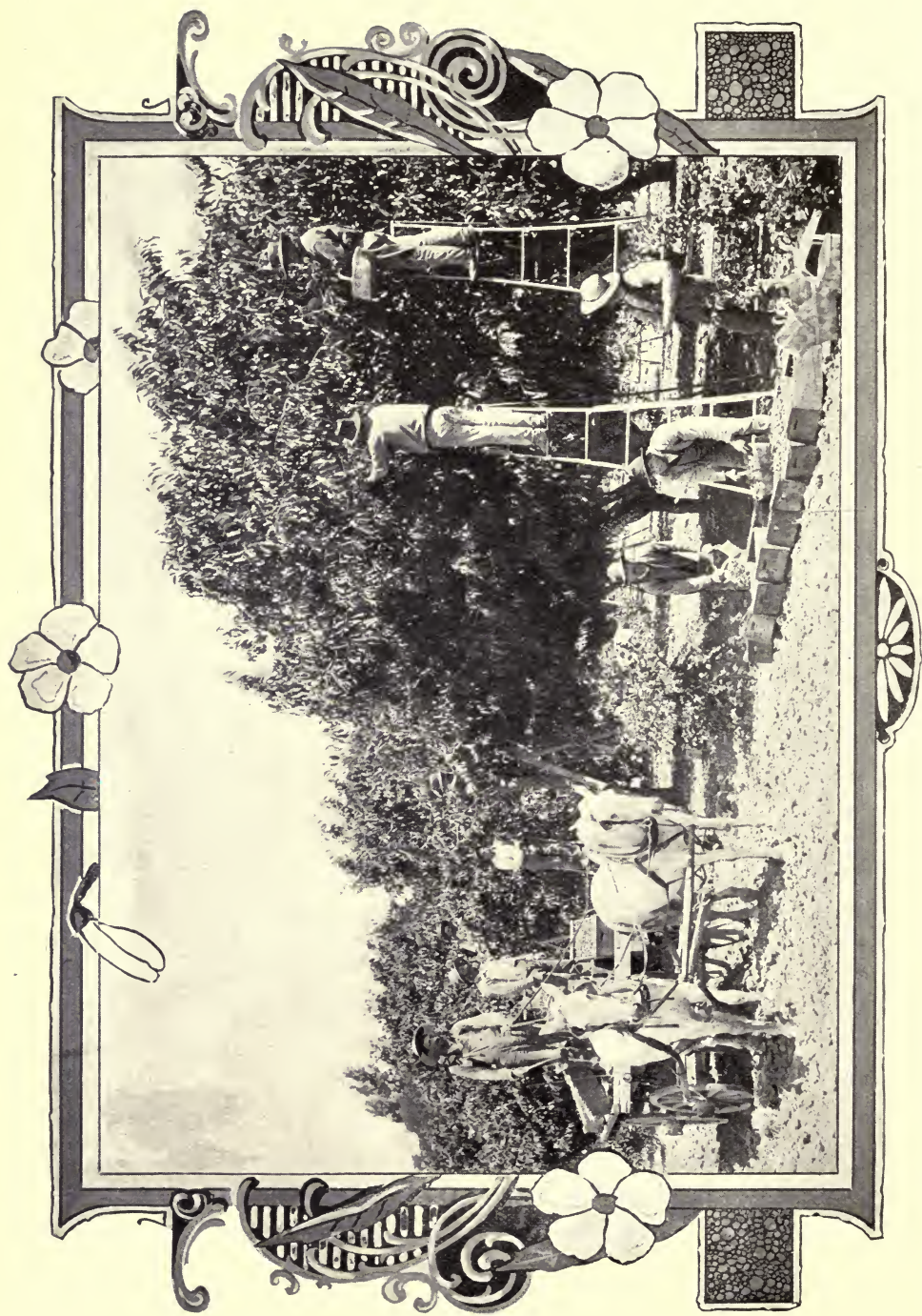
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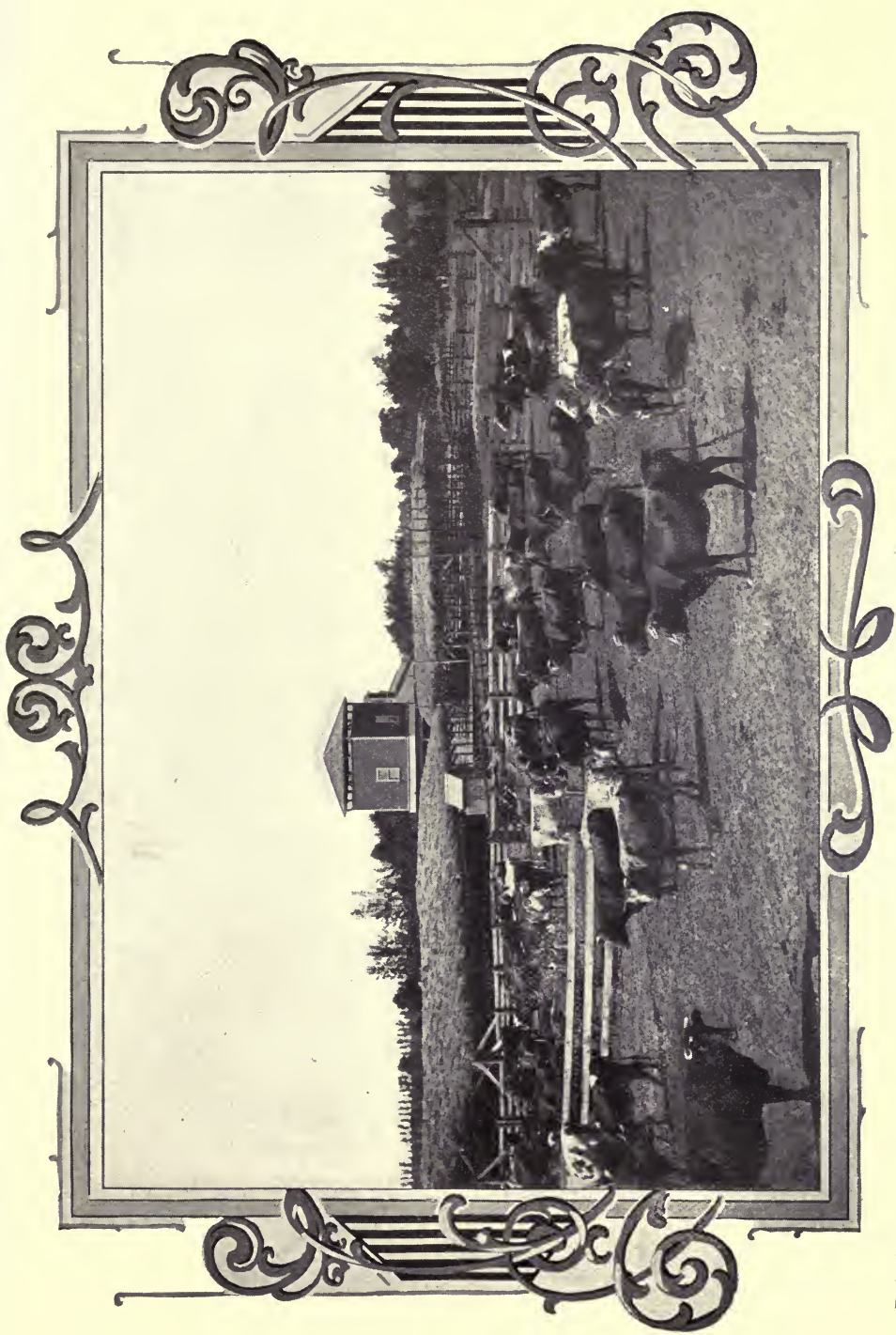


Sunset at Golden Gate.



Picking cherries in California.

From "California the Land of Promise."



Dairying in California.

From "California the Land of Promise,"



"Twenty years ago I stood on this spot. It was then as now—eventide." See A Memory page 1

Overland Monthly

DECATUR, IL

Vol. XLVI

September, 1905

No. 3

Fowler's Folly

By S. N. Swinnerton

IT was Christmas eve, 1903, at the hospitable table of Judge Lindsay that I heard related the following interesting narrative.

Judge Lindsay was a pioneer lawyer of California, and as such, his business relating to mines and mining had led him through varied experiences. During a pause in the conversation at the time referred to above, Judge B—remarked to Lindsay: "Judge, tell us a Christmas story."

The Judge paused a moment, lighted a fresh cigar and remarked that there was one story that he had never told which involved the problem of whether or not a lie is ever justifiable. "And," said Lindsay, "when I get through with my story I am going to ask you, gentlemen, as a jury of my fellow-countrymen, whether or not the lie which I told was justifiable."

Judge Lindsay thereupon related the following story:

"About ten years ago to-night I was traveling towards the county-seat of Plumas County, in that region of country bordering upon the county of Sierra. If none of you have been in that country, gentlemen, any description of it is useless. Imagine, if you can, standing upon the top of an elevation and beholding in every direction around you one vast aggregation of mountains, gulches, streams of water and giant

pine timber. On the afternoon in question there was no snow to speak of in the mountains, a thing unusual in that country, for perhaps at this very moment that region is now buried under thirty feet of snow. In my journey through the mountains on a mule, I had taken a small trail which was not the one I ought to have taken, and consequently, after traveling three miles, I discovered that the trail that I had followed was the wrong one. It was now nearly night. The prospect of camping in the mountains at that season of the year was exceedingly unpleasant. I raised a loud halloo, but received no answer. I determined to go a little farther, and see if I could get any view of the country by which I was surrounded.

"I followed the trail till it came nearly to the bottom of the gulch, turned around a point to the left, and to my astonishment, not a hundred yards away I beheld a house, not a rude log cabin, but a good hewed-log house with appurtenances and neat surroundings.

On the little flat in front of the house there had evidently been planted a garden during the summer. As I saw smoke coming from the chimney, I concluded the place was inhabited, but before I had reached the house a man came to the open door, and with that inimitable heartiness of the northern

Sierra miner, greeted me and invited me into the house. The man was about five feet nine inches tall, of strong frame apparently, but in the make-up of his physical equation, the lung power was minus. His hair was brown, slightly tinged with gray; his beard was a stubble, close cropped, as with a pair of shears. He had a slight stoop in his shoulders which would indicate that if there was any physical weakness about him it was in the lungs. You can imagine that I was only too glad after a weary half day's riding to accept his hospitality.

"Said he: 'You had better stay all night, for the chances are you can't get back to town, and you might get lost. I'm going down in the morning, and I'll see you through all right. Your mule can crop on brush and grass till bedtime, and then we'll put her in the blacksmith's shop and put a blanket on her till morning.'

"There was something so remarkably hearty about the invitation that I immediately alighted and went into the house, where I found a good fire blazing on the hearth. The stranger soon unsaddled and provided for my mule, came into the house and busied himself about preparing supper. It was quite dark before we sat down to the table. During the conversation, I asked my host how long he had lived in his present surroundings, and to my astonishment, he answered ten years. 'You see,' said he, 'they call me 'crazy, and they call my drift up on the hill Fowler's Folly. But I know the gold is there, and I'm going to have it. I have worked here ten years, drifting through solid rock, and I've not made one dime.'

"At this my host's eyes flashed, his cheeks burned with a hectic flush; his whole being became animated, and I thought that I detected something unnaturally excitable about the man. Said he, continuing: 'A little over ten years ago I was

manufacturing threshing machines in Ohio, and I got the gold fever and made up my mind I'd be rich. I converted everything I had into money, bought a little farm, made a deed of it to my wife, bid her and the three babies good-bye, came to California, and in company with three other men, I discovered this mine. When I came here, I had fifteen thousand dollars in money. My three partners and I spent two years blasting through the rim-rock, then found we were too low and were below the crater. Then one of our partners got discouraged and quit. The other three of us spent a year running and timbering a tunnel, and when we got in, we found we had gone too high and missed the rim rock entirely. Then one of my other partners quit. Then Jim Hopkins and I started a third tunnel, and it was bed-rock and hard as flint; and after two years' work, my last partner, Jim Hopkins, became discouraged and quit; and for the last five years I have been going it alone. I have sunk nearly all my money, and every Christmas my wife writes a letter to me to give it up and come home. But I won't do it. That gold is there, and I'm going to have it, and I'll go home rich, or else I'll die here in these mountains.'

"As my host said this he became intensely excited; his eye brightened, his face flushed, his voice became round and loud, his figure seemed to expand, the stoop in his shoulders seemed to disappear; he tossed his arms wildly about, ran his hands through his stiff brown hair until it stood out from his head in a bushy mass, and gave him for an instant, and only for an instant, the appearance of a maniac. In a moment he sat down quietly, lighted his pipe, declined the cigar I offered him, and gave me a minute history of his mining operations.

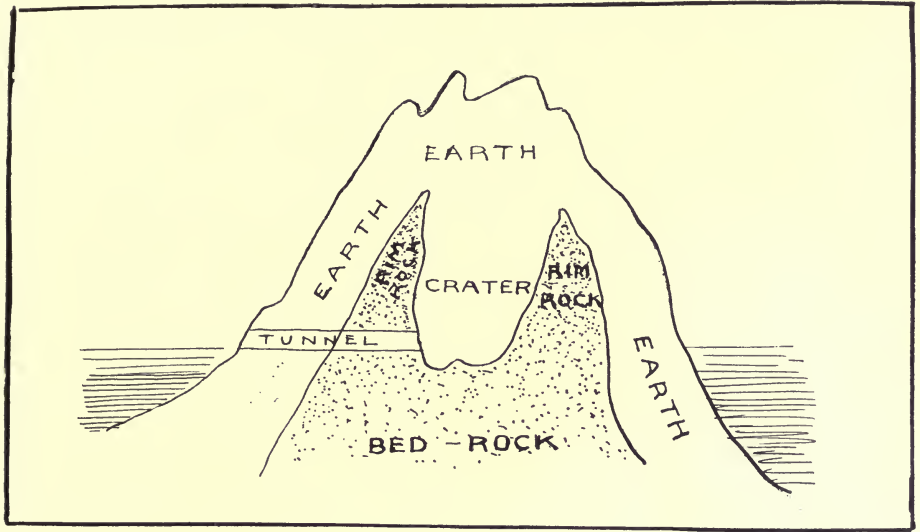
"Gentlemen," said Judge Lindsay, "I don't know whether you under-

stand or not what the miners mean by blasting through rim rock."

Here Judge Lindsay hastily sketched on a piece of paper something like this:

or three inches' progress; but the gold is there and I'll have it.'

"We left the drift, went to the house, saddled up the mule and started for the nearest mining camp.



"My host, continuing, told me that he had calculated that what money he had left would enable him to work three years more on his tunnel. 'Then,' he said, 'I shall have to go off and work in the placer mines to get money enough to put this drift through. Because I know the gold is there.'

"Next morning, after breakfast, my host took me up to his mine, lighted a candle and took me into the tunnel, which was about a thousand feet long and made through rock as hard as adamant. Said I to my host: 'Where are your blasting materials?'

"'Oh,' said he, 'I have nobody to hold a drill, and so I use a pick and a gad altogether.'

"'But,' said I, 'you don't mean to tell me that you are working this drift through with a pick?'

"'That's what I'm doing,' said he. 'The rock is so hard that I have to sharpen my tools twice a day, and sometimes I don't make over two

My host told me that he wished to make some small purchases before the cold weather and snows came on, as in the winter time he didn't care to travel the dangerous trails, covered so deeply with snow.

"'You see,' he said, 'in the winter time I have my wood laid in and what provisions I need, and I keep banging away at the old drift.'

"When we came to the mining town it was Christmas day, and we proceeded at once to the post-office, where he received a letter containing a photograph of his wife and three beautiful children. As he read the letter I saw him brush the tears out of his eyes, draw the corners of his mouth, and with a set expression in his face, he said to me: "They want me to come home. I want to go, but I won't go till I take the money out of the bottom of that crater.'

"As I parted with my host, not daring for a moment to offer a northern miner compensation for

entertainment, I suggested to him that if he had a small hand-crank drill such as was used by modern blasters and some blasting material that he could get on faster with his drift. His eye brightened at my suggestion, and then a look of discouraged anxiety came into his face, as I informed him that such an outfit with blasting material would cost a thousand dollars. 'I don't think,' he said, 'that I could afford it.'

"Very well," said I, 'allow me to make this suggestion. When I go to the city I will purchase an outfit that one man can run alone, have it shipped to you, and when you strike it you can pay me back or let me have a small share in the mine.'

"His face grew almost bright as he grasped my hand, and with a grateful look in his eyes said: 'Stranger, it's a bargain.'

"I thereupon asked his name. 'My name is Fowler,' said he. 'Luther Fowler, but they call me here Crazy Fowler.'

"I thereupon gave him my professional card upon which was written Charles Lindsay, Mining Lawyer, San Francisco, California. We parted as regretfully as if we had known each other for years; and yet we had not been acquainted twenty-four hours. Such is the powerful force of circumstances.

"Upon arriving in San Francisco I purchased a small hand drill with sufficient powerful explosives to last a man a year, and shipped it to Luther Fowler at the mining camp nearest his claim.

"Being preoccupied with business in other parts of the State, I had almost entirely forgotten my friend Fowler, when on Christmas day I received a letter from him saying that he had made good progress on his tunnel; or drift, as he called it, and that he thought surely by next Christmas he would be through. I put the letter away and forgot about it. The next year I received a simi-

lar letter. Each Christmas day for five years I received a letter from Luther Fowler saying that he would be through the rock by another Christmas, and would then send for his family.

"In the fall of 1900 I received a letter from Fowler telling me to come up immediately; that he had struck it, but to say nothing about it to any one. I did not let any time elapse, but as soon as possible I was at the place designated by all the surrounding inhabitants as Fowler's Folly.

"But what a change in Luther Fowler. His figure was bent, his hair was white, his shoulders were stooping into a posture painful to contemplate, and his conversation was frequently interrupted by long spells of violent coughing. It did not take me long to detect that that insidious disease, consumption, had long been lurking in his organization, and had only been kept at bay by the peculiar, active outdoor life which he had followed and the constant breathing of antidotes administered in the smoky atmosphere of the tunnel where he had been working. As soon as I arrived Fowler took me into the tunnel, and there showed me a most wonderful and enchanting sight. In the edge of the rim rock where the tunnel had first emerged into the clay, the walls of the rim rock, upon scratching away the earth, presented a surface dazzling with quartz crystals of all shapes, colors and sizes; but of course in this quartz there was no gold. But in the bed of the tunnel, which ran along the bottom of the crater, there were beautiful large lumps of gold in immense quantities. Fowler informed me that he had taken out and panned out in the night, for fear some one would discover him three thousand dollars in gold dust.

"He then proposed that I should be a half owner in the mine; that we should procure men and make improvements; get rich in a short time

—take our families and go to Italy and France. 'For,' said he, 'I find I can't stand these cold winters any longer.'

"Then we went to the house. Fowler gave me two thousand dollars in gold dust to take to the city to exchange for coin, as we did not dare to let any one know that we had made this discovery, for there would be certain to be a rush of all the disagreeable elements in the county to that vicinity.

"As we parted, Fowler told me that a short time after his tunnel had reached the pay dirt a couple of engineers or surveyors had been running lines in the vicinity of his claim and would not tell him what they were doing, except to say that they were running some government lines. This disturbed me somewhat, for I was aware of the number of corrupt scoundrels in the State and National land offices, and I feared that Fowler's secret had been discovered.

"I had gone to the stage-office, purchased my ticket, taken my seat in the stage, and was about to proceed to the nearest railway town, when Fowler came to me, laboring under some excitement, and asked to see me. He took me to a place free from observation, and showed me a complaint and summons which had been served upon him by the sheriff but a few minutes before. The complaint was a bill in equity asking for an injunction and fastened to it was an order issued out of the Superior Court, commanding Luther Fowler to refrain from and to cease working, digging in, about or upon a certain piece of land and mining claim known as Fowler's Folly, and from extracting gold therefrom. The complaint alleged that the Bevis Mining Company was the owner of a certain thirty-six section, and that Luther Fowler, his agents, servants and employees had entered in and upon said land and was tunneling, digging and exca-

vating thereon and extracting a vast amount of precious metals therefrom.

"I immediately went back with Fowler to his mining claim. Fowler took me up the ridge to where there was a flat piece of land and showed me the ruins of a cabin where a settler in early days had settled upon a school section of land belonging to the State of California. On account of the frostiness of the locality, the settler, after having the land surveyed, had abandoned his claim. Fowler then pointed out to me where the stakes had originally been set. We followed down the ridge nearly a quarter of a mile, and there we found that the original stakes in the survey of the school section had been moved some four hundred yards in order to make the school section include Fowler's claim.

"I asked Fowler if he could give me the names of the men who had made the survey. He told me, and I took a memorandum of them. I then proceeded to the county-seat, for signed to the complaint was a well-known firm of city lawyers, and also the name of a local attorney named Cerpense. The judge who issued the injunction was named Pflugge. Judge Pflugge was a man of no legal learning, who had been elected by one of those political accidents which sometimes happen in our peculiar political system. Judge Pflugge was of German peasant extraction; had been raised on a hog farm in Kansas; his parents, being exceedingly poor, he had never lived well until he was elected judge. It was whispered among the bar that his salary was not the only income which he possessed. He was a perfect blonde, wore large glasses, was far below the average height, and since his elevation to the bench, through the medium of good dinners, bottled beer and cheap wines, he weighed over two hundred pounds. He had married a half-

breed squaw, and had a family of five or six Digger-Indian-looking children. It was the common scandal of the bar that Mr. Cerpense possessed his lucrative practice, not from any legal ability, but from his supposed influence over the judge. Mr. Cerpense was a southern gentleman from New Orleans, was a large red-faced man, who kept a five-gallon demi-john in his office, and consequently went home to his bachelor quarters every night in a state of intoxication. To this man Judge Pflugge, in court and out of court, showed an abject subserviency. It was said by the other members of the bar that a drunken leer made by Mr. Cerpense would win a case with more certainty before Judge Pflugge than an hour's argument and citation of authorities by any other member of the bar. Having had considerable business in that vicinity, I trembled for the outcome of Fowler's law-suit.

"Being satisfied that a false survey had been made, and that the stakes had been removed for the purpose of taking Fowler's valuable claim away from him, knowing the influence of Messrs. Henson & Byde in our State Land Department, I was somewhat puzzled as to what steps to take. The first thing I did was to hunt up Mr. Cerpense, whom I found in a mellow condition, and get a stipulation from him that the case should not be called for six weeks. I immediately repaired to San Francisco. I hunted up the two men that had made the false survey, and asked to see them at my office. I informed them that their infamous work had been discovered; that they had not only been seen to move the stakes, but had been overheard discussing the matter. That those in authority had received a big sum of money for having caused the stakes to be moved, and that they, who were mere deputies, would receive only a small pittance, and would probably be punished besides. They

thereupon admitted to me the facts that I have stated, and begged of me not to expose them, and that they would get out of the country or do anything in their power to undo the wrong that they had done. I immediately wrote out their separate statements, had them sign them, promised to keep their matter secret from the public unless compelled to divulge it, and then repaired to the office of Mr. Bevis.

"Before leaving Fowler I had taken from him a fully executed and acknowledged power of attorney.

"Mr. Bevis was a man of strict integrity, shrewd in business, very urbane, a multi-millionaire, and a man who thought money all-powerful.

"On sending in my card I was admitted immediately. Mr. Bevis was very urbane, greeted me with cordiality, and seemed glad to see me. Taking from my pocket the statement signed by the deputy surveyor, sitting facing Mr. Bevis, and with only a small desk between us, I read to Mr. Bevis the statement of the bribed deputies. I made no word of introduction, but read the statements through; I could meanwhile hear Mr. Bevis breathing very hard.

"When I had done, I said to Mr. Bevis: 'How much farther do you intend to go in this business?'

"He looked at me out of his steel-blue eyes, and with an assumed indifference, remarked: 'I have nothing to say to you, sir.'

"'Very well, Mr. Bevis,' said I, 'this will involve you, Messrs. Henson & Byde, the Surveyor-General's office and several deputies. By the time you get through with this, you will perhaps be ready to adopt the profound axiom that honesty is the best policy, if not the best morals.'

"'Luther Fowler,' I said, 'has worked a life-time to discover this mine, and you, sir, are trying to rob him of it. I have always heard that you were a scoundrel, and now I know it. I am not worth over

twenty-five thousand dollars, but I will spend every cent of it to put you and your flunkys behind the bars.'

"Of course this kind of talk was very bad policy, but the cool impudence of the man and the helpless condition of my client had made me exceedingly angry. I took my hat and stepped toward the door. I had just opened it when Mr. Bevis remarked: 'Mr. Lindsay, perhaps we can compromise this. Sit down.'

"I returned and seated myself at his table. 'Now, Lindsay, look here,' said he. 'This client of yours, Fowler, is a poor devil and has never had much money, probably; now we are willing to do the right thing by him. We will give him five thousand dollars and take his deed to the mine. Any large amount of money would be of no use to him; he would probably spend it immediately, and as for you, we will pay you for your trouble in fixing up the matter. We'll give you, say, five thousand dollars in money and a thousand shares in the company to be formed.'

"As I looked at the man, my anger began to rise, but I controlled myself, and looking Mr. Bevis fairly in the face, I said: 'Mr. Bevis, I, sir, am the owner of a one-half interest in that mine already. I have practiced mining law for the last twenty-five years, and you know me well enough to know that I understand my business. I, sir, have been in that mine but recently, and there is now in sight pay dirt worth over a million dollars.'

"I here took from my pocket several chunks of gold, and laid them on the table before him. Continuing, I said: 'Those experts that you sent into the mine at midnight did not have a chance to make a very extensive examination. Now,' said I, 'I admire this grand larceny scheme of yours on account of the magnitude of its proportions. But you see, Mr. Bevis, that I have not

been idle while you have been at work. While you have had men watching Fowler, I have been watching you, and every move you have made. Now, sir, if you want to talk business, I'll talk with you. We have in the mint, Fowler and I, a hundred thousand dollars in gold dust that we have recently taken from the mine. Now, while we don't admit that you or your company have any claim to this mining ground, we will give you fifty thousand dollars for a deed of it. If you wish to buy it, we will take it for just two million dollars. I have a power of attorney from Fowler; we will give a sixty, seventy or ninety day bond on this mine, but for that you must pay us ten thousand dollars.'

"I saw I had the advantage and I pressed it. The ten thousand dollars were paid, and the bond was executed with a proviso that if the company should not take the mine all the gold which they should extract should be returned to Fowler.

"Accompanied by an expert I repaired to the residence of Fowler, gave him the ten thousand dollars, with which he paid up all of his old debts, took the balance, and went East, while I hired a man to stay and watch the mine, which was being experted by the company. I received a letter from Fowler that he was coming with his family to spend Christmas at the mine. Fowler came, brought his wife, two sons and his daughter, and they were installed at Fowler's Folly.

"Fowler had about exhausted his means in travel and the fees of medical experts in trying to get some relief from that fatal disease, consumption.

"The expert had stopped work on the mine, discharged his hired men, and closed the tunnel, preparatory to going to San Francisco to make his report.

"I could see that Mrs. Fowler was very anxious about her husband and

his affairs. On the first of December, just before I started for San Francisco, Mrs. Fowler asked me in very anxious tones if I thought there was any hope of realizing anything from the mine. I told her I could not tell.

"I went to San Francisco, the transfer was made, and the payment for the mine was made up of drafts on Eastern banking houses, United States bonds, personal checks and United States currency. I immediately took the money, deposited it in a bank, all except ten thousand dollars in crisp United States notes, and set out for Fowler's Folly. I arrived there on the 24th of December. There had been a heavy fall of snow the week before, so that the trail was impassable, except on snow shoes.

It was the twenty-fourth day of December, the day that Luther Fowler had so long promised himself he should spend with his family, the day that was to see the consummation of the hopes of a life-time.

Everything at Fowler's Folly was covered with snow; even the buildings were almost invisible. Little tunnels had been dug through the snow down to the doors and windows of the dwelling house. I immediately asked to see Mr. Fowler. I found him sitting by the fire and every few moments coughing violently. Without saying a word,

I placed in his hands the certificate of deposit for his immense wealth and the ten thousand dollars in currency.

"Fowler staggered to his feet, went to the nearest window, read the certificate of deposit, called his wife into the room, told her to call the children, and when the family were assembled, shouted: "All of you thought I was crazy, but I knew it was there. Half of this is yours, Lindsay. Remember, wife," said he, turning to his wife, 'half of all this is Lindsay's. If it hadn't been for Lindsay buying that drill for me I wouldn't have lived long enough to have gone through that rim rock, and we should have all died beggars. But now,' he shouted, 'we're all rich. Do you know that, Kate? You're a rich man's wife.' Here he reached out his arms towards his wife, staggered forward, began to cough violently, the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. He would have fallen upon the floor had I not caught him and laid him upon a lounge, and for him there was no more trouble."

As the Judge ceased speaking, the bells rang out the hour of midnight.

After a pause, the judge asked: "Well, gentlemen, what say you? Guilty or not guilty?"

And we all said: "Not guilty."





"What do you know of me?"

A STRIFE IN THE BLOOD

By Della R. Neal

THE last faint traces of red had disappeared from the West, and now the sky was one clear sea of deep blue. Encircled by the high mountains, the little valley lay quiet and peaceful in the early twilight, and the restful coolness of the June evening was coming on. The forests covering the mountain-side seemed reaching down to meet the deepening shadows in the valley—on the steeper slopes dense and gloomy, then gradually spreading out until only here and there a few giant pines stood as sentinels, guarding the forest treasures. Not a

breath of air was stirring among the willows and poplars bordering the forest; even the birds were silent, except as the clear call of some belated meadow lark came echoing up from below.

At the edge of the forest, skirting a little flat, a noisy creek went winding down the hillside. On its banks a girl was lying, stretched out at full length. From beneath her bright red gown could be seen two small brown feet, and not far off on the edge of the creek were her shoes and stockings.

As she lazily shifted her position

her face came into view. A Spanish face, the casual observer would have said, with its black hair, large dark eyes and brown skin; but to the more experienced eye, it was the face of an unusually pretty half-breed Indian girl. There was a dreamy look in the brown eyes, an almost pensive droop about the full red lips. As her restless gaze fell on the great house in the valley beneath, her eyes began to fill and with a sob and muttered exclamation she buried her face in the grass and burst into a torrent of tears.

At the mouth of the valley a horseman appeared, accompanied by a number of dogs. Now they were off in hot pursuit of a dissipated rabbit, scurrying late homeward; now barking and yelping at the foot of some pine, frisking wildly about it, teasing the frightened little squirrel who looked down in fear and trembling at the gaping mouths of his tormentors. One was running eagerly ahead; now he stopped to sniff the air, then with a bound was off again, keen on the scent. The rider gazed carefully around as he rode slowly up the trail, now and then giving a low call whose only answer was the echo. Suddenly with one glad bark, the dog sprang ahead, vaulted the creek, and stood by the form of the girl, lovingly licking her hands and then frisking about in an abandon of joy. The girl raised her head, started as if to flee, and seeing there was no escape awaited the approach of the horseman.

"Hello, Rachel! what are you doing here? What does this mean?" he said, drawing rein on the opposite bank.

"Nothing," was the impassionate reply.

"Rachel!" cried the man, as if stung to the quick by the coldness of her tone. "What is it?" Receiving no answer, he dismounted, and approaching said half laughingly and half seriously: "Well, this is a

nice welcome to give a man who has searched the place over for you. You are showing a lack of courtesy to our guests, dear; and not only that, but it is sure to give rise to unpleasant remarks. You do not know how worried we have been." As he spoke, he looked into the beautiful, sorrowful face, lovingly, half pityingly, but in evident displeasure and surprise.

"Have you?" she asked listlessly. "I am sorry to have been the cause of so much anxiety, especially that which our guests must have experienced. I had not found them so kind, so considerate, that I—well—I——" She stopped short as she caught the look in her husband's eyes, but after pausing a moment went on defiantly. "I am extremely grateful to them."

"Possibly some consideration is due to the feelings of your husband. It is so unlike you, dear, to be so diffident and cold. Rachel, I should like an explanation of your conduct."

He paused for a moment, waiting, then repeated: "Rachel, what is it? Why do you act this way? Tell me."

His clear, even tones seemed to exert some influence over his wife, which she could not resist, and looking hurriedly away she answered stubbornly: "Because I do not want to be in the way of those who hate me on account of my blood. I hate them! I hate myself! I hate everybody! I almost hate you!"

As she spoke she seemed in her passion of resentment almost to forget his presence. Then springing to her feet she threw her head back defiantly, and with flashing eyes stood waiting for his answer. Her girlish figure was almost regal as she stood there, with the dark green trees as a background, and the long folds of her bright red gown falling around her. Her husband remained silent, gazing at her with mingled love and anger.

"Well?" she asked, half-scornfully.

"Well, my dear, I think you would better put on your shoes and come home."

"I shall go as I am," she answered, picking up her shoes and stockings. "It's my Indian blood, you know."

He tossed the bridle over his arm and the two walked silently down toward the white house in the valley.

* * * * *

For the first time since Carlton's marriage there were city guests at the Merton ranch, and to the delight of Mrs. Merton, Carleton's aunt, the rambling old country house was alive with young people. Sounds of song and laughter came through the open windows, and in the orchard one caught glimpses of the pretty light dresses of the girls, flitting here and there among the tree trunks. They were all the gayest young people imaginable, and up with the lark, they laughed, flirted, rode, fished and danced until late at night.

But among them there was one who was far from gay and happy: to Rachel the hours dragged heavily. The sports of the others afforded her no pleasure. She longed for the return of the happy days of the past few months. During Carleton's college days they had often had visitors from the city, but that had been different. Then she had been only a child, petted and admired by all, the beloved foster-child of their hostess, just a beautiful half-breed whose Spanish beauty made one almost forget her parentage.

But now, to Rachel's thought, all was changed. She felt and resented a certain curiosity in the attitude of their guests. Many times coming unexpectedly into the room, she felt the constraint and confusion which her entrance caused, and with perhaps something of her Indian intui-

tion, knew that she had been the subject of discussion.

But the confirmation of what she had already vaguely perceived and felt had come the night before. A voice, carelessly raised, had come up to her, from the dusk without as she sat alone by her open window.

"Say what you will, I, for one, cannot understand it. A man of his position—to be carried away——"

Rachel lost the words which followed, then the tones became clearer:

"Half the girls in the city were wild over Walter. You can imagine the shock. A common Indian. That is really all she is, and you know what that will mean in a few years."

"Oh, come now, Miss Dale. Don't you think you are going rather far? I acknowledge it is rather unfortunate and a little hard to understand until you have seen her, at least. But it's really not so bad as that, you know, or people would have dropped him. You certainly do not mean all you say, or you yourself would hardly be here."

A scornful little laugh floated out on the night air.

"Oh, there's loads of money, you know, and then there is his aunt. Besides, I, for one, am here half out of curiosity."

There was a trace of scorn in her companion's tone as he replied:

"Well, I think we must admit that it is Carleton's own affair, after all. And it has evidently not occurred to him that he has any reason to be ashamed of his wife."

One watching the face in the dusk above them would have said Rachel had not heard their words. But beneath her outward calm surged a torrent of maddening thoughts, and her dark eyes grew brighter, as she sought to unravel the tangled skein. Memories of her past came surging up: her love for her foster-mother, the joys of the past few months, hatred for the intruders and the cruel sting of their contempt. All



"I almost hate you."

that her life had tended to make her forget now came sweeping over her with relentless force. Throwing herself down on a couch, she clenched her hands and fought desperately with the tumultuous thoughts that crowded her aching brain.

It was no small wonder she had forgotten those dim days at the great Mission school, where, in spite of her white blood, she had been only an Indian girl. She had been brought to the Merton ranch as a little child, and under the tender, sheltering love of her foster-mother she had grown up utterly unmindful of the fact that she had anything in common with the Indians about them. In the glad freedom of her girlish days all memories of the past had been blotted out. Her pulses quickened as she thought of the many hours she had spent with her husband, when as a boy he had spent his vacations on the ranch, and later, during his college days when the visits had been longer, but not so frequent. The gay, happy companionship, the growing consciousness of something deeper, and then—the day when the smouldering fire had burst into flame. All had been so joyous until now, now when the happy dream was broken. She had shrunk from the house party a little when Mrs. Merton had suggested it, but only because she was too happy to want anything to interrupt the prolonged honeymoon. No thought of any possible change had entered her mind. But from the hour of their guests' arrival there had been something strange in their manner, so different from that of the other days. She had done her duty as a hostess, but held herself somewhat aloof, not joining in their amusements. For some indefinable reason she had not felt one of them. She had not understood; now all was clear—too clear.

As she lay there in the darkness, almost stunned by the blow, she scarcely moved, and was too hurt

to weep. The angry blood came and went in her colorless cheeks, as the taunting words she had overheard echoed and re-echoed through her throbbing head.

"Only a common Indian," she muttered between her teeth. "On his aunt's account, you know. So I am not good enough for his fine friends. Then they can have him."

The night seemed endless; not one moment's rest, or release from those haunting memories. When morning came she was too exhausted to rise, and pleading illness, remained in her own apartments during the day, stealing out when they were at dinner to the brook where her husband found her.

The days that followed were terrible ones for Rachel Carleton. She conquered her anger after that one outburst, and during the remainder of their guests' stay she struggled for strength and composure.

She acted her part superbly, and came out of the trying ordeal a self-poised woman. But the sleepless nights and the reaction that followed the trying days began to leave their marks of pain and suffering, and it was with a sigh of relief that she bade the last guest farewell.

Even when alone with her husband and foster-mother she could not drive from her mind those thoughts which had so suddenly blighted her joy. She felt she must escape from them—but how? Many times she was tempted to confide in her husband, but each time something held her back. Would he laugh and call it a foolish fancy? Or, worse yet, might not the story awaken in him the same feelings of contempt that the others had for her? Might not the dream be shattered, too? No, she could not do it; her love for him held her back. It was better to suffer in silence than to risk that terrible possibility.

The time came when, in spite of her denial, her suffering was only too evident to those who loved her.

The autumn days seemed to affect her in some mysterious way, and try as she might she could not drive away her melancholy. One day she was bright and happy, the next strangely silent. In vain her husband sought the solution of her puzzling conduct. The few passionate words spoken weeks before by the brookside never occurred to him as a possible clue; they had been too impossible, too foolish, to be given a second thought.

When the brooding tension of these days was becoming unbearable, it was broken by the sudden illness and death of Mrs. Merton. Rachel's former trouble was entirely lost for the time being in this greater sorrow—the loss of the only mother she had ever known. In the days that followed she was herself again—a sadder, sombre self, but not the incomprehensible woman of the past weeks. It seemed to her anxious husband that the sorrow had brought her back to him, and in her grief she clung to him in dependent love.

But when it was decided that he must go to the city on business connected with the estate, her mood was entirely changed. All her previous sorrow was awakened; all the doubts and misgivings caused by those taunting words swept over her like a mighty wave. It seemed that she could not give him up, could not bear to have him return to his old surroundings. Still less could she accompany him; in vain were all her husband's pleadings; not even at the last did she falter in her determination to remain alone. As Carleton turned to take a last look at the old farm home before it should be hidden from view by the dense forest, he saw her still standing where he had left her, her hand shading her eyes. A great dread, a foreboding of coming evil, swept over him and chilled his heart with fear as he turned his horse's head and rode on into the forest.

Left alone, Rachel gave way, little by little, to the feelings she had so striven to suppress, and then began the lonely battle with her torturing thoughts. Only Rachel's own heart and mind knew the terrible bitterness, the half madness, of the days that followed. Long days of brooding, days when the snow made it impossible to leave the house, days so dark and gloomy that the night seemed to shut down alike on the world and on her heart and brain. The deep snow shut out the world, and for days Rachel saw no one save the servants and the ranch hands. Restlessly she walked the house for hours at a time. Again the house seemed to stifle her. There was no escape, and it seemed to her as the hot blood rushed through her veins and beat in her throat and temples that her very blood was at war.

One day when rambling through the house she came upon an old Indian woman working in the washroom. Dirty, repulsive as she was, she seemed to fascinate Rachel, and leaning against the window-sill she watched her silently. Was this what she would be in years to come? The light in her eyes grew cold and strange; she felt a sudden desire to know who she really was; would this squaw know? Laughing hysterically, she began to question her. Again and again Rachel tried to break the stolid indifference of the squaw, and each time received a resentful grunt in reply.

Finally, urged on by some uncontrollable impulse, and clenching her little hands, she almost screamed in her eagerness:

"What do you know of me? Who am I?"

Turning savagely, the squaw flung a torrent of Indian sentences at her; then, as her passion cooled, breaking into English, said:

"What you? You all same me! You mamma Indian chief girl. You papa, white man come here long ago. He have no white woman. Af-

ter while he go way; one moon, two moon, three moon, he no come; then you come and you mamma die! When you grow, old chief send you to white man's big Indian school. Many, many moons, and a white man come again—bring white woman 'with him. She bring you here. Now you white man's woman. You no good! You too much white man; no good Indian. Too much Indian, no good white man! Some day you come back to us, back to you old mama old papa.”

For a moment she gazed scornfully at Rachel, then turned again to her suds and silence.

The full significance of one cruel phrase of that girl's words not fully comprehended broke in upon Rachel's thoughts: "You know what that will mean in a few years!" White, quiet and cold, all the tumult within her died down, and she acknowledged defeat. No one will ever know the thoughts that passed through her mind, as she stood there fascinated by the snake-like charm of the old squaw.

As the weather settled, she began to take long walks into the depths of the forest; sometimes on snowshoes, but often only on the crust of the frozen snow. Many times she was gone all day, returning late at night, blue with cold, her clothing stiff with ice. Still fascinated by the old Indian woman she spent hours in her company; she was often seen around the Indian camp, and once the old chief was seen prowling around the ranch. The cheeks that had been rosy became thin and colorless, and the eyes, once so beautiful, were now wild and restless, and filled with a nameless dread and longing.

Letters which had been as rays of sunshine in her loneliness were now received with indifference. She had spent hours answering them, and cunningly concealed all that might have indicated the change in her. But one day in the early spring

Rachel received a letter from her husband, saying he would arrive at the ranch on the next evening.

Without saying a word, except to inform the manager of her husband's expected return, she went swiftly from the room and up the broad stairs to her rooms. Putting on her wraps, she slipped quietly out of the house. Passing a group of workmen she smiled at them, spoke a few words, and then disappeared from view into the forest. The men resumed their work; there was nothing to alarm them—she often went off alone like that.

The afternoon came and went; evening fell, the darkness deepened, nine o'clock came, and still Mrs. Carleton did not return. Ten o'clock and the nervous housemaids wakened the workmen who went to inquire at all the neighbors, but no one had seen her. Daylight found them anxiously searching along the lanes and paths leading to the forest. Each hour added new recruits to the searching party, and not until late in the afternoon did they give up in despair, and sadly awaited the coming of the husband. They had no clues, no traces, nothing could be found that shed any light on the mysterious disappearance.

It was a sad home-coming for Carleton, and almost distracted he caused another searching party to be formed, heading it himself. Weeks passed, and still Rachel did not appear, nor was any trace of her discovered. Inquiries were made by the frantic husband at the Indian camps. Bribes were offered, but to no avail. Hints were dropped by the servants that possibly the old chief knew something of Mrs. Carleton's whereabouts. But the chief, when accused, became violent and threatening, and when questioned remained silent. For almost two years Carleton never ceased in his efforts to find his lost wife, but all in vain; her disappearance was as complete as if the earth had opened and

swallowed her. At last even he became disheartened, and yielding to the entreaties of his friends and family, sought the relief offered by new scenes and occupations.

* * * * *

Not once in the next three years did Carleton visit the mountain ranch, but at the end of that time he yielded to the wish of his youngest sister to visit with her friends his old country home.

If the sights and sounds reminded him of that other gay party, five years before, no one ever knew it. He was all that a thoughtful and considerate host could be.

One evening at the dinner table, Carleton remarked: "There is a burning at the Indian camp to-night, and I think you will be interested in it. It is not often we hear of one now. Would you care to go?"

"But what is a burning, Walter?" his sister asked. "Is it anything very dreadful?"

"Oh, no! Once a year the Indians collect all sorts of articles, food, clothing, blankets, every conceivable thing, and burn them to their god. They do this to provide for the comfort of the dead during the year."

Some hours later they were riding down the lane which led to the camp and the faint beams of the moon cast fitful shadows about them. As they rounded a turn there could be seen, through the scrubby underbrush, the glow of fires. Now and then tongues of flame shot up high among the smaller trees, and danced fantastically among the great tree trunks. Suddenly they came out into the open and stopped, startled by the scene before them.

"Oh, how wierd!" some one exclaimed. In the center of an open space, surrounded by the rough, squat cabins and wigwams of the tribe, a large fire was roaring. The crescent moon had grown dimmer, and tall trees loomed up like huge walls of utter darkness. Grouped around the fire were the Indians,

each with his or her gift to the dead. A little apart from the other cabins the "sweat house" could be seen, and near it stood two figures, who seemed to hold themselves aloof from the rest.

In front of the fire were two old squaws, wailing and rocking to and fro. Near them was another, a younger one, whose pitch-smeared face and black rags were tokens of a recent bereavement.

One after another the Indians advanced that threw their offerings into the flames. Among the gifts were beautiful baskets, filled with pine nuts, acorns and paste made from ground acorn meal.

The spectators dismounted, and moving nearer, bartered for the baskets. The wierdness and beauty of the scene affected them strangely. One by one the piles of fuel and offerings dwindled down, but the squaw and buck by the sweat house had not moved. As the firelight grew dimmer and the shadows deepened, the squaw, picking up three large baskets, glided out of the darkness toward the fire. As she drew nearer and came into the light, Carleton started toward her, hesitated, and then stood watching her as if fascinated. For a moment she stood over the dying blaze. Then one by one she dropped the baskets into the fire, and with bent head watched them burn down to ashes. As the fire died out again, an Indian threw a great pine knot upon the coals; and as the flames flashed up, throwing a strong light upon her face, the woman turned and darted swiftly back into the sheltering shadows.

With a cry, Carleton started forward, the blood surging to his face; the spell was broken. "Rachel! Rachel!" he cried. Changed and coarsened though she was, still he recognized in the squaw so prematurely aged, his wife, the young and beautiful woman of a few years before.

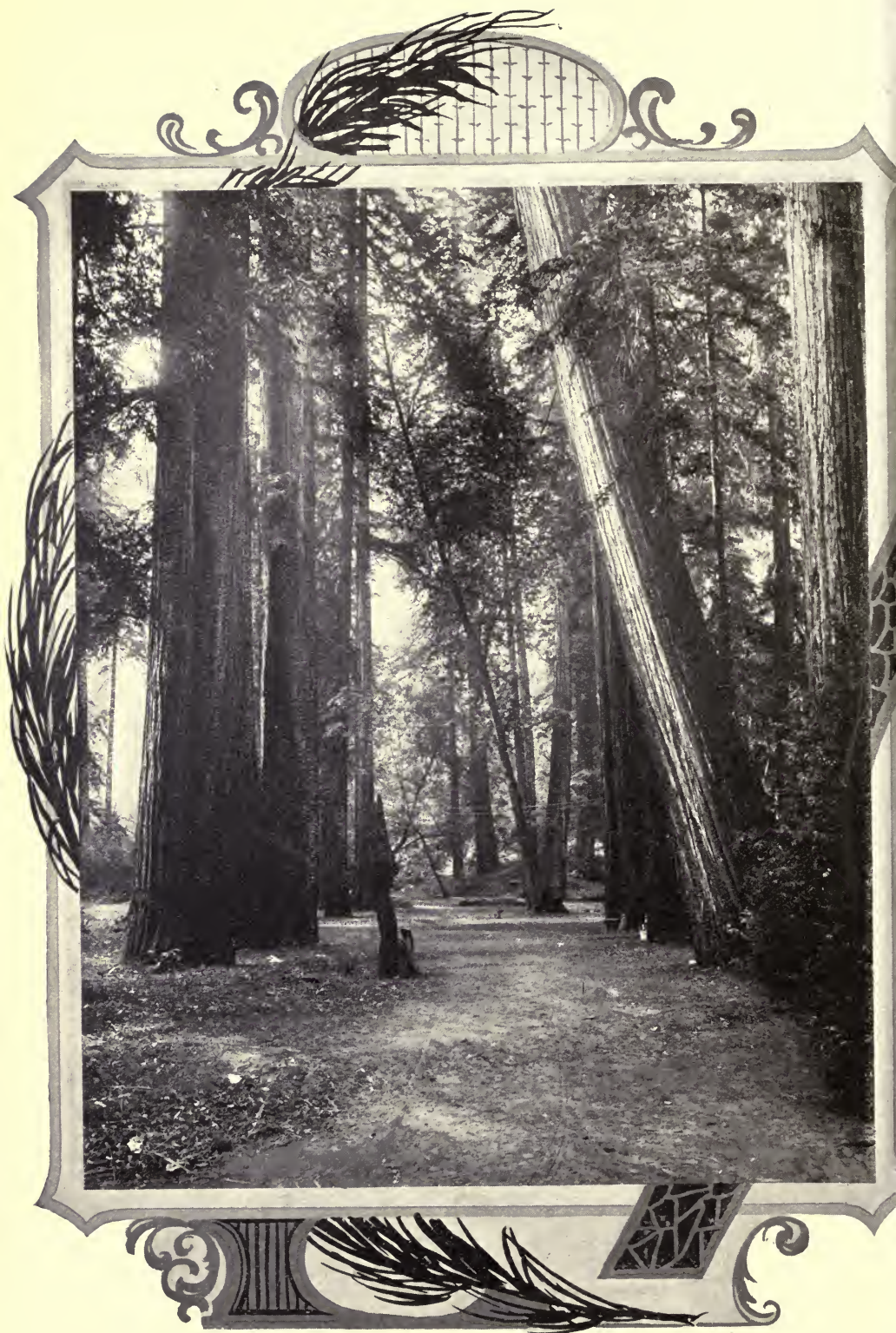
"Rachel! Rachel!" he cried again as he neared the edge of the forest, but the only answer he received was the faint "Rachel! Rachel!" which the hills threw back into the valley.

As he stood peering into the darkness Carleton realized the meaning of those words spoken by the brookside, and the bitter hopelessness of it all overwhelmed him. When he returned to his waiting guests his face was white and set, and his eyes wore the expression of one to whom the lost are lost indeed. In those few moments, there in the blackness of the shadows, he had fought his battle.

Silently the party mounted and rode down the valley. As they reached the turn, some of the party halted and looked back on the scene they had just left. The fire had almost died out, and only the faint glow of a few coals remained. The shadowy forms of the Indians could be seen moving to and fro, and the hills, looming up larger and blacker than before, seemed to throw back to them that faint, haunting echo: "Rachel! Rachel!"

Somewhere there in those depths was a woman fleeing swiftly and silently, through the blackness of the forest, back to her hiding place.





Redwoods of California.

From "California the Land of Pro

Mike's Adoption

By Grace Helen Bailey

IT was the lonesomeness of the alien that first attracted Mike to that particular bench and the baby carriage.

The cold January day, brilliant with the sparkle of frost and the keenness of high north winds, demanded action, and the constant movement of strong limbs. But Mike was sick at heart and weary after the long tramp; the noise of the traffic deafened him; the hurrying crowd of ashen men and women elbowing up and down the sunless streets; the set, pinched faces of the hungry and destitute thronging this section of the city; the comfortable Oriental of the sleek appearance and impenetrable eye, all tended to confuse him, to fill him with a sense of the unreal, counterbalanced by a consciousness of extreme physical fatigue. He turned his steps toward the square, for there, at least, the loiterers seemed idle and more companionable. And yet, as he stood at the entrance of the green-bordered, open space, filled with drowsing vagabonds and quarreling children, a wave of unendurable loneliness swept over him. Not one head was raised in recognition; not one eye brightened with greeting at his approach. Several Chinese children ran about the monument, jabbering in their strange jargon, their small amber faces puckered with intensity in the fury of a game; two newsboys fisted and fought over an extra copy, bringing the noise and brawl of the streets into the place chosen as a breathing space for tired humanity.

Mike sighed. With hands thrust deep into his pockets, his decision wavered between the noisy square and the cheerless lodging; and then his eye caught sight of the baby car-

riage. It was an ordinary wicker affair with the hood drawn down, thus concealing the contents, and covered with a pink eider-down quilt. And yet, about it there was a secretive air, and, ever allured by mystery, this son of Adam, and incidentally the "Old Country," moved on to his destiny.

A young man, in a thin coat, his hat pulled over his face, slouched on the extreme end of the bench, his feet stimulating the energy of the hind wheels by an occasional kick. His arms were folded, and except for a hacking cough now and then, he, too, was as quiet as the attractive vehicle.

Mike sat down gingerly, and around the three fell a profound silence, accentuated by the noisy echoes from afar. The city pulsated and beat, and life and activity and struggle was the throb of its heart. And so, amidst the bustle and rush of a Western city, with its strange mosaic of foreign elements, its own types, old and new, its palace-crowned hills, its sweep of bay and ocean, an Irish boy sat dreaming, for memory has a strange trick of schooling the mind to loyalties of the past and home. It was Sunday, on the banks of the Lee and Kitty and he were fishing. The sun was brighter, the fish gamier, the hours more precious, for he and Kitty were together, the sport forbidden, the time stolen. Kitty's laughter floated over the waters as she dropped the can of bait into the river.

He was startled by a low gurgle and sprang to his feet, superstitious fancies overwhelming him in sudden fright. There was a decided movement under the quilt, and life grew more real. Mike looked at the motionless figure on the end of the

bench. The eider-down became violent, and the gurgle changed to a minor key. Mike decided quickly. He tip-toed over to the carriage and raised the hood with caution, and then he gave a jump, and his heart almost suffocated him, for Kitty's blue eyes, smiling but fearless, were gazing up into his own.

"Mither of God!" he breathed, and dropping on his knees on the gravel path, his great red hands went out to meet those of the baby.

"And God sent ye to me, darlin'!" he whispered, "and Mither of God keep ye," he added reverently, taking the pink out-thrust fist into his own. His palm closed over it with awe, for he feared the snowflake would melt in the warmth, and then the tiny bundle put out its arms and cooed and gurgled in coyless satisfaction at his attention.

"And it's cowl'd ye be," said Mike, and in a burst of chivalry he stripped off his overcoat and laid it on the foot of the carriage. The cry became a wail, and the dimpled hands stretched out appealingly. Mike breathed hard. He had no first experience to help him in the handling of an object so mighty—so tiny. He looked at the guardian in despair. The hat had come lower, the foot was still. The inevitable was at hand. Mike bent over and gathered the eider-down, baby and all, in his trembling embrace. The soft bundle lay against him, and a delicious warmth went through all his body. In his glow of conquest he sat down, and all things but one grew insignificant in his estimation, and miracle of miracles, the little live thing settled itself cozily, the thumb went up uncertainly into the red mouth—and the baby was asleep.

The children tumbled over each other, screaming and laughing, ran on to the dark alleys called home; the cable cars grated up the steep hill with their evening freight, and trucks and vans congested at the street corners. One by one the

loungees shuffled off the benches and dragged wearily on their night's quest for the stray coin. From Chinatown the lights began to glow in variegated balls that swung and danced in the brisk winds; worlds of fire lost in a dim abyss of dragons and Oriental splendors. The dead leaves, collected in little heaps, scattered and sped over the ground, pursued by the same spirit that sent the white caps forming and foaming on every wave-crest of the bay; the magic spirit that cleared the last vestige of mist from the calm brow of Tamalpais, leaving the folded ridges silhouetted blue and brown and black against the background of faint rose sky and fainter stars.

Mike's uneasiness grew as the air sharpened. At length the threadbare figure on the bench shivered and stretched; the hat went back and a thin white hand sought the baby carriage. For a moment it rested in the hollow where the small occupant had been, and then the hand came out slowly. The bent figure turned, as though the consciousness behind the movement was too feeble to grasp the fact of loss.

Mike stirred guiltily, and held the bundle out to the young man.

"Here—faith it's yours!" he said with reluctance.

"Sure Mike!" said the young man with a laugh.

"Faith, how did you know I was called Mike?" cried the Irishman, impulsively.

"I didn't," answered the other with a shiver. "Say, here," he said with chattering teeth, "give me the kid."

With awkward tenderness Mike relinquished his charge, wrapping the quilt and cloak around the sleeping child. The young man staggered, and sat down suddenly, Mike snatching the bundle just in time to save it from a fall.

"I can't do it!" cried the young father, in a burst of uncontrollable

misery. "Nell would have died first. But what am I to do?" he wailed.

"What d'ye mean?" said Mike, sinking on the bench beside the father and child, his paternal instinct alive at hint of harm to the little one. "Faith, ain't it yer own colleen?"

"Yes, it's my kid all right," answered the other, "but I can't keep it—now that Nell's gone. I don't know nothin' about a kid. When Nell was alive it was different; she was so handy and smart. I loved to play with it then, but now——" His voice broke in a sob, and the gasping cough caught his throat and strangled him.

"What are yer doin' with it?" said Mike.

The bent figure straightened. "I am goin' to take it over there, until I'm stronger." He pointed vaguely.

Mike peered into the deepening dusk. They faced Kearny street, and across the way the tall outline of the Hall of Justice loomed.

"Where?" asked Mike again.

"There, to the J——" the young man faltered.

"Holy Mither, that's the Jail!" said Mike.

"But," the voice quavered, "there is a place over there where they take kids and women. Some one told me so."

An electric light flashed out into the Square, now sombre and dark. Mike thought of Kitty.

"Oh, the darlin'!" he cried, haunted by the baby's blue eyes. "Oh, the darlin': give her to me."

The voice of authority was not to be resisted. The bundle was meekly transferred.

"You see," said the young man, dropping his face in his hands, "Nell's only been dead two weeks, and the woman in the lodgin's been keepin' it for me. Now, she ain't goin' to keep the kid any longer—because I owe rent. She said so this

morning. And the habit's gettin' stronger since Nell's gone; I don't seem to be able to fight it off alone. I ain't got no one in the world; there's just the baby and myself. All my folks is dead, and Nell ain't never had none—that I know of." He leaned forward. "This is what the habit's done for me—see."

He pulled up the frayed sleeve, banded with rusty black, and Mike saw numerous little punctures on the right wrist.

"Nell," he continued, "she was a game sort. She was holdin' the kid when she died. They said she had no pain—just got sort of white and put back her head. 'Jim,' said she, 'when I'm gone be good to the baby.' It was just a week before Christmas, and we was goin' to the Fiddler's ball; I play in a music hall, that's where I met Nell. She wasn't like the rest. I felt better the first time I spoke to her. She was game, Nell was."

The speaker's voice went on weakly, the great tears streaming down his white cheeks. "Nell was a beaut., she was—just nineteen this month—two years younger than me, and we was goin' to buy a house out of our savings—one on the installment plan. We saved fifty dollars, and then the baby came, and Nell took sick and I lost my job because I used to quit early to go and take care of her. And then one night when my head beat I got a loan of this." He took a small instrument out of his pocket and fingered it with mingled fear and fascination. "And somehow it made me better for a while, and now when it's made me worse, I can't give it up."

There was a wail and a stir from the bundle, and terror struck to Mike's soul.

"It's hungry," said the father, patting the overcoat. "It ain't been fed since morning." He arose with determination. "I say, you've been pretty kind to hold the kid so long, but I'm goin' to take it over there

now. I suppose they'll give it some milk."

The listener said no word. The moisture was in his eyes, the choke in his throat. Such a wee thing and so helpless! And they might not tuck it in of nights, and there would be no girl-mother to hush its cries.

An audacious thought pierced his brain; he felt the blood beat in his wrists. Mike rose slowly, and all the tenderness of his love for the colleen swelled up in his breast. "Come with me," he said; "I've a place to shleep in, and she's not so big not to fit."

"What?" cried the stranger. "You will keep us?"

The Irishman nodded his head, and with the baby still in his arms, moved carefully down the path. The young father rolled the wicker carriage after the pair, leaning every now and then on the handle for support.

When they reached the corner he stood still, racked by a violent paroxysm of coughing. A passing woman turned and glanced his way with pitying eyes.

Somewhere from the crowded depths of Chinatown the raucous sing-song of the Salvation Army sent its plea into the night. "Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus!" The invitation floated in a thin feminine treble, and then the tinkle of the tambourine, and the tom-tom of a heathen's musical discord mingled and tore asunder, and was lost in recurring waves of sound. The Square was a labyrinth of dark shadows, and high above the hurrying, jostling motley, the stars, serene, brilliant, gleamed out of the royal blue of the wind-swept heavens. The year was still young, and the pungent fragrance of Christmas greens lingered in the air. A holiday joyousness, the irresponsibility which succeeds festivities, the glamour of an illusion which defies the sordid realism of three hundred and sixty-four days of the calendar was

hovering over the grimness of life with the out-spread wings of idealism.

As the two men paused on the curb-stone, facing the Hall of Justice, a blue-coated guardian of the law swaggered by. Mike hugged his burden tighter, fired by a fierce resentment. "Sure," he muttered, "he never could have held the likes of you, me darlin'."

The Celtic sadness and longing for infinite unseen things was superceded by the warm, generous impulse to protect the weak, and never did a knight wear his lady's colors more valiantly. "It's not caring ye be, my Kitty," he whispered to some near-by spirit, "it's the pretty critur that's bringing us nearer in the silence and the dark of night."

They passed from the bright streets into the rayless regions where the proprietor of a gloomy hostelry announced that bed and lodging were provided for the munificent sum of fifty cents. Mike went up the inner flight with the confidence of one at home, followed by the young man dragging the baby carriage. Up and up they toiled until the third landing was reached. Mike pushed open the door of a small inside room, and invited his guest to enter with the hospitality of a land-owner. He put the baby down on the bed and struck a match to light the gas, then he went to a drawer and took out a silver dollar. There were two left—and that was Mike's entire fortune.

"I'll go," cried the young man, eagerly, as he divined from the preparatory signs an imminent expenditure. "I know a place to get some milk just around the corner." He almost snatched the coin.

"Be off with ye," commanded Mike, "and sure and be quick; it's starvin'—the darlin'."

The pallid youth ran nimbly down the steps, galvanized to life by sudden hope. He sped up to Kearny

street, never pausing until he reached a drug-store. When he came out he held a small vial in his clammy hand, and his glazed eyes were lightening with anticipation.

The minutes became an hour, and the baby's vigorous cries woke strange ghosts of weary, unkempt men, haggard and worn, and the great heart of the Irishman beat in misery at his own impotence as the wail weakened off into a feeble moan. The blue eyes closed and shadows began to show under the dark lashes.

"Mither of God," prayed Mike, listening in vain for a footstep. At length he could stand the anxiety no longer, and so went out into the hallway where an oil lamp smoked in its dirty globe. He peered down the narrow flight of tortuous stairs. Some dark object, a few steps below, caught his eye. It was a limp form lying sideways, an empty vial clasped in the palm of one thin white hand. Mike gave a cry, and leaned over to obtain a better view, to make sure that his imagination was not playing tricks in the dim light. He miscalculated, his foot slipped, and clutching wildly at the balustrade, he plunged downward.

The lodgers heard the impact of a heavy body, and several doors opened instantly. One man stared out into the gloom, calling loudly. No answer came to the breathless listeners, and then the doors closed and there was silence.

* * * *

The sunshine streamed into the matron's room, and lingered on the crib. It crept higher, until the golden beams lit up a pale fluff of curly hair, and slid away playfully at the clutchings of a fat fist.

"It's the sweetest thing in the world," said a young nurse, bending over the crib, her voice thrilling

to the soft foolishness that babies understand.

"It's gotten as round as a roll of butter," she said, turning to another nurse who had just entered the room. "Oh, I wish we could keep it here always. Look, isn't it a precious?"

The two women smiled and grimaced into the wondering violet eyes, and the owner gurgled and cooed her appreciation.

"I just came to take it to the father," said the older nurse; "he is conscious this morning." She wrapped the chubby atom in a blanket and bore it off in triumph.

Mike lay on his side. His eyes were closed and his mind was a delightful haze of semi-consciousness and vague dreams.

"I've brought your little daughter to see you," said a soft voice. "Your little daughter is here," repeated the voice, with gentle insistence.

Mike sighed and his lids flew wide open. "Kitty, darlin'," he murmured, "it's you at last."

"It's your little girl," said the woman, thinking he was wandering again.

Mike sat bolt upright with a jerk, an awful pain throbbing in his bandaged head. "And the boy," whispered Mike.

The nurse hesitated, and then answered in compassionate tones: "An over-dose, you know," she added significantly.

The patient leaned back on his pillows. There was a chuckle of glee, inviting and very near.

"Don't you want your baby?" asked the nurse.

Mike's face went red. He thought of Kitty, and his dreams of the future all came rushing back upon him.

"Sure," said Mike, opening wide his arms.

Thirty-Five Hundred

Miles in a Ten-Tonner

By A. J. Oliver

LAST November, having made arrangements for the sale of a small gasoline schooner to some parties at Panama, for delivery in two months' time, the idea occurred to me of getting a couple of friends to join me on a cruise, and, taking our time, enjoy a good outing and see a little of the principal coast towns en route. We calculated the trip would take us about six weeks, as we wished to make many stops on the way, depending on the white wings of the little craft for our principal power, reserving our stock of gasoline as much as possible.

We were fortunate in securing the services of a good, all-round engineer and sailor, named Macario, who could also act as interpreter, should the occasion require it, for my Spanish was a trifle rusty.

As the boat was to be put under the Colombian flag on arrival at Panama, we thought it good policy to give her a Spanish name, and decided on "Todos Santos," as befitting the occasion.

Finally all our preparations were completed. The "Todos Santos," liberally provisioned and with a large supply of gasoline stored in fifty-gallon tanks, as ballast, was lying at the wharf ready for the start.

The personnel of the crew comprised Dr. Forbes, Ralph Preston, Macario and myself. The doctor was a genial young Scotchman who had seen some service among the South Pacific Islands, and was credited with having buried many of the inhabitants. Before our trip was over, his "sudden death pills," as

we baptized them, were a source of terror to us. Ralph Preston was a young Californian, who had an inclination to rove a bit before settling down to business; he had a comfortable income, and wished to look into mining in Mexico on his return, and thus combine business with pleasure. Macario was a six-foot son of Anak, strong as a lion, with an ever-present fund of good nature, and what was more to the point, as we afterwards proved, a resourcefulness in extremity which stood us in good stead on more than one occasion.

We left the wharf at San Francisco one glorious morning in November, one of those days which stir even the heart of the commuter, hardened though he is to the exquisite beauty of San Francisco bay on a calm autumn morning. There was not enough air to fill the sails, so we started the engine and swiftly passed down the bay, past the long wharves filled with shipping of all nationalities, past the big liners and merchantmen lying in the stream waiting for a berth at the wharves, or sailing orders, past Black Point, Alcatraz and the Presidio, out past the old sentinel, Fort Winfield Scott, guardian—at all events by appearance—of the Golden Gate, and the formidable batteries on Forts Point and Baker, which, with the disappearing guns and masked mortars, render San Francisco bay one of the safest and most strongly fortified harbors in the world. Out through the Golden Gate we passed, passed over the gently heaving bar, and then for the first time catching the northwest

breeze, our sails were loosed, and with the wind on our quarter, we boomed away down the long trail to the southward, in search of health and recreation and whatever adventures might by chance befall.

The "Todos Santos" was a strong, well-built schooner of about ten tons; having been built as a pilot boat she was capable of sailing ten knots with a good breeze, a lead keel of considerable weight giving her great stability and enabling her to carry a large spread of canvas. She had plenty of beam, and the cabin was large enough for our use, Macario having a bunk in the engine room.

The first part of our trip was pleasant, though uneventful. We made good time down the California coast, arriving at Ensenada, the port of entry to Mexican waters, on the fourth day. We anchored in the bay, where we had to wait some time before the Commandante of the port and chief Customs Inspector were rowed out to us by a barefooted crew, whose uniforms had evidently seen service with the ancestors of the present generation. How curious those Mexicans were! They could not understand how a party of Americans could find pleasure in a long trip in so tiny a boat. They evidently suspected us of being on a smuggling expedition, and carefully overhauled our belongings. I, being the spokesman of the party, did my best to allay their suspicions, and was materially aided by the Commandante accepting as a peace offering a bottle of Scotch whiskey and a pair of long rubber boots. We had a good deal of difficulty in getting our guns through, the law being very strict in this respect, as the trouble with the Yaquis was brewing. Indeed, we afterwards heard that some adventurous fellows had actually passed a couple of Gatling guns through the custom house, billed as mining machinery, the unsuspecting officials not de-

tecting them, and the first intimation the Mexicans had of the matter was when, some time later, a force of soldiers attempted to capture a Yaqui position, and were driven back by the fire of the two machine guns. However, by presenting letters from their Consul, we were allowed to retain our arms.

We spent a day at Ensenada, stretching our legs and seeing the sights. The prison, or quartel, was an interesting place; massive, loop-holed walls surrounding a stone-paved courtyard, from which rooms resembling stalls led, into which prisoners were herded like cattle; stone to lie on, their rags to cover them, and ten cents in Mexican money per day allowed them for food, the same to be purchased from the prison officials. No wonder the poor devils presented a sorry spectacle. The soldiers guarding them were scarcely less repellant, being culled from the same class, convicted criminals being assigned to army duty during the period of their sentence. On parade these soldiers presented a curious spectacle, bare feet and paper cuffs reaching to their knuckles striking one as a trifle incongruous. They have an uncomfortable habit of holding a band practice at what the doctor calls "the wee sma' hours," which meant about 4 a. m.

Leaving Ensenada in the evening, we steered south, and next day, passing St. Martin's Island, we ran into a school of barracouda in the San Quintin Bay, and getting out our lines with jigs or artificial bone fish for bait, soon pulled in a dozen fine fish, averaging ten pounds apiece. Macario knew of some brackish lagoons about ten miles below San Quintin, on which duck were plentiful, and as there was a good sandy beach, we decided to avail ourselves of the opportunity to replenish our larder and have a little sport. Arriving abreast of the lagoons, which were only divided

from the ocean by a low range of sand dunes, being guided by the flights of duck circling in the neighborhood, we dropped anchor and pulled ashore. Topping the rise, a sight met our eyes which would gladden the heart of sportsman and scientist alike; a series of lagoons connected by canals, fringed with alders and cottonwood, the water fairly black with almost every North American species of duck and waterfowl, while overhead circled, rose and settled countless thousands. The main lagoon, half a mile long by a quarter wide, was quite shallow and fringed with tule, making a perfect blind. It was just such a place as a hunter might dream of, but never expect to see, unless, like us, he left the haunts of man far behind, for among the duck and geese—mostly brant and white-fronted geese—were scattered many varieties of snipe and other waders, pelicans and cranes, and I saw one beautiful egret, flapping slowly, with snowy plume trailing over the water. We shot a small bag without having to wet our feet, picking off what we needed from the overhead flights. Truly this Lower California is a land of plenty, at all events along the coast, though the interior is barren enough.

We turned south again, and near Geronimo Island ran into a field of kelp—the thick rope seaweed had to be cut away from the propeller. A vast field of it lay around the island, and we just managed to clear the main body of it by sailing, the propeller being useless, as it would wind the kelp around itself at every revolution. Next day we passed Cerros Island; Cerros is a high, thickly wooded island, about twenty miles long. The tide runs here at about six miles per hour; the south set of the current, with the prevailing northwest winds, forcing the water through the narrow straits between Cerros Island and the mainland. There are several valuable

beds of the Conchanacka, or bastard pearl oyster, near here. An ex-soldier of Mexico some years ago organized an expedition and exploited these beds, with the result that he cleaned up about ten thousand dollars in one season.

We made San Bartolome, or Turtle Bay, before dark, and anchored for the night. Next morning our eyes were greeted by a sight which afterwards became familiar, but was certainly novel at the time—a large shallow bay, protected from the prevailing northwest wind, clear, sandy bottom, and turtle, turtle everywhere; heads popping up all around and many asleep on the surface. We got our skiff into the water for a little fun. Rowing quietly over a sandy shallow, Macario, harpoon in hand in the bow, soon spied a dark form motionless on the bottom. Slowly we drifted over it, and then, whizz went the barb-tipped shaft down through the blue water, and buried itself in the sand. Macario had missed, and the turtle flurried away. Next time we were more successful, and with the head of the spear firmly imbedded in the shell, the long shaft detached itself automatically, and floating to the surface strung on the line, acted as a float and guide to the movements of the turtle. Not that we needed a guide, though; Mr. Turtle had the slack of the line tight in a jiffy, and a quick turn round the forward thwart saved the line from being pulled out of our hands. How that boat surged ahead! The first tug nearly upset us, as he went off at a tangent. Doc. and I sat well in the stern, so as to raise the bow high and allow the boat to turn easily. The speed of the turtle soon slackened, and after about five minutes we hauled him alongside and towed him to the schooner, where a tackle was fastened to a flipper, and we hoisted him aboard. He must have weighed three hundred pounds, and that meat—well, part of it I can only

compare to chicken and other portions to good beer. As turtle would now be plentiful, we were able to reserve our stock of canned meats, and live on the fat of the land and water.

We left Turtle Bay next day, and settled down for the cruise to Magdalena Bay. The weather was fine, and we made good progress, arriving at Magdalena Bay the third morning. We entered this magnificent harbor from the north entrance, and truly it resembled an inland sea, extending in a northwest to southeast direction for sixty miles, the width varying from fifteen in the middle to about two at each end, the bay being formed by a series of islands, the far shores being beyond our vision, where numerous creeks and canals led to other lagoons and labyrinths of sloughs, fringed with weeds and brush. Waterfowl, turtle and fish of all kinds were in abundance, and we enjoyed great sport during our stay. At the village of Magdalena we found quite a collection of small craft, owned by an American company which has a large concession near there. We spent a couple of days here, and on a turtle hunt Macario gave us an exhibition of aquatic skill which was startling. We were lying in a deep part of the bay, close to a shallow, sandy spit, when suddenly a large turtle popped its head out of the water right alongside, and then flopped over and dived. Like a flash Macario dived after it, caught hold of its hind flipper, and the turtle at once turned up to the surface, with Mac. hanging to him, for all the world like an enormous leach. Up to the surface they came, and then the turtle tried to dive again, but Mac., hanging on to the hind part, kept that down and the head up, and in vain did it struggle to shake off his tenacious grip. In a short time he actually seemed to have it under control, and steered it towards the sand-bank, arriving at

which, after a short struggle, he turned it over on its back and victory was complete. I had heard of this feat being done occasionally by the native divers, and Mac. rose several notches in our estimation.

Leaving Magdalena Bay, we continued down the coast to Cape St. Lucas, the southernmost extremity of Lower California, which we passed two days later, and then shaped our course for Mazatlan, two hundred and fifty miles distant. We reached Mazatlan about noon of the second day and anchored in the harbor. After our papers had been duly inspected, we landed with some difficulty in our tiny boat, as the landing here is bad, the rollers gathering as they near the beach, and we came within an ace of being dashed against the wharf.

After getting a good bath and general overhauling at a pretty fair hotel, we hired a donkey carriage and started out to see the sights; visited the cocoa-tree grove, and other places of interest. The streets of Mazatlan are fairly good, for a Mexican town, with street cars and many cabs; flowers, palm trees, etc., grow to perfection. The inhabitants are sickly looking, and the houses certainly not attractive, though they have a certain romantic atmosphere at a distance, which vanishes on a near approach.

Mazatlan is the principal seaport on the Mexican coast, and enjoys a considerable trade with California, South America and European ports.

Next morning we weighed anchor and proceeded on our journey, our next stop to be Acapulco, about six hundred miles south. We passed the Tres Maria Islands during the night, and next noon sighted Cape Corrientes, after which we kept the land in sight down the coast. The weather was now beginning to get warmer and we saw many whales, one shooting up from a great depth, half its length out of water, within a hundred yards of our boat.

The wind fell light here, and we took in sail and gassed till night, when the breeze freshened. So far we had experienced ideal weather, the northwest trade wind following us down the coast.

We made the run to Acapulco in four and a half days. This is a picturesque little place; the situation of the fort is beautiful and healthy, and the market place and bazar alive with color. The heat here was rather muggy and oppressive—no wind. We replenished our larder and took on board a good supply of fresh meat, vegetables and fruit, to last us as far as San Jose de Guatemala, eight hundred miles distant, latitude fourteen degrees north, in Central America. As there was hardly any wind, we gassed this part of the trip. The scenery here was grand, and interesting, with an uninterrupted chain of high mountains as far as Port Los Angeles; from there we steered a straight course across the Gulf of Tehuantepec to Champerico. Here in the Gulf we encountered our first really bad weather, running into a stiff sou'-wester, almost amounting to a gale, and keeping all hands on deck for about twenty hours. We had to run half speed during that time, and it took us a weary six days to reach our Central American port. We came to anchor at San Jose in the evening about a mile from shore. There was a nasty sea on, and during the night a heavy rain fell, accompanied by sheet and forked lightning. The crashing of the thunder was terrific, especially as, coming from California, we were unused to it. By morning it had cleared, however, and the air was bright and cooler. The customs officers visited us, and then we went ashore. We had now been twenty-seven days on the trip, with only a day ashore here and there, and as the cramped quarters of the "Todos Santos" were beginning to tell on us, and we had thus far made wonderfully good time,

we determined to spend several days in this charming place.

After a few hours at the principal hotel, where we got fairly comfortable quarters, we took a walk around the town. The place presents quite a tropical appearance. Next day we took train for Esquintla, a small town twenty-eight miles inland. The country we passed through was highly fertile, large sugar plantations, cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, etc., grew in profusion, while large tracts of luxurious grazing land were covered with cattle and horses. Esquintla has a population of about three thousand. In the marketplace a large number of women were closely squatted selling their wares, fruits, meats, etc., presenting a very picturesque appearance; many good looking, and all clean and healthy—quite a contrast to the Mexican towns. We visited the cathedral, an ancient and strongly built edifice, with the usual amount of tinsel and grotesque figuring. The railroad has recently been completed from here to Guatemala, and from there to the Atlantic Coast, the terminal being Puerto Barrios in the Gulf of Honduras.

We returned to San Jose and spent a couple of days very pleasantly. The water here is fairly teeming with shark, and we had some fun with the spear. They furnish very exciting sport. A six-foot shark, when the spear is sunk in him will dart off at a tremendous clip. We had to adopt whale-boat tactics, using a strong line and paying it out over the bow of the boat with a half turn around a cleat. We caught several in this manner.

We left San Jose and started on the cruise to Corinto, the principal port of Nicaragua, arriving two days later. In passing Cape Remedias we could see the volcano Izalco emitting a thick volume of smoke. Corinto is a very picturesque harbor, well sheltered, and with cocoanut and other palms

growing right down to the water's edge. The town is unattractive, streets of sand, with plank sidewalks. We left next day for Panama, distant eight hundred miles, intending to go right through, but a gale springing up the second day when off Cape Blanco, we were glad to put into Punta Arenas, and ride out the storm in this beautiful, land-locked harbor.

Next day we continued our voyage and reeled off the remaining six hundred miles to Panama in good time, keeping land in sight all the way, arriving four days later, after a voyage of about thirty-five hundred miles.

Panama cannot be called an attractive city. The streets are bad and the people lazy-looking. The harbor is shallow for large vessels, though the tide rises about eighteen feet.

After effecting the transfer of the "Todos Santos" to the purchasers, we bade farewell to the staunch little vessel which had carried us safely on so long a voyage and separated, I going to San Francisco on a Pacific Mail boat, and Doc. and Ralph Preston taking the overland trip, while Macario was commissioned as commander of the little craft by the new owners.

The Kali Yuga

By Isabel M. Reynolds

CLOSE to the heart of downtown San Francisco, pushed aside in the mad bustle of the scurrying multitudes, crowded into a corner, stagnant on the edge of the whirlpool, a world-worn little shop still preserves its dignity in the face of the imposing entrances and multitudinous staring windows of modern business blocks. It stands there bravely enough, just beyond the eddying stream that has whirled away most of its contemporaries. But a keen observer would detect a droop, a slight leaning to one side, a sagging of the seams; an utter weariness not to be overcome or dissembled by ever so brave a show of interest. Its little show-case smiles upon the passer-by like a tired face, offering for his inspection a meagre display of silver stick-pins and aluminum match safes; and huddled away in the farthest corner a tray of gorgeous brass rings and brooches set with bits of bright glass, spark-

ling with a shameless disregard of their worthlessness.

What impresses one most about the courageous little shop is its air of conscious superiority to its surroundings, as though it held that within itself which gave it a better reason for existing than its paltry stock of gewgaws or the weather-beaten watch which hangs over the door.

Day after day the young man loitered in the neighborhood of the little shop. Day after day he paused to inspect its wares. Each day he left and returned the next with renewed interest. He fancied something of an invitation in its kindly manner toward him, an encouragement to search out for himself the cause of its pride. He heard the little shop call him from among the thousands in a voice not to be disobeyed. He moved his possessions into apartments directly across the narrow street and set himself to

study the subject of all his dreams.

From his window he examined closely those who came and went through the low door of the little shop. Its keeper, he found out, was a fat young man. To his surprise, the customers, if indeed they went to buy, were not few, and he noted with satisfaction, as adding depth to the mystery, that the same persons came and went away again at the same hours every day. As the human stream poured from Market into the narrower street, he could distinguish the bubbles whose destination was the quiet pool across the way. He knew the shuffling gait of the old man whom he had named Dr. Heidigger. And the tragic stalk of a middle-aged actor! He watched with sympathetic interest the pale young youth whose pallor increased daily. He was consumed with desire to know what could take men of such widely different types to such an out of the way place as the store of the fat young man.

* * * *

Far into the night he sat and watched the little shop. It had seemed to him that of late it had regarded him with a reproachful gaze. It looked sorrowful and a little depressed, as though conscious of having misplaced its confidence.

A light was burning in an upper room. Strange shadows passed over the ground glass of the window. He wondered if the frequenters of the shop knew this room also. A pane of the window had been replaced by one of ordinary glass, and through this he tried to see into the interior, but the light was too dim—or the little house withheld its confidence. Then first occurred to him the thought that he might do as the others had done—enter the low door and see for himself the wonderful interior of the little shop. An excuse was needed. His eye fell upon the worn face of the sign swinging in the night wind. His decision was made. From a nail he took a watch,

huge and loud ticking. It had been his grandfather's. It was his own companion. It was now to be placed at the mercy of the fat young man in order that an excuse might be provided for entering his store. With this resolve he turned again to the window, and saw the little shop fairly beaming on him through the mist. A mellow light streamed through the shop window and through the window above. Presently the door opened and closed again. He heard the faltering steps of Dr. Heidigger as he made his way over the slippery pavement. Then the lights went out. He could dimly see the outline of the high, narrow roof against the sky. But he went to sleep warmed by the last broad smile of approval of the little shop.

The fat young man had swept the side-walk. Dr. Heidigger had come. The middle aged actor had departed. The young man paused at the show-case and inspected the pins and match-safes and the brass jewelry at which the sun was poking scornful fingers. He pushed open the door, and, watch in hand, stepped over the threshold.

He did not know what he had expected to see. He was conscious of a profound disappointment, and at the same time of the knowledge that it was as he had known it would be. The counter ran lengthwise of the store. Above it a row of placid-faced eight-day clocks recorded various hours. Originally they had been warranted to run for five years and they had held their places on this shelf for a decade. These, and an assortment corresponding to that in the window, on a faded velvet cloth, under a dingy glass case, constituted the stock-in-trade of the little shop. In the corner by the window, the sun through the red curtain throwing a warm glow over him, sat the fat young man asleep. Unwilling to disturb him, since he clearly had nothing to do with the

mysteries in which he lived, the young man glanced about him in search of the unknown things which attracted him. The air palpitated (with secrets.) Voices familiar as the songs of his childhood called to him in a language of which he could not grasp the meaning.

At the far end of the store a door opened, and the young man turned to meet the old man welcoming him with extended hand. "This," he thought, "is the little shop's reason for existing." What he saw was a scholarly face—the long, narrow, slightly hooked nose, indicative of high breeding, the heavy white hair; an old man, tall and thin and bent, and in his eyes the puzzled expression of one called from profound meditation. He was dressed in a forgotten style, with thread-bare silk waist-coat and a high black stock.

Clearly, the young man had not been unexpected. Without a word the old man led the way from the store. The rickety stairs end in a narrow passage running the length of the house. At its end another staircase rises, whose tortuous length is interrupted by a long, narrow landing, lighted at the far end by a slit-like window of stained glass. Beneath the window stands an organ. The rest of the place is lighted by a single gas jet, whose sickly yellow gleam discloses rows upon rows of musty volumes lining the walls from ceiling to floor. From there the stairs proceed, and, taking a sudden turn, end in a long, high room, made narrow by the shelves of books entirely covering the walls, except at one end. And there is the window of ground glass with the one clear pane.

* * * *

"Man enjoyeth not freedom from action. Every man is involuntarily urged to act by those principles which are inherent in his nature. * * * Men who are imbued with

true wisdom are unmindful of good or evil in this world."

Those words were spoken as the two men reached the room, and while the young man understood perfectly, he knew that the language was not English, but one which, though strangely familiar, he had never heard spoken. Seated at the table were the men whom he had learned to know as frequenters of the little shop. There were two vacant chairs, one at the end of the table. This the old man took, motioning his companion to take the place at his right. Opposite them hung an ebony ring in which dozed a great green parrot. Upon their entrance the voice had ceased speaking and now continued:

"Riches and the life of man are as transparent as drops of water upon the leaf of the lotus. Learning this truth, O Man! do not attempt to deprive another of his property!" The voice went on in a sort of sing-song, while the young man tried to locate it among the men seated at the table. Some of them listened reverently, with closed eyes; some with eager attention, while others pored over ancient parchments. The speech became a eulogy of some king. "His elephants moved like walking mountains and the earth, oppressed by their weight mouldered into dust." He smiled at the Oriental extravagance of the praise, and, looking up, met the compelling glance of the parrot. The voice was located.

Leaving the king, the parrot began the recitation of a code: "Punishment is the magistrate; punishment is the inspirer of terrors; punishment is the nourisher of the subjects; punishment is the defender from calamity; punishment is the guardian of those that sleep; punishment, with a black aspect and a red eye terrifies the guilty."

The young man watched, fascinated, the dilated contracting yellow eyes of the bird. For hours the voice

droned on, and he sat in fear of the fierce light that burned in them.

"Some regard the soul as a wonder; others hear of it with astonishment, but no one knoweth it. The weapon divideth it not; the fire burneth it not; the water corrupteth it not; the wind dryeth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconceivable and unutterable."

They were alone—the young man and the parrot. The disciples had gone.

"Know, oh descendant of my master, thy fate and the fate of thy house. In the Sutee Yuga, the age of purity, when the life of a man lasted a hundred thousand years, I, a devil, became the slave of Baghutgreta. Through the long succession of ages I served his house faithfully. Now has come the last age of the world, the Kali Yuga. Four hundred years ago my master, the descendant of Baghutgreta, having no heir, gave me to an Englishman for whom he had great affection. This

Englishman I served, and his descendants, until through their evil deeds I became the master and they the slaves. Two generations ago there were two descendants of the Englishman—brothers. To the elder fell the responsibility of serving me. The younger emigrated to America in the hope of escaping the responsibility should his brother leave no heirs. He died without communicating his secret to his son. And you, his grand-son, have come here in obedience to your fate, to relieve your great-uncle who, waiting for you, has been forced to linger longer than his allotted time upon earth."

The belated old man died. The young man found no difficulty in proving his relationship, and succeeded to the chair at the head of the table. The parrot still teaches Hindu philosophy and will continue until the four hundred thousand years of the Kali Yuga have passed.

A Memory

By Mamie Buford Steele Harris

"I saw a violet droop its head;

"'Tis strange and yet it seemed in grief;

And then, from Nature's book I read

A tale of sorrow in the leaf."

I stand here to-day in this dreamy solitude, whilst thoughts bear me back to long dead years, years that are sealed forever. The twilight is sweet and sad as an adieu; perhaps my enjoyment is none the less pleasing for being mixed with a strain of melancholy produced by the remembrance of past scenes that conjures up the ideas of some endearing connection which the hand of death has actually

destroyed. It charms me, the scenery and recollection—the whole world is still as the heart of the dead.

Twenty years ago I stood on this spot. It was then as now—eventide. By my side was a young girl in the fresh flush of youth. A few weeks before she had arrived at this summer resort unattended, save only by her maid. She was young, beautiful and alone—three things which appeal strongly to all chivalric spirits. She had wealth, if one could judge by her appearance and the prodigality with which she spent money. All the hearts in the hotel and cottages were soon won by her; every

lip breathed something complimentary of the beautiful stranger.

She was a perfect horsewoman—making a picture in her hunter's green riding habit on her thoroughbred black, at once taking the lead with the riding parties. She was as well the best whip at the springs and the admired of all when she went out in a light road wagon pulling the ribbons on the handsomest of coal black teams.

The peculiar character of her beauty lay in an instantaneous correspondence of every feature and each separate trait of her countenance with the emotion of her mind, which any particular subject of conversation or object of attention might excite. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you saw it transmitted as if by electrical agency to her glowing features; you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips; you heard it expressed in her ringing laugh—clear and sweet as the gay joy-bell sound of childhood's merriest tones, and the laughter of her sayings called up made sunshine in life's shady places.

It was indeed a happy time, the days speeding by as though they had been set to music. One evening late in the summer she appeared attired for the ball; spoken and whispered words of admiration followed her. Dressed in filmy black, a single red rose in her hair, she was at once a dream of beauty and an inspiration—her dark Creole beauty heightened by the flush on her cheek, which was foreign to her accustomed pallor.

All is gaiety, good-humor and diversion. On the ball room floor she is queen of all. The first on the floor, she was always the last to leave. Each of her satellites had a sweet, caressing word, uttered in the tone of voice peculiar to the far South. The time came for me to claim my waltz, and when I held her in my arms it seemed that she

was my other soul, created simply to gladden my life. For weeks it had seemed that I only lived when in her presence. The music was tremblingly sweet, and it seemed that in that glide waltz she had never danced so well before. Our hearts were beating in unison; the dance was at its height. Her body shuddered convulsively in my arms—then a sudden confusion. The music ceased, dancers stood still. A shout for water and a doctor rang out on the midnight air. The Creole belle had fallen lifeless on the ball room floor.

All that human hands could do was done. The heart stood still—the spirit was free.

That relentless old gentleman who carries the hour glass and scythe had summoned her in the zenith of her sway, and the heart did not plead for poor mortality. This knelled my last hope; that dream was gone—nothing but its memory left.

They carried her with loving and sorrowing hearts, the next evening, in the beauty and stillness of the hour between sundown and twilight, and laid her beneath a friendly, sheltered oak. It was her wish, for it was recalled that she had said, whenever a pain came in the region of the heart: "Perchance I may die here, and if I do, lay me beneath that tree." It seemed at times the dark shadow of her impending fate loomed over her.

Before me now is that lone grave of "the beautiful unknown," as she was called. Neither relatives nor friends came to put in a claim. It is all that is left of a haunting memory of a happy past.

"When back I ventured to this sacred spot,
I thought to suffer, while I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest of all graves, yet minded not
Where only memories sleep."

Arrived

By Mae E. Southworth

A SIGN swinging gaily to the breezes in a little quiet street in South San Francisco bears the alluring announcement of a resident "Test Medium." When it was new it had been hung there one early morning by a desperate man—a man pleading defiantly for a chance and for life. But now, as its bright gilt lettering is somewhat dimmed by weather and the seasons, it tells of permanence and the consolation of the prize.

Life is a hazard, and the sad comedy of it is, that it takes so long to starve when one is young. Fate or chance, whatever it is that shapes our future, had brought the "medium" to this big land of promise, full of honest intentions. He was alone and a stranger, but meant to take his place in the business world among the respectable. But somehow he could not get the right start. And after all, what is it but a matter of beginning?

After months of vain endeavor and sickening discouragement, his adventure was stripped of all glamour and he squared himself one night, in his little dark room, to argue out the situation with himself. The night was a dismal one, and he was at last brought very low both in mind and purse, in spite of the hugh belief he had in himself at the outset. How he might have succeeded, a real success, had the gods been kind, he put back of him and faced the present bravely. To starve or to test the one chance he had of forcing a gullible public into giving him at least daily bread. He undoubtedly possessed a power, and why scruple to use it to his own profit? His better self knew that it was a lie, but in his desperate need it lured him like a magnet. He

leaned long on the damp window-ledge, looking out on the darkness where the lamps on the long street blinked at him through the mist encouragingly. At last he arose with a defiant air, which told of a patience exhausted and a crisis. He saw but one glimmer of light in the future and had determined to play the desperate game.

So the brand-new sign was swung and he set about perfecting himself in this psychic art, which in happier days he had developed just for love of the marvelous, but which now was to be a new and earnest profession.

The first weeks of his mediumship were a tragedy, owing to the woes of an empty purse and to being entirely unknown and obscure. But suddenly he made a great "test" and discovered that there was life, excitement and a certain fascination in this profession. With an angry quickening of the pulse he was now more determined than ever on this dishonest career.

"It pays to be a fraud, a consummate fraud."

With hard ground of success under his feet, after the trying quicksands of his past experience, he became very bold and struck out with a confidence that knew no limit. He brought from the air figures of the dead which laid a clammy hand upon the forehead and then sunk in a misty swirl out of sight. He located lost mines and told mystic fortunes on the lines of life. Being a clever actor and having the rare gift of tact and nerve, he secured not only a reputation but an excellent table d'hôte.

He succeeded wonderfully on these lines, until one miserable night when exhibiting his supernatural

powers at a public entertainment he committed a fatal blunder, and was caught, as it were, "in the act" by an enterprising "investigator." After a wretched, unavailing half-hour in trying to square himself with these people, he was taken, as an example, to the jail, to await there a trial on "intentional fraud and trickery." The newspapers are always ever ready to render invaluable assistance in exposing these charlatans, and made the most of this case. The morning papers, over his portrait, gave notice in big headlines, of his arrest and notified the public it was their sagacity which had uncovered this contemptuous and unadulterated fraud.

The poor "fraud" realized his only way was to wait in prison for his trial, as he had not the money or the friends to furnish bail. Impatiently he paced the narrow cell as the hours went by. No hope, no future, no friend in all the world, not even one in himself. His big dreams shattered, the folly and the crime of his failure gnawed at his restless heart; he felt that the world had crumbled beneath his feet. At this instant, as he pressed his hot head on the bars of the little square opening of the window, and looked into the large freedom beyond, there came the great booming salute from Alcatraz to the setting sun. Enviously he watched the big puff of white smoke sail out in a path of light through the Golden Gate; dumbly he waited from the gloom within for the light to fade from the evening sky, his white face set in hard lines and his heart cold within, at the dismal future.

Suddenly, without warning, the jailer appeared at the grated door. With a rattle and a clash, the bolt turned with a heavy thud, and he turned on the light, announcing:

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

The young man turned, tossed back the heavy hair from his forehead, and is confronted by the

shaggy, honest gaze and outstretched hand of a man who was a stranger, but evidently a friend.

"Well, my dear boy, I am sorry to see you here, and sorry to find you so dejected. You must not look on all the world as enemies. As soon as I read of your misfortune, I determined on rescuing you. Whether you be true or false, you are to have another chance."

They stood facing each other, the prisoner trying to pierce the darkness from whence this sunlight came.

"You do not remember me. But not long ago, through your mediumistic power, you were of invaluable service to me. I do not think I could have been misled as to the true character of the phenomena. In your profession occasional failures are to be expected. But anyway, I like fair play, and shall give you the opportunity of squaring yourself with the world. I am going to give bonds for your bail, and we are going back to my home together. To Sierra."

"To Sierra? Why there?"

"I shall take you there for a test seance, assuming all risks, confident you can redeem the past."

"But if I fail?"

"If you should fail, you forfeit the bail and go back to jail. See?"

"Yes, I understand."

"I am not one to be imposed upon, but I do not think I am making a mistake, so I am going to deposit the money with the authorities for your safe return, or for a happy release—whichever it may be."

"What proof will you have?"

"There is only one dead sure way I may know the truth for myself, and that is to have the manifestation in my own house."

The dull look had vanished from the prisoner's heavy eyes, and in its place the old alert, resolute light had come again. The genial smile and sincere confidence which this "friend in need" had given him

warmed his heart and gave him new courage. He was moved on the impulse to defend his position, but he simply said:

"I am ready to go with you. I do not mean to lose my one chance."

"Well," said the old man, moving forward and again taking his hand, the smile still shining on his kindly face, "I am glad it is a go."

Two days later, in the afternoon, the medium, notorious now, stands in a little parlor in Sierra, mingling with the small circle of devotees for a preliminary introduction.

Tall, gaunt and dark, with meagre, drawn face and piercing black eyes, he looked a man of mystery. But he was a desperate man, with the hideous dampness of the jail still haunting his nostrils, and the dull thud of the sliding bolt still in his ears. The very poise of his spare figure showed his determination and nerve. He must arrange this little affair or the sickening dream of the past week will again be a reality. He cast his sharp eyes swiftly around the little coterie of believers, each with his own pathetic sorrow, and each hoping, through him, to raise the curtain which hid the mysteries of time and space.

In the searching glance of his practiced eye, he noted the uplifted, admiring gleam of a saucy face, much younger than the rest. Her ardent blue eyes held his for one fatal instant, and in that second his resolve was made. She was his accomplice. He did not want converts but to be able in this trial test to regain his liberty and to establish forever to his friend's satisfaction his supernatural powers.

"She shall help me, if only in pity for the true suppliants and believers who want comfort and consolation in this way."

The medium walked directly to her side, stood there an instant, and then bending towards her, said in a low voice:

"Do you believe in—ghosts?"

The woman looked up in pleased surprise, but there was something of horror in her voice as she gasped:

"Oh, no! I have never had the slightest belief or wish to cross the borderland of this faith. I like the company of the living best."

"May I make an experiment? Will you permit me?"

He felt so sure of his subject that with this he placed his finger-tips lightly on her wrist, gently stroking it, controlling her with an intense gaze straight into her eyes. The hypnotic power of the master, though very gentle, was irresistible. He saw her shrink and turn pale, but respond to the mental force as faithfully as a mirror reflects the object placed before it.

Presently he walked a little to one side, she following reluctantly, evidently being drawn by a power she was unable to resist. At the same time her lips moved restlessly, as if in protest or an effort to speak. He communicated to her his need of her assistance and his directions in as few words as possible, she continually protesting in a half whisper:

"I will not—I will not!"

He did not feel quite sure, so repeated earnestly in a firm voice what she was to do.

A faintness seemed to come over her, for she put her hand to her head as if to ward off a blow.

Such was the medium's confidence in his magnetic suggestion that although he made no attempt to justify the wrong he was doing, he felt sure that other powers than the girl's own will would shape her acts.

A few hours later they were assembled in the same room for the evening seance. An improvised cabinet, which was simply a dark box with curtains, occupied a prominent place on one side. From this the test medium, who was to evoke from the invisible the spirits hover-

ing so near, quietly regarded his responsive subject.

She came in a little late, and was sitting at the extreme end of the circle with downcast eyes. She was apparently utterly beyond and apart from his agony and mental strain. He studied her face as if he would read her very soul.

Had she remained under his suggestion and done his bidding? Was that a forced indifference or the calmness of satisfaction? Or was she there to gloat over his undoing?

Whatever were the consequences of his rash act, it was now too late to retract. He must go on and take his chances.

He requested, as a mere matter of form, that some of the friends come forward and satisfy themselves in regard to the cabinet, and also his person, to see that nothing whatever was concealed that in any way could aid him in the manifestation.

Everything was examined to their thorough satisfaction, even to the undressing of the medium, to make sure.

The seance opened with sacred songs. The lights were gradually lowered, and the hymn died softly away, the twilight had deepened into comparative darkness.

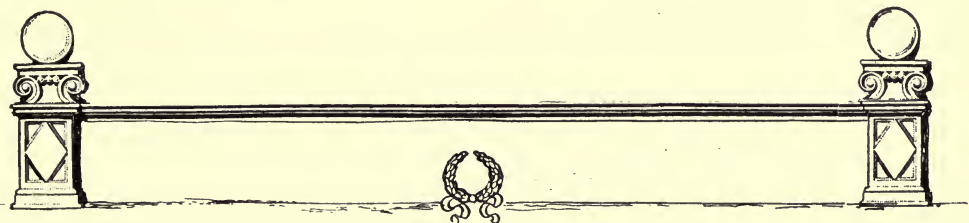
The girl of his suggestion raised quietly, and with uncertain steps groped her way nearer to the entrance of the cabinet, which seemed to cause no surprise in the minds of the others. As the medium leaned forward to draw the curtain, it was but the act of an instant, there was

a flash of something in his hand, the curtains were closed and the medium behind was in Egyptian darkness. Every one waits with bated breath for what may happen. The very air seemed weighted with expectant silence. After a few moments the curtain waves and parts, and slowly out of the black shadow beyond, a misty shape grows, all clothed in flowing white. It seemed formless, empty, wavering, yet giving the mysterious sensation of presence. All gazed breathlessly with dimmed and strained eyes on this apparition, until at last a sobbing widow, seeing in these vague and misty features her lost husband, fell at his feet with a convulsive cry. The sympathetic friends dropped on their knees, and the awfulness of death seemed hovering over all.

A moment later, when this celestial phantom had sunk slowly down and out of sight, the solemn hush was broken and the lights were turned on full, which penetrated the gloom of the darkest corner.

The man who had brought this message of consolation stood there, pale and calm, with a proud smile on his thin lips, looking gratefully into the kindly face of the exultant "friend in need."

The girl at his suggestion raised unspeakable joy and relief in her face, evidently judging the crime only by what was in her heart for the man. For such is the maid and variously do the flowers of love unfold.



What a Woman Truly Thinks About Men

By Clara Bell Brown

SHE thinks that a man—"a real man"—is the most satisfactory friend on earth. If she is "a real woman," she thinks this.

When she is a little girl, she perks and smiles when the boys come into the school-room, bless her little heart. She smooths her curls and pipes her eye; she pulls her skirts and puts on a carefully careless air.

When she is older she blooms out, so to speak, when the young men come. She has an enchantment for them, and they have the same for her.

If this were not so, then the world might as well cease to turn around, the grass to grow, the violets to bloom, or any other good, beautiful and pleasant function of nature to exist. The fairy prince, expressed or unexpressed, is ever present as the center of a maiden's dream. That he is, in her mind's eye, ever accompanied by his castle, which is to be eventually her home, detracts not from the beauty of the dream.

A girl who does not, honestly, look forward to a husband of her own, a home of her (their) own, and children of her own, is the wrong kind of a girl.

Happy is the mother to whom her daughter reveals these dreams. Wise the mother who assists the daughter to dream. There is an example of a wise, loving, "chummy" mother, who remembers her own girlhood.

This mother, in the gloaming, sometimes calls her daughter to her and sits her on her knee. They talk together of the present and the future. The present happens to be dark, but the wise mother caresses her child and enters into the holy of holies—the heart of the budding woman. Tenderly and hopefully she

paints the future and hints that the prince will come, that prince for whose wooing each girl's soul waits. This charming, confidential relation between mother and daughter effectually excludes that dangerous thing, the outside confidante. The girl feels that she need not be ashamed of her dreams nor hide them entirely, "for," she says with artless ingenuousness, "mother used to think these things when she was a girl."

The girl who is taught to look upon marriage as a holy tie, and its consummation as a sacrament of love, does not fritter away her emotions in what is called flirtation.

When she grows to womanhood, she thinks in this way of the man—be he brother, son or husband—and to see divinity in a man is to create it and bring it forth.

The mature woman does not hold man faultless, but to her, his faults are a part of him, which bring him nearer to her, because, through them, he becomes a creature not too good for daily association.

What a woman thinks about a man's faults, generally amounts to this: If he be careless, she overlooks it, so that he be not careless of her feelings. If he sins, she forgives him easily, so that his sins be not against her or her offspring. If he is blamed by the world, she takes up the defense with a fine scorn of the world's judgment. If he murders, she will remain, though stricken, faithful and full of devisement for his escape.

If he murders not her peace by lowering her pride, she can forgive even the blow that laid another low, so that he still swears: "I love you."

A woman thinks that a man's

failures should be of the manly sort. A woman cannot forgive a coward, a back-biter, unless his sharpness is directed against some other woman—she cannot forgive a man who cringes. A woman thinks the man who loves her has great discrimination. Her heart has a soft spot for the man who does love her, though she may not return it. She appreciates his appreciation of her.

A woman thinks well of the man who has the wit to say: "I am proud of you." A woman thinks that life is all wrong when not shared with a man. The woman who says: "I can get along just as well alone," simply tells an untruth.

A woman thinks that if the right man comes within her line of vision life is sweet. A woman thinks she could manage other women's husbands better than they. Sometimes she thinks they are not worth the trouble, but she knows she could do it.

A woman thinks that the opinion of a man is of great moment in this world—when it coincides with her own.

A woman thinks that the world

lies within her home—when she is a happy wife and mother in a happy home, and she thinks she is thrice blessed when she has created that atmosphere of contentment and peace which makes home-coming a joy to all of her own particular mankind. A woman thinks that some other woman is at the bottom of every well of evil.

A woman thinks she is logical; one in nine hundred thousand may be. She thinks she is acute, when she is looking on one side of the shield. She thinks in her inner heart, things beautiful and unbeautiful; things divine and earthy; things unselfish and things selfish.

She thinks the thoughts of an angel and of a devil. She is merciful, merciless, enchanting, repelling, radiant, sombre, loving, hating, Christlike and malicious, the un-understandable piece of God's handiwork. A woman is the enigma of nature. She thinks things that no pen can tell, no creature define, no one—not even herself—understand, and things no one under the sun can ever find out.

The Fog

By Catherine Anderson Wills

The fog comes from the sea,
All silent I see it come, and white,
Hiding away the stars of night,
Hiding the world from me.

And through the lonely years
Your face comes back, and your wind-blown hair,
When I kissed your lips and your brown throat bare
And your eyes all wet with tears.

A Hero in Spite of Himself

A Cavalry Legend of the Great West.

By Charles A. Lantheaume

“THIS is disappointing, sir! Indeed, prejudicial to the mounted service—possibly injurious to the morale of our men!”

Thus, in petulant tones, observed Lieutenant James H. Wilde, of the 29th U. S. Cavalry, as the Post Commander casually inspected Troop M’s stables at Fort Dubois, then situate near the center of the turbulent Indian country.

“My dear lieutenant, I fully agree with you,” replied Major Albert De Kannard, of the 29th. “In this matter of remounts we appear sadly neglected—I could almost say ignored—for while some regiments obtain young Kentucky thoroughbreds upon mere demand, we here must retain our almost superannuated animals, and chase hostiles as best we may.”

“Major, it is insupportable,” ejaculated Wilde, with a mild gesture of impatience. “At this very instant could we pursue a band of fleeing hostiles without dropping our aged horses en route—even as thickly as exhausted infantrymen during a forced march? Why, sir, half of my horses are only fit for condemnation.”

“Oh, we won’t run down as badly as that,” observed the Major. “We are now promised a measure of relief—though a relief that may bring us a sore infliction—perhaps a problem to test the temper of our officers and men.”

“Major, you speak in riddles,” rejoined Wilde. “Surely they don’t intend to remount us upon dromedaries or African zebras?”

“Almost worse,” cried the Post Commander. “It transpires that our

Cavalry Board cares to purvey in a new market, likewise to encumber us with a select herd of kicking and bucking California bronchos.”

“This caps the climax!” cried the indignant Lieutenant. “Now in all candor I would ask, What’s our efficient cavalry coming to?”

“To grass, I suppose,” laughed the Major with a sardonic expression. “Ah, we deserve better treatment, but what could we in this instance do, save to accept these Californian terrors with due grace and submissive resignation? But realizing that your troop contains our best ‘bocaros,’ or ‘busters,’ I’ve decided to remount your men upon the most intractable of these soon-expected terrors.”

One week later the broncho remounts designed for the 29th Cavalry arrived. True to his announcement, the Major ordered the friskiest of them for immediate use to Wilde’s troop—to displace and retire the worn out animals.

Thereupon followed much growling and some “cussing” in the then dissatisfied ranks of the favored troop; while yet the atmosphere around M Troop’s stables appeared mildly sulphurous. With refractory grace the boys now tackled a difficult task, an arbitrary task which the then much contemned De Kannard so resolutely had imposed upon them.

“At this rate we’ll not break these miserable bronches in season for a possible Indian outbreak,” later muttered Lieutenant Wilde, as with alarm he saw his greenest recruits kicked, bit, even unhorsed in rapid succession. “Great Scott! These

'bronks' bid fair to utterly demoralize my new men."

At this moment recruit Edward Bunker approached, saluted and said:

"Lieutenant, this bay acts in a very ugly manner. He bucks like a young zebra, and I believe that he'd croak rather than submit."

"Let him croak, then! Put the bronk through, cost what it may," cried the exasperated officer.

As forecasted by perceptive Wilde, in the late spring an Indian outbreak took place, even before Troop M could fitfully break its refractory remounts into desirable cavalry shape.

Yes! The savages were leaving their reservation, intent on waging a war of extermination upon all land-hunting whites in their vicinage. As Fort Dubois was nearest the scene of hostilities, Major De Kannard promptly took the field. Then driving the red foe in an exciting pursuit over hill, stream and dale, the column at length sighted the main force of the constantly receding and sniping aborigines.

Enveloped in clouds of choking dust, and dense grass smoke, the begrimed and perspiring cavalry had reached the near environs of a big Indian village, only to receive wild and unearthly war-whoops in welcome, as well as a fierce but ineffective rifle fire.

The bugles sounding a halt, fully aligned the column came to a stop.

"Orderly, direct the troop commanders to pile their superfluous equipments," quietly exclaimed De Kannard, as he reconnoitered the Indian position through his field glasses.

Promptly complying with the significant order, the troops soon were in light trim. The Major here glanced down the eager line, then drawing his sabre he exclaimed: "Bugler, sound the charge!"

A clatter of many iron-shod hoofs duly followed. Amid deafening

cheers a fierce assault was begun. Wilde's troop constituted the center of the charging cavalry line. Yet possessing some poorly disciplined bronchos, a portion of Troop M fast distanced the troops upon both their right and left flanks. Hence the line rapidly assumed the form of a sinuous semi-circle, with gallant Troop M as its advanced, rather aggressive center. In this charge recruit Bunker lost all control over his then ungovernable broncho, in alarm realizing that he fast distanced the most advanced of his comrades; also, that the excited bay flew towards the hostile village with a velocity that was frightful to contemplate. With a remarkable series of leaps and bounds that culminated in a final vault, this extraordinary broncho carried his resigned rider into the Indian stronghold.

Within the village pandemonium reigned supreme, as the Indian considered the intruding trooper as being the cavalry chief leading his braves. During this exciting ride the helpless recruit retained full presence of mind, even developed something akin to an iron nerve, for as he later confessed: "I could but face the music and make the best of it." Then with his trusty carbine in right and Colt in left hand, recruit Bunker with strange emotions leaped into that Indian village, his bridle reins loosely hanging upon the broncho's neck.

Very fortunate that the tribe's fighting elite at that moment was massed at other points to receive De Kannard's fierce onslaught. Hence only some poorly armed warriors and squaws of uncertain age were at hand to confront the intruding trooper. Evidently the broncho then felt "among his ain," for upon wildly cavorting among the lodges he stopped by a lean pony there tethered, and snuffed as though he'd found a long lost relation.

Fast recovering from a demipanic, the Indian reserve fiercely as-

sailed the bold recruit with showers of arrows, knives and tomahawks. But brave Bunker held his own—the reservists not caring to face his unerring aim, nor the too dangerous gyrations of his plunging broncho.

Very fortunate that De Kannard held the warriors in his front, else the lone trooper had been promptly annihilated.

At this critical moment a beautiful white girl suddenly emerged from one of the lodges, her luxurious though disheveled golden hair waving about her shoulders. Neatly was she robed in buckskin, the same richly covered with skilled Indian beadwork. Too evidently was the fair captive reserved to later adorn some chief's lodge. In terror she burst through groups of interposing Indians. Then as she precipitated herself almost under the bay's forefeet she cried frantically: "For heaven's sake, sir, save me from this life, this captivity."

"Lady!" cried heroic Bunker in determined tones, "be reassured! If I do not or cannot save you, we at least may die together!"

But the crisis is past. Having pierced the outer Indian defense, at last arrives the charging cavalry line.

The air here resounds with cheers and fierce war-whoops. For a moment only the scene appears almost infernal. Recruit Bunker's foes have disappeared—the desperate aborigines could not withstand the terrible

cavalry pressure. Then, beaten at all points, they gave way, even abandoning their village in great disorder.

Inevitably, Recruit Edward Bunker was the hero of the hour—like wise created a sergeant upon the spot by exultant Major De Kannard. But the attention of the latter and the entire battalion was now drawn to Sergeant Bunker's beautiful protege. To the admiring officers and troopers, the rescued girl told the awful story of the raid, the destruction of her father's cattle ranch—tearfully dwelt upon the possible fate of her unfortunate family. The sympathies of the men were at once enlisted, many volunteering to escort the fair girl upon an extended search for her missing relatives.

Here Major De Kannard cried with deep feeling: "My brave men, while you are all worthy of detached duty; I'm obliged to recognize that the bravest deserve to escort the beautiful and fair. Therefore, Sergeant Bunker will promptly obtain a detail of five men as escort, and without delay proceed to restore this unfortunate young woman to her family or parents—if they can be found."

Upon burying a few dead and caring for several wounded, in triumph the victorious cavalry column returned to Fort Dubois, and thereafter slanderous gibes upon the California broncho entirely ceased.



The Nemesis of the Mojave

By Louise Weaver

IT'S a clear case. Let the law take its course. He cannot escape," counseled the calmer element of the town. The calmer element prevailed.

The relentless hand of justice pressed surely, inexorably, the cords of Love's neck—so it seemed. But Campbell, the criminal lawyer from San Francisco, came down. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a thin, shiny wedge found a narrow crease into which to insert its insidious shape. Noiselessly, cautiously, one merciless finger of that merciless hand gave place to the magnetic metal.

Another and another yielded to the resistless hammering of the yellow king, till the almost helpless man jerked himself free from the clutch of the blind goddess.

A free but penniless man, Will Love stepped down from the docks, stepped down beside the father who had begged himself and his son in saving the son from the gallows.

Will Love drew a deep breath.

"The air smells good after the stuffy vapors of a ten by ten cell for fifteen months on end," he sighed.

The two men crossed the street to the shade of a drooping pepper tree where a young man with a pair of mules hitched to a camp wagon sat awaiting them.

They climbed to a seat beside the driver. Without a glance at the town balked of its judgment, the mules' heads were turned to the northeast, where the Mojave, with its luring quartz ledges beckoned and signaled to the party.

* * * *

The mules had eaten their measure of oats and were turned loose to browse on the twigs of the stunted grease-wood and the thorny mesquit.

The wagon stood fellow deep in sand. Under the wagon, with sleeves rolled to the shoulder and shirts open at the neck three men lolled in the only shade wide enough to shelter their number.

At the roots of the tree-cactus which cast straight, sharp lines across the wagon-bed, a horned-toad stared with unblinking eyes at his unfamiliar neighbors. Up in the forks of this leafless, ghostly tree a small owl sat motionless, and the coppery sky told tales of hot, dry, interminable days that had gone, and foretold of hotter, dryer, more interminable days to come. A pungent, oppressive scent of sagebrush filled the air.

"Wh-e-w," whistled Fish, with a long, distressed note, "I'd give five dollars for a good drink of cold water."

On Fish, the young man who had grub-staked the party, the youngest of the three, the privations of the desert pinched deeper than on the other two.

Will Love snatched the handkerchief from his face and sat up. Though the skin of his face and hands hung out rags and tatters where the first blisters from the sun and wind had dried and broken, and beneath these tag ends the new cuticle burned painfully red, yet these distress signals faded beside the hunted look in his eyes.

He stared back along the two dim creases that marked the course over which the wagon had come through the gray sand.

Nothing, no living thing, was there. Dull sand and dull sagebrush with hills and rocks to accent the barrenness of the scene. No living thing in sight, yet he could have sworn that trotting feet and

panting breath had roused him from his drowse.

All round them as far as he could see, the barren waste extended. He sank back on the hot sands again and tried to get some relief from the smarting blisters by spreading the moistened handkerchief over his hands and face.

Late in the afternoon when the heat had lessened the veriest fraction of a degree, the elder Love crawled out from under the wagon and called:

"Come on, boys, if we make the spring over there on the ridge, we'll have to be moving."

The mules were hitched in again.

"The water keg's empty," Fish remarked turning that reservoir over to let the last warm drops drip into his cup.

"Well, we must reach the spring to-night. You can see from here the clump of grease-wood round it," said Love, the elder, as he glanced off to the dark line on the north-east.

"I was here in '73. We got the color over there to the right of that dark patch. But it was across this low stretch in front of us where I made my pile in those days."

The mules pulled heavily on. The sand was deep, the traveling difficult, and the distance to that ragged clump of grease-wood seemed never to lessen. Will Love walked ahead of the plodding team.

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked Fish. "You see he keeps staring behind him every now and then. He has done it all the way."

"Don't know. Guess he's looking for some of the men that wanted him to hang," said Love, the elder.

Painfully on over the loose-yielding sand they made their way. The sun dropped lower and lower. The western sky flamed brilliantly up to the zenith. The air kept most of its heat.

The cactus forms stood boldly up against the bright light. They peo-

pled the desert with dragons, horses and riders, camels, mailed warriors. Hovels and church spires marched on with this motley procession.

Somewhere in the sagebrush behind them a coyote sang a weird lullaby to the weary, thirsty fortune hunters.

The desert dusk dropped into night, and still the lone team dragged wearily on. The hours lengthened, but the hill with the spring in its side drew miles away from them.

"No use, dad; we can't make it to-night," Will Love exclaimed at last.

"Guess we must camp for a few hours. We'll get up and start at three," replied Love.

The mules, thin-flanked from thirst and jaded with the heavy pulling, drooped in their tracks, too tired to move a step farther. The men dreamed of springs, of rivers, of oceans of fresh water. All night the thirst witch tantalized them. Stopping to cook no breakfast next morning, with the first faint streaks of light they broke camp.

"Wait till we get where we can make coffee," said Will Love.

"Water, water!" gasped Fish huskily. His eyes were sunken and his lips had begun to swell.

The way was long, but the air was not quite so hot now. Fish drove, and the other two men walked on ahead.

The sun was not two hours high when the sweat-covered mules toiled slowly up the last steep rise to the patch of grease-wood that hid the little spring.

The blank faces of Will Love and his father as they stood over the little hollow told the tale of the dry, white-lined rocks that bordered the crevice where the water had once bubbled up into the sandy little basin.

"My God, don't tell me it's dry!" groaned Fish.

A sprinkle of dark silt in the bot-

tom of the hole deluded them with the hope that a slender vein might run below the surface and lose its way in the sand.

"Let's dig it deeper," cried Will Love, feverishly.

This they tried, but got not enough to wet Fish's tongue, although he lay and licked the stones.

"It's no use," said Love; "come, we must take the beasts and hurry on over that range to the west and across to where the next spring lies."

They jerked the harness from the mules, snatched each a can of corned beef from the lunch box, the two younger men on one mule, while Love, the elder, led the way on the bare back of the other stumbling beast, in frantic haste, yet slowly at best they clattered down the slope.

"Easy, boys, easy," cautioned Love. "We must make the mules hold out to the end. Don't hurry them too much, or they'll give out on us; then we might as well quit first as last."

Across the long level stretch, through musky sagebrush, round, scattered mesquit thickets, toward that pale high point that sheltered the spring of sweet water, even the thoughts of which made their mouths thirst for its saving draughts.

On, on, through the desolate sand, plodded the jaded mules, their greatest speed now little more than a crawl.

On and on over the white wastes, while the heat dropped down on every side of them, to be driven up in singeing waves that scorched their very breath.

Slower, and ever slower, the mules picked their steps through the sinking sand, till the beast carrying double weight stumbled and fell.

Will Love sprang off and pulled it to its feet again. Down it went, this time to be forced up no more. The grisly thirst-demon sprang upon it and claimed it for his prey.

"Take my mule, boys; I can walk," urged Love.

The grim form of the enemy panted close on their heels now. It played round them. It leaped upon them. It licked their hands and faces. It hung on the flanks of the second mule and dragged it down till its feet refused to stir.

Hotter and hotter grew the air as the sun circled the brown sky, and ever the thirst demon crept closer and closer to its prey.

It played with them now. It gave them bright glimpses of great overflowing goblets. It held full glasses to their lips, only to whisk them away before they had taken a sup.

Round and round them it fawned. It nipped at their heels; it coiled round their ankles like leaden bolas till their steps grew shorter and shorter.

With nerveless hands and failing strength they fought off the foe. Unnoticed, Fish dropped behind the other two. He fell across the trail. With his hat over his face, he lay waiting, waiting, for the searchers who long weeks after should find his mummified form.

Still the drouth fiend was not satisfied, but sat in judgment on the younger Love. Its punishment must be mete and complete. No gleam of gold nor clink of eagles might lure it from the full measure of a just atonement.

An eye for an eye. Aye, more—three for one. More swift, more sure than the fickle jade, Law, it could yet loiter and still do the work that slippery dame lets slide through her fingers.

Will Love looked behind him no more. The unholy Something trotting in his wake for weeks now, ever since he descended the court house steps, was upon him.

"I know it, I know it!" he sobbed, as he crawled along behind his father, "you are too many for me.

I cannot get away from your burning hands.

"Just take me. Don't take dad. He has done nothing. I'm the guilty one. I've watched for you all the way. I want to tell you. Don't take dad," the young man crazily murmured as he stumbled over the knoll behind his father.

But the shape promised nothing. It wrapped its thirsty brown self about the haunted man and smothered him in its deep, dry folds.

There need be no hurry. The desert is fenced in. No man climbs its blistering walls. It took its time.

On, straight on, the hale, strong father kept his step. Straight on toward the spring. He would drink his fill and hurry back with water for the boys.

He must hold on to his strength. It must last him to the end. For their sakes he must keep to the trail. He must not let his wits wander.

Deep and tiresome was his way. The sands burnt his feet through the leather of his shoes. He threw away his can of beef. It had grown heavy as lead, that one-pound can. When he got to the water and drank and rested he could come back for it—that is, if he were hungry.

On and on he plodded, but slower and slower still. He could see the ragged pile in front of him, the pile that held the sweet, sweet spring in its base. Half way down on the left he could see the pine from under whose roots welled up the spring.

Almost, almost was he below the narrow brink. He could feel the grateful shade. He could see the sand dancing about in the bubbles at the bottom of the little basin. The grass grew green and fresh below it.

How was it, when he waked, he found himself down here yet in the hot sands and the spring still miles away?

He could step it off all right, but

there seemed to be a weight on his hips. He sat down and rested a spell. That feeling would leave him with a little rest.

Stumbling and falling and rising again after each defeat, he drew nearer and nearer yet to the life-saving water.

He would soon be there now. Only that last steep slope with the sand slipping and sliding under his feet. What was the matter with the sand out here. A man couldn't stand up in it no matter how hard he tried. He plunged forward on his face.

Up again. It was nothing but a mis-step. He would get on all right when he reached the firm stones in the ledge not two rods in front of him. He could see the green tops of the bunch grass in the little stream below the spring where the waters lost themselves in the choking sands.

The shadow of the pine tree reached down to him now. He fell forward on his face again, and the dark path of the shadow cooled his head and shoulders. It seemed to be trying to draw him up into its refreshing depths.

Oh, yes, he would make it, surely he would make it. True, that weight on his hips seemed greater than before—he could scarcely lift it now.

He raised himself again. One step upward. Down on his face again. One might think him feeble to see him tottering like this, but no, he was in his prime.

Deep into the sand he burrowed this time. Come, come, this would never do. The boys were back there calling "water, water"—he could hear their cries yet.

Up on his hands and knees he lifted himself and crawled on a foot or two. The water would give him strength when he reached it.

But his body grew heavier, a burning hand pressed his throat and

lungs. Water, water—was it Will calling for water or was it Fish?

His brain whirled. Bright figures danced before his eyes. The changing geometric patterns of a kaleidoscope spun round and round before his face.

He must get out of this. He rose heavily. Up on his knees, then to

his feet. He steadied himself an instant, only to fall flat on the cruel yielding sands again.

Down at last. This time he ceased to wrench his shoulders up and stoutly affirm he was not down.

The shapeless Weight settled firmly on every limb, and the struggle ended.

The Freighter's Story

By Grace B. Turner

AS he leaned back in his arm-chair, puffing smoke from an old black pipe, the freighter of the early days in the great West naturally turned to his experiences of those often trying times.

"About twenty years ago," he said, "I was running a mule team from Helena to Ft. Benton. We used to make big money in those days—this was a good country before the railroad came and spoiled it all. I have pulled into Helena off of a six months' trip and cleared up a cool \$2,000 for the time I had been out. No, I didn't just go from Helena to Ft. Benton; we used to make a trip into the southern part of the country, or, in fact, we went any place there was something to haul.

"Of course, though, there was more money to be made around the forts in those days if you stood in with the commissary than could be made any place else. Most of us had mule-teams branded 'U. S.,' although they were not supposed to sell any of the animals, but you see it was this way: There would be a dead mule at one of the forts, and of course he had to be hauled out and reported dead—that made one less; next day another dead mule

would be dragged out and reported—two less. If the freighter wanted ten good mules, there would very likely ten die and have to be hauled out and reported while the freighter waited a short distance outside of the fort. Of course that was only one way. How did they do it? I don't know. Perhaps the same mule did die pretty often and get back into the corral over night, and a live one might get out during the same night. I don't know, I'm sure.

"I have known of a man who would sell the commissary ten loads of timothy in one day, weigh them and get paid for them at figures that you wouldn't believe if I told you, when I knew that there was only one load of timothy within twenty miles of that place, and that was the one he sold first. How did he do it? Easy. He would forget to unload and drive around the fort and back onto the scales again with the same load all day. It is easier than going out after another load—it was just a case of absent-mindedness, as one might say. Those days were all right. Was I the man? Now, I don't remember—I always was forgetful!

"Along in the '70's I had a cracking good outfit. Twelve mules and

a little bell-mare, and that little mare was about the best thing I ever saw in her line, for she could lead those mules anywhere in the world she wanted to take them.

"I had been hanging around the fort for several days—no, not Fort Benton—picking up a load, repairing my harness and wagons, and sort of waiting for some of the boys to get in so as to have company back. We generally aimed to travel pretty well together in those times—it wasn't exactly healthy to be found out very far from the forts alone, by the Indians, though they were friendly enough when they knew you had the drop on them.

"Yes, I had several narrow escapes along about that time, but one of the narrowest happened on the trip from which I had just come in, and I was not at all anxious to start out without a pretty good party. Three of us had been out on the trail together, and had been out for about three weeks. One of the boys was rather new at the business—a tenderfoot, you know. He was a fine fellow, too, only bull-headed. We came to a place one afternoon where the road branched, and one led to the right and the other to the left. There was really no difference which road we took, for they came together about three miles farther on, but this young fellow voted that we take the right-hand road and the other pard wanted to take the left road. Neither one of them would give in and left it to me, and I said I didn't care which road we took, only I wanted to keep together. But it wasn't any use talking, they both were stubborn, and the young fellow turned to the right. I thought he should be guided by us, for we were both older on the trail than he, so I went with the other, to the left. The roads were probably not over a mile apart at any point, but the country was very hilly, you know, and he was almost immediately out of sight. When he reached the

place where the roads joined we saw that the young Scotchman had not been there yet, so we waited awhile, and when he didn't show up, we started back after him. We found him, dead and scalped, his wagons burned and his teams run away. We buried him quickly, and lit out as fast as we could. We didn't take any more right-hand roads on that trip.

"It was on that very same trip that a funny thing happened. I have often laughed about it since then. We had camped for the night not far from a field of grain in what is now called the Flathead country. There wasn't much grain grown in those days, but once in awhile you would run across some fellow who was trying to farm. Down in one of those valleys where I hear that land is away up in price now, I traded a pair of old mules for a quarter section, stayed on it all winter—got tired of my job and sold it for \$150 in the spring.

"Well, as I was saying, we camped near this field—it was after the Scotchman had turned off—and when we had eaten our supper we went up and called on the rancher. He was an old Dutchman, and had loads of cattle and piles of money, but he was prouder of that little patch of oats than he would have been of a thoroughbred two-year-old. It was only five acres, but it was pretty, and made us sort of homesick ourselves.

"After we hit the horse-blankets for the night, nothing ever disturbed us until daybreak. No, we didn't carry any of those little cabooses around with us that the freighters use nowadays, not even a tent—just a few good warm army blankets, and we didn't take off many clothes either—just our boots, and not always that much.

Next morning my pardner got the breakfast while I went out to look up the mules. He had as many as I had, and they all followed my little

mare. I could catch her with a little feed and lead the whole bunch up to the wagons with her. This morning I couldn't hear a sound of the bell and thought it rather strange, so I started off toward that oat field to see if they had broken in there.

"Well, they weren't there, but I wish you could have seen that five acres of oats! It looked a good deal like it might have been run over by one of those big steam rollers to flatten it down. There was only twenty-four of those mules, two riding horses and my little mare, but you would have sworn that there had been a whole regiment of horses in there.

"You bet I didn't stay around there looking at that field, or what had been the field. I hunted up our camp pretty lively, and told my pardner there would be the Dickens to pay, and we were out of money. Not a sign of one of our horses could we see. We ate a quick breakfast, but before we were half through, here came the Dutchman. Mad? Well, if he wasn't, I never want to see any one who is. He came up to us, talking and shaking his fists and jumping up and down so hard that we couldn't understand a word that he said. When he let up a little, I asked him as coolly as could be if he had seen anything of our horses, and told him that we couldn't find them that morning, just as if he had never said a word. That started him off again, and from what we could gather of his remarks, our mules and horses were safe—in his corral—and we could pay for his oats before we got them back.

"Of course we were sorry for the old fellow, but he was well heeled and we had been in town about two weeks on our last trip and consequently were broke before we started out, so we felt a good sight more sorry for ourselves. How we were to get our teams out was a question. We refused to pay for the oats un-

til we came that way again, mentally vowing never to set eyes on that trail in the future.

"Nothing that we could say seemed to have any weight with the old fellow—we could pay for his oats, or he would keep our mules.

"Finally I tried persuasion. We had no money, I said, but if he would let us go, we knew where we could get some, and we would bring it back to him. No, sir! Those mules stayed where they were until his oats were paid for, and he turned and went back to his house. In those days, every man pretty much was a law unto himself, and possession was nine-tenths of the case all right.

"We held a council, but could think of no way out of the scrape, and after awhile we went up to the corral to see how things were and see if the Dutchman had cooled off any. He hadn't, and ordered us off the place. I was struck with an idea about then, so I told my pardner to go back to the camp, pack up and get every harness ready to throw on, and then wait for me. He laughed and wished me good luck and went away, leaving me to see what I could do with our friend by myself.

"I talked nice to him for some time, admired his corral, which was a dandy, made of rails, and good and strong, as I was sorry to see. Finally I told him that if he would let me take one of my horses, I would ride ahead a few miles where we had some friends camped and bring him his money. After considerable talk, he consented at last. 'You can take yust one of dos horses,' he said, 'no more.' I said that one was all I wanted, and told him I would hurry, and I meant it, for I would go pretty fast if I could just get started the way I wanted to.

"I opened the gate of the corral, the old man taking care to shut and fasten it after me carefully. I

coaxed my little bell mare to come up and be bridled, all the mules crowding around us. As soon as I had her ready, I told my old friend to open the gate and let us out, but he was afraid of me for some reason and climbed into the corral with a whip, and drove the mules all back and told me to get out pretty quick while he held them there. He fastened the gate as soon as I was outside. No sooner did I get on the back of my mare than I started off at a gallop, giving a whoop that was well understood by every one of the mules, and headed straight for the camp.

"Talk about wrecks! You should

have seen that corral! There was not a rail left in its place. Every one of those mules went for a different point in that fence, and they came through, let me tell you. We made a pretty run for camp, the whole bunch of mules coming after us as hard as they could run. My pardner was ready, and we were harnessed and ready to start in no time. Just as we were about to pull out, the old Dutchman came up on horseback, shaking both fists as before, and yelling at me like mad: 'You vos one thief!' We did not blame him for we had the mules, but I thought a great deal more of that mare after that."

Love is King

By Nita E. White

Throughout all ages Love is king.
Bold Ancassin went forth to find
Sweet Nicolette, whom prison bars
Fast held, and seeking, left behind
The tourney and the joy of fight.
And in the greenwood fresh with May
He found her, when the sullen mists
Broke fleeting at the breath of day.

A wonderment of light and shade
Grew round them. Hand in hand they fared,
With hearts too full for speech, they think
Of prisons escaped and dangers dared,
And wond'ring what had life been were
Such love withheld, they closer cling.
Take heart, beloved, for lo!
Throughout all ages Love is King!



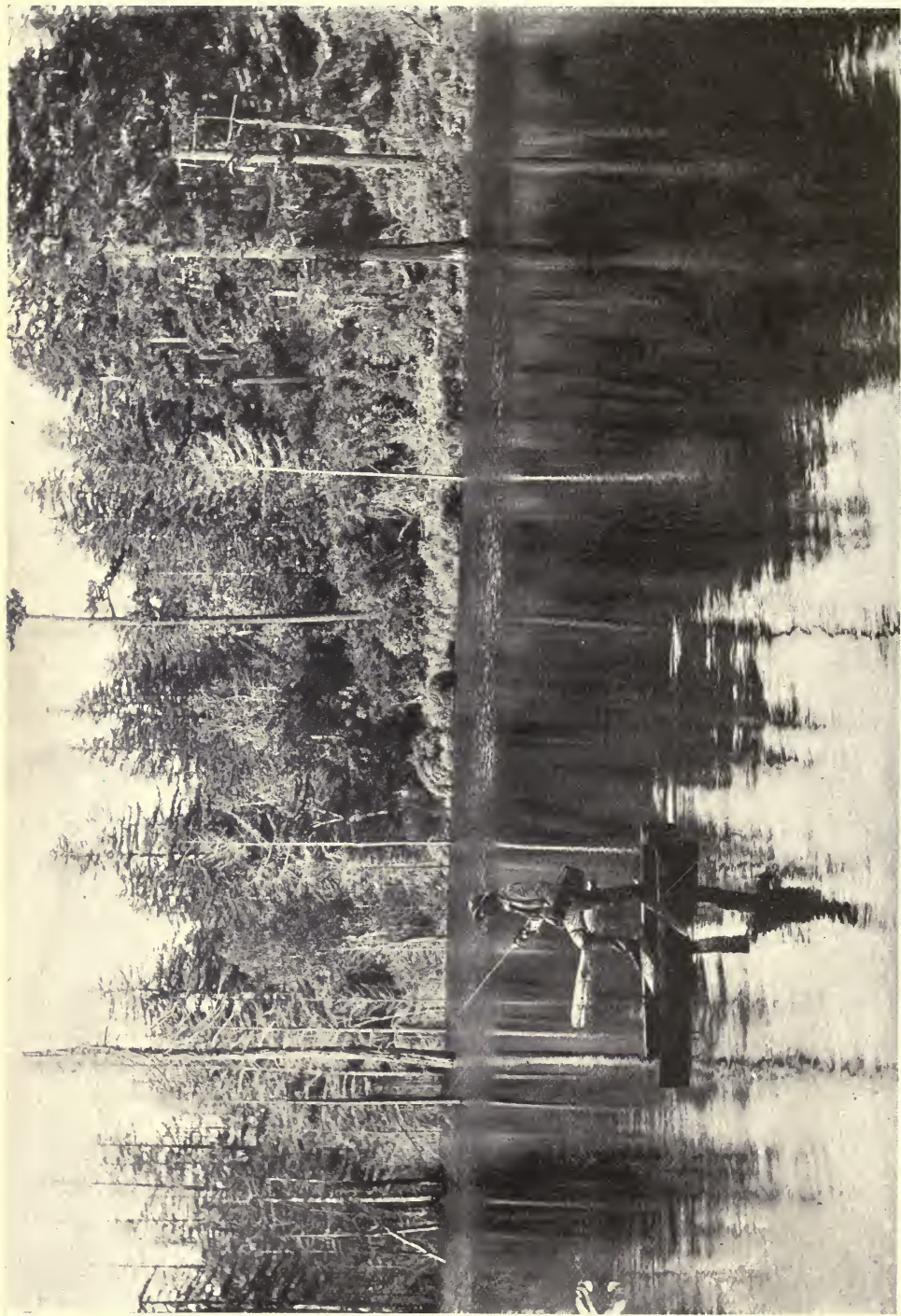
A foothill home.

WHY CALIFORNIA?

By Mark Sullivan

THE objective point of nearly every man's efforts in life is the acquirement of a condition of existence which shall relieve him of the strain of uncertainty. Very true, not a few find so much pleasure in the effort that they continue the struggle so long as their mental and physical force is equal to accomplishment, but such persons become thus constituted by willingly cultivating attributes that finally culminate in greed and in getting and saving at the expense of the higher purpose of life. This is sometimes called second nature, which means that the individual has crucified his real self to make way for a nature that is without the divinity of the religion of the heart. It is this class of human beings to whom the Lord Christ referred when he used the eye of

the needle for comparison. All religions hold greed, avarice and selfishness to be the bottom layer of human degradation, nor are provisions made for the cultivation of divine attributes until the bottom layer of degradation is removed and replaced by lofty aspirations and wholesome desires. It is not contrary to the divine in human nature to expand and extend one's material possessions so long as the incentive is noble. The chief end and aim of man should be labor, to work with body and mind, but he is justified in selecting such fields of toil as produce ample remuneration at the minimum expenditure of effort. Such a life may be said to be spent in harmony with natural religion and nature's laws. Such a life is never over-strenuous nor ever slothful.



Where trout are plentiful in the Sacramento River.



Stanislaus River.

Such a life is the idealistic in realization every day. Such a life is pleasureable every hour. To such a life death merely opens the gate that leads to a higher level of existence, though it is the culmination of the best that was toiled for and won in the fields of endeavor on this side of the gate.

This is not a fanciful thought nor vain imaginings. The realization of

it all is not only quite possible, but it is according to the Divine Purpose, which never errs. The main reason why so few attain to such comfortable existence is because they cultivate an unnatural desire to accumulate property holdings, which they secure at the expense of the mental and physical man. There is such a thing as heroism in industrial strife, but that is not true hero-



An Alameda County truck garden.



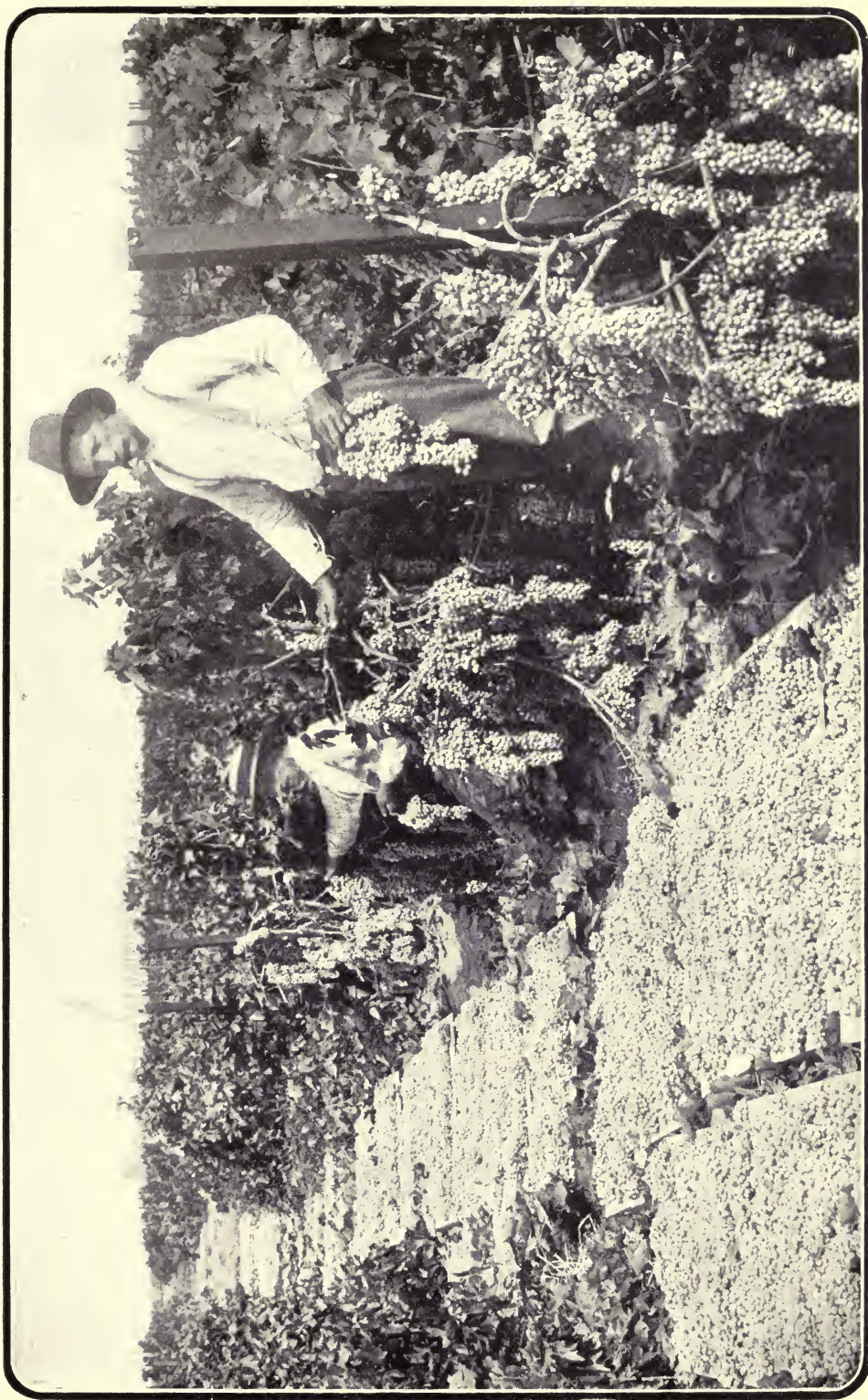
Sutter's Mill. Where gold was first discovered in California.

ism which sacrifices opportunity for the unfoldment of the real man. Man can no more serve greed and his higher self than he can serve Mammon and God, but he may serve both God and his higher self in the chan-

nels of material life if he will subordinate toil to right living; cultivate aspiration for the nobility of life, and dignify labor by eliminating selfishness from the purpose in the employment of his brain and



An irrigation canal in the peat-lands.



When grapes are ripe—a familiar scene in California.



A California granite quarry.

brown. However rugged the field of one's activities may be, it affords opportunities for the development of every manly quality, nor will it produce briars and poison weed unless their seed has been sown.

But in all the realm of man's activities, only rural life secures the highest and best of those things and influences which conduce to satisfying existence, and in no other region of the world will rural life be found so delightful and profitable and so free from annoying cares as in California—a region of country whose western borders are swept by the Pacific Ocean for more than 800 miles, and whose eastern line is guarded by the towering Sierras more than 200 miles away, from where ships go down to the sea. Within these vast confines may be found every climate, except the Arctic and Equatorial, and soil that will produce every known grain,

grass, fruit, nut, vegetable and flower. One may stand upon the crust of perpetual snow in mid-winter, and in one short hour pluck the most delicate of flowers in the valley below.

The California State Board of Trade, San Francisco, has gathered much comprehensive and altogether reliable data of the State's productiveness and the superior advantages the climate and the soil offers to home seekers. The writer acknowledges his obligations to the Board's official announcement for much of the information contained in this article.

The climate of California is the State's most distinguishing feature. Other regions of the world yield as great a variety of soil products. Other lands have their mountains and valleys and forests and minerals and navigable waters, but no other country has them under climatic

conditions such as California enjoys. California is pre-eminent in having a desirable climate every day in the year without variation, which, together with all the soil productiveness of other regions and their picturesque scenery, makes the State an ideal country for every occupation. From an economic view point, the climate and soil are not lacking in any essential feature. The hardy cereals and grasses and on down to the tenderest fruit and flower, grow side by side in an atmosphere and soil congenial to each. Certainly adaptation of soil to given products must be considered, but that only when the chief product is to be of a particular cereal, fruit, vegetable or flower. There is great diversity of climate between the snow-capped mountains and the orange groves in the valleys, but it is this diversity that makes the State a free sanitarium in which health is never im-

paired by abrupt season changes.

If the home seeker has his mind set upon grape culture, he will find the "grape district" to extend more than 600 miles up and down the State by fully 100 miles in width, in which every variety grows to perfection. This does not mean that the soil in this region is productive of no other fruit. It means that the soil is peculiarly adapted to grape culture, but cereals, grasses and all kinds of fruit and nuts do equally well, and their cultivation is surprisingly easy. A climate that is faultless and a soil that permits diversified farming on the same tract of land certainly offer inducements to the small farmer more especially who wants a home and acres that are more than self-sustaining every year, no matter how disturbed and uncertain the channels of commerce may be.

Vegetable farming in all the hun-



Near the summit of the Sierras.



Shasta County timber lands.

dreds of valleys and on the hillsides of California has the merit of being continuous. That is to say, there is no day in the year that has not vegetables of some kind ready for the market. The husbandman is planting and cultivating and harvesting all the time, but so easy is cultivation that the vegetable farmer has a continuous round of comfortable employment.

Butter and cheese ranches and factories abound all over the State, and the remuneration appears surprisingly great to those unacquainted with the part the climate plays in it all. In the first place, suitable grasses abound all the year, and what is equally as satisfying is that owing to the always cool nights milk is kept fresh and wholesome without having to resort to ice or refrigera-



A model small farm.

tion, which saves an item of expense of no mean proportions, but which has to be borne by dairy farming in other States. No doubt some of our Eastern friends will be surprised when told that the value of the annual product of California's dairy farms and cheese factories, includ-

Diego Union submits statistics showing that for the season of 1903-4 there were produced in Southern California 3,000 tons of honey, and in the San Joaquin Valley 1,125 tons—Inyo County producing 90 tons of high-grade white comb honey. These statistics show a product of

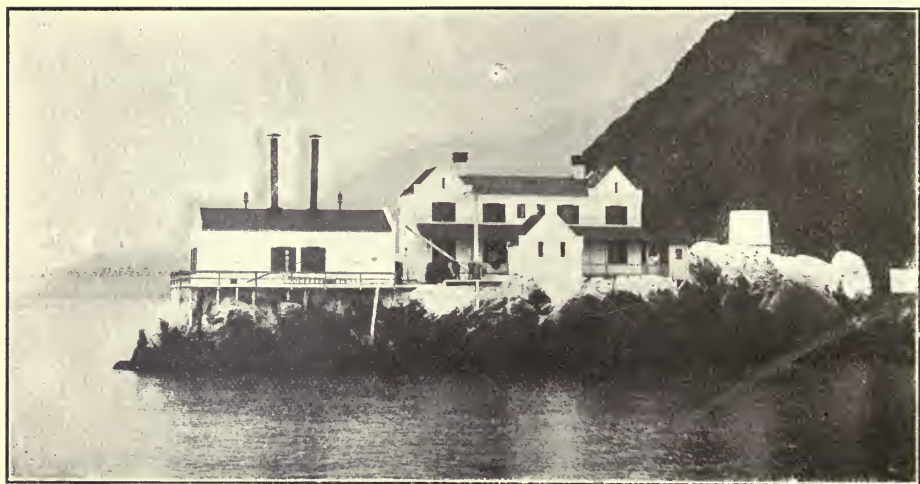


Moonlight on San Francisco Bay.

ing butter, cheese, condensed milk and cream, milk and cream uncondensed, calves of dairy cows and hogs fed on dairy and creameries by-products, amounts to more than \$20,000,000. And yet only a very little of this source of wealth is utilized, comparatively speaking.

Concerning bee culture, the San

eight and one-half million pounds in the State. The price has been about 5 cents per pound for extracted and 10 to 12 cents for comb honey. The crop brings to the State not far from \$700,000 per annum. Statistics for the past honey season are not available. Mr. George L. Emerson, of San Diego County, states in an



Lighthouse, Lime Point

article on the honey industry of California that the State can produce 500 carloads of 15 tons each of honey in a good season, and this is 15,000,000 pounds.



Mendocino redwoods.

Vegetable growing for markets outside the State is an assured and profitable occupation. California canned asparagus may be bought in all the first-class groceries of the chief cities of the globe. Nothing finer has ever been produced than is now being sent abroad. Equally fine are the peas and other vegetables that are preserved, in glass and tin, for use at all seasons. All varieties of edible vegetables are grown to perfection. Large fields are devoted to celery, asparagus, cabbage, beans, peas and potatoes. Truck gardeners plant and harvest every month in the year—one crop after another. The business of canning has assumed large proportions. The green vegetable shipments from the State are principally of cabbage, cauliflower, celery, onions, rhubarb and potatoes. Canned vegetables, tomatoes, asparagus, peas, beans and some other descriptions are shipped extensively.

Live stock raising is very largely and successfully engaged in. The foothill and mountain districts, at one time erroneously considered among waste lands, furnish rich pasturage—the higher mountain elevations in the summer, and the foothills in winter—thus giving favorable conditions the year round. Animals in California mature and reach



No. 31. Lake Tahoe from north of Cave Rock.

Notes

their growth at an early age. With range cattle a two-year-old animal attains about the size of a three-year-old in other States. A large area, planted to alfalfa, during the last few years has added greatly to the live stock interests in the valley district.

Poultry raising in California should be a great industry. There are many successful poultry farms in different parts of the State, but there is room for hundreds, if not thousands, more. It will surprise very many to know that over 4,000 tons of poultry are brought into this State, raised by the small farmers in other States, and this means more than two and one-half millions of chickens, which sell for nearly one million dollars annually.

Since the discovery of gold by Marshall, January 14, 1848, the State has produced in value over fourteen

hundred million dollars of that precious metal. Most of this came from the surface placers—now about exhausted—but the mother of the placer remains in the quartz, and there are many ancient river channels covered up, rich in placer gold. It is now known that throughout the entire length of the State, in nearly all mountain regions, silver, copper and quicksilver may be found for the intelligent seeking.

But what is here said scarcely touches upon the advantages which California secures to the small farmer, the truck farmer, the cultivator of vast areas, the stock raiser, the poultry breeder, the timberman, the tobacco grower, the fish packer, the fruit grower, the mechanic, the laborer—to frugal and industrious men of all stations in life and of every profession. Thus is "Why California?" partially answered.



THE TEST

By Ellis Reed

And does your passion burn you
With a hot, consuming fire?
Know this. The truest test of Love
Is Patience—not desire.

FREE THOUGHT

Rev. A. J. Baden Jenner

FREEDOM of thought is just as essential to happiness as freedom of speech, or freedom in any other form. "Many men—many minds," is an adage trite and true. Surely, therefore, it is not only the privilege, but it is also the bounden duty of all, and each of us, freely and fully to exercise those faculties and functions with which all are, to a greater or less extent, endowed; and yet, though hardly credible, it is nevertheless strictly true that there are many millions of educated men and women in the world who fondly imagine that they think; whereas, in reality, they do not think at all. Such persons merely borrow the thoughts of others, and either consciously or unconsciously, adopt them as their own, and publish them as such.

Every independent and individual thought is necessarily a dogmatic thought; and inasmuch as the thinker thereof is not alone in the world, he must also be a dogmatic thinker, and must cheerfully recognize the fact that the thoughts of others, though widely differing from his own, are equally entitled to respect, and should be accepted for what they are worth.

The term "Freethinker," as commonly understood, is a misnomer. Any person whose opinions on any subject, especially in matters of religion, differ from others ordinarily held, is no more of a freethinker than those who hold opinions most opposite to his own, and he is just as much of a dogmatist as those whom he most strenuously affects to despise; nay, it often happens that such a one, not only most obstinately defends his own peculiar views, and arrogantly demands the assent of all who are opposed to him, but

he also supplements his demands by ridicule and reviling.

On the subject of religion in general, there is no such thing as orthodoxy; nor should there be. In such matters, there should be the most perfect freedom of thought. Everybody should be at liberty to think as he likes; and not only to form his own opinions, but he should also be perfectly free to express them. Every individual man or woman should be free to form a separate sect, untrammelled by creeds and unclouded by ritual, if he or she should so think fit. There are many forms of religion in the world, differing widely from each other in doctrine and dogma, and distinguished from each other by divers forms and ceremonies, and yet, when well considered, it will be found that the same thread runs through all of them; there is the same motive cause, and the same end in view. All of them are well enough in their way; the origin and source of each was good, but all of them stand sorely in need of a return to first principles and to their original meaning and purity. Even Christianity itself is no exception in this respect. More of the Christianity of the Christ and less of so-called orthodoxy; more genuine worship and fewer shams; more implicit obedience to the calls of conscience, which is the voice of God in the soul, and less of mere perfunctory forms and ceremonies; these, and such as these are sadly needed in its case.

The greatest and ultimate religion of all is the religion of Humanity, and the highest goal is Truth—truth for Truth's sake, and for the good and uplifting of humanity. The Universal Fatherhood of God, and

the Universal Brotherhood of man. This is a religion of action, and not a mere profession of faith. It involves something to be done, the doing of which will attract and engage general attention, and will prove infinitely more productive of good results than any amount of mere perfunctory preaching and profession. "Deeds and not words" is its motto, and deeds speak much louder than words. All men will respect such a religion as this, and many will gladly avail themselves of it who hold religion, as commonly exemplified, in but little esteem, if not indeed in utter contempt.

Mental therapeutics (mind cure, faith cure, *et hoc genus omne*) affords another ample field for the fullest exercise of "Free Thought," and the display of just such tactics as are above described, and the adherents of all such are subject to precisely similar remarks. Here you will find as many conflicting theories as there are systems, and almost as many private opinions as there are adherents; each treating the opinions of others with that contumely which is the common resort of those who would force upon others the acceptance of their own peculiar views and articles of faith. Some of these mental therapists hold the most absurd and illogical views imaginable. For instance, the so-called "Christian Scientists" claim that sin and sickness do not exist, and yet they devote their time to telling the world at large how to avoid the one and remove the other; they even go so far as to deny the existence of "matter" in any form, except that which they call "mind." Matter has no existence, eh? Of what, then, are our mortal bodies composed? Surely, mind and body are not one and the same thing—one and indivisible! But certainly such would be so if these tenets were true. Such, however, is a self-evident absurdity. And yet this most absurd cult numbers

its adherents by tens of thousands. Surely, here free and independent thought is scarce, and credulity and dogmatism are rampant. Under such a system as this, any good which has been done, is being done, or ever will be done, can only be among such as are credulous enough to disbelieve the evidence of their own senses. Latterly, however, many who call themselves "Christian Scientists" ignore the fundamental theories of the founder of the cult; each for himself, or herself, formulates a theory of his own, and judging by results, it would certainly seem that one theory is just as good as another. Just so! Why not? These mental therapists claim and expect too much. They lead their patients to believe that all diseases can be cured by mental methods alone; they preclude the employment of any physician, and prohibit the use of medicine of any kind. This is radically wrong, in theory, and in cases of real disease, is extremely dangerous, in practice. If these mental therapists would be satisfied to exercise their powers only as adjuncts in aid of ordinary material medical methods, much more good might be done, and many lives might be saved; but this is just what they refuse to do; the dogmatism of the leaders is so strenuous and the opposition of the adherents of each particular cult is so strong that much good which might otherwise be done is thereby prevented. Theoretically, all diseases to which flesh is heir are entirely curable by mental processes alone. Practically, however, the range of such influences is extremely limited. In all such cases, idiosyncrasy alone plays a most important part. In one case, a person may receive much benefit, whereas in another of apparently the same sort no good whatever results from precisely similar treatment. Environment also has much to do with success or otherwise in such cases

In the presence of doubt, or incredulity, or even prejudice alone, a patient stands but little chance of being benefited; only a strong will and the most perfect faith can overcome such untoward influences, even though no doubts are openly expressed in the presence of the patient; therefore, it goes without saying that it is all but impossible that any one really sick can possess such mental force as will suffice to overcome such obstacles.

Of the relations existing between mind and matter, thoughts and opinions widely differ; concerning it, very little is actually known; and the influence exerted by mind upon matter is just as little understood. But, humanely speaking, it is quite certain that mind cannot exist apart from matter, and fortunately, in discussing the subject before us, this is all that is necessary to be known. In a general way, however, mind and matter may be likened to the two poles of a magnet, each of which is the complement of the other; they are, as it were, the two opposite extremes, between which, by reason of which, and by the conjunction of which, all things that are, exist. The several cults are wrangling among themselves, each one fighting for the mastery; each particular cult claiming orthodoxy as its own, and abusing and belittling every other. Before proceeding further, it would be well, perhaps, to say a few words about "matter," especially as it has a very different meaning in the minds of different persons. In reality, matter is the substance of which all material bodies are composed—the substratum of all sensible qualities, even though its component parts be neither tangible nor visible. I cannot better or more concisely explain my meaning than by quoting the exact words of Bishop Berkeley, one of the deepest thinkers the world has ever known. On this subject he says: "If by 'matter' you understand that which is often felt, tasted and touched, then I say that matter ex-

ists. I am as firm a believer in its existence as any one can be; and herein I agree with the vulgar. If, on the contrary, you understand by matter that occult substratum which is not felt, not tasted and not touched, that of which the senses do not and cannot inform you, then I say that I believe not in the existence of matter, and herein I differ from the philosophers and agree with the vulgar." Such a statement is at once plain and simple, terse and true, and should surely satisfy sensible persons. This metaphysical jugglery of words, this carping and caviling at shadows, this much ado about nothing, is merely a wicked waste of time, under any circumstances, but especially so in the case before us. Therefore, instead of wrangling over mere speculative abstractions, we will proceed to consider, briefly, but generally, the faculties and functions of mind—the origin and source of all thought—free thought or otherwise. Mind is the immaterial, intellectual and intelligent part of man. Its attributes, faculties and functions are manifold, chief among which, however, may be mentioned conception, perception and intelligence. Conception is that mental act whereby a thought or idea is formed of an object unfelt or unseen; whereas, perception is that peculiar faculty whereby knowledge is acquired through the medium of the senses, experienced through their appropriate bodily organs; it differs from conception in that its object is always supposed to have actual existence; whereas, we can form a conception of a thing which we know neither has, nor can have, any real existence. Intelligence is that faculty of the mind which comprehends ideas communicated to it by any means, whether conceptive or perceptive. Undoubtedly, man is a triune being, both physically and psychologically. Physically, this trinity consists in the animal, emotional and intellectual spheres. Psychologically, it is

usually described as consisting of body, soul and spirit. There never has been any doubt as to the meaning of the word body; the difficulty has always been to distinguish between soul and spirit. By many, these terms are used synonymously, but this is incorrect, unless some other term is introduced to designate mere animal life. In both the Greek and Latin languages the same ambiguity exists; in the Greek, however, which is the most precise of all languages, the word "nous" is used exclusively to designate the intellectual part of man; and by inference, the soul, or immortal part. Physically speaking, undoubtedly, the mind operates through the agency of the brain and nerves, and nerve substance is the only tangible form through which the mind either acts or is acted upon; but just how this is effected, psychologically speaking, no one can certainly say. From the earliest times the duality or double nature of the mind has been, to a greater or less extent, recognized. But in these latter days of psychological research this subject has received the most profound attention. The constituent parts of this dual nature have been differentiated and severally named; to wit, the objective and the subjective mind. The objective mind acts through the agency of the five physical senses, and its distinctive functions chiefly pertain to physical existence; but its highest functions is that of reasoning, whether inductively or deductively, analytically or synthetically. The subjective mind acts independently of the physical senses, and its highest functions are

best displayed when the objective mind is inactive, as, for example, during natural or induced sleep. The subjective mind is also, pre-eminently, the seat of memory, which is most forcibly demonstrated when a person is under hypnotic influences. Thousands of instances might be adduced in support of this statement—some of which would almost amount to the marvelous. The objective mind is not easily influenced against reason, whereas the subjective mind is peculiarly amenable to suggestion, and is destitute of the faculty of inductive reasoning; in other words, the reasoning results are logically deducible from premises supplied by suggestion. For instance, supposing that any special subject of thought is suggested to a person under hypnotic influence, and that person is invited to discourse on that subject, he will at once proceed to tell all that he knows, which will confirm, or illustrate, that thought; but he will say nothing which will, in any way, be at variance with it. Moreover, the subjective mind is just as amenable to the suggestions of its own objective mind as those of another. In the technical parlance of modern psychics, this is called auto-suggestion, and in the case of persons under hypnotic influence, this auto-suggestion is often the cause of failure on the part of the operator to influence such persons. In these cases the strongest will power will invariably prevail. For success in hypnotic suggestion, perfect passivity is pre-requisite, and suitable surroundings also afford invaluable aid.



THE END OF THE DREAM

By John G. Neihardt

"I taught thee nothing is a trifle."
—Tupper.

A MAN who has the deeper sense of God finds nothing unimportant; he who imputes insignificance to the most inconspicuous of objects or aspirations, not only belittles his God, but clearly defines the capacity of his being.

It is merely subjective egotism that gives size to the object. Does not the small boy's careless step upon an ant hill mark an epoch in insect history?

God is no trifler.

There is as much of the epic in the unlyred and futile toil of the tumble bug as there is in the classic hopelessness of the endeavor of Sy-syphus. It cannot be proven without the aid of egotism that the crushing of a worm under foot is less laden with meaning to the universe than the decimation of a phalanx. The failure of the superstitious hope of an unhistoric savagery is of as much importance to eternity as the calamitous miscarriage of a diplomat's scheme!

This is a simple tale of failure.

The old woman Gunthai had nothing but a past over which she brooded, and a son upon whom she doted. Had she been able to write the latter in the letters of that tongue which did not come to the prairie until many moons after her death, she would have written it with a "u," for her son was the day to her; his coming was the morning and his going was the sunset. When he laughed, there was summer in the wretched little tepee; when he cried the snows drifted about the mother heart.

Winter and summer the old woman sat in her lodge, her back bent

with the burdens of many seasons, and her face seamed with many memories, yet stern and expressionless, as the face of one who has followed a long trail and cannot see its end, though the sun be falling.

All day she would sit in her lodge weaving baskets of willow; these she exchanged with her tribesmen for the meat and robes which had been furnished in abundance by her brave until the arrow of a Sioux brought him low.

Her little lad, whom she tenderly called Nu Zhing (Little Man), would lie long hours before her, resting his chin upon his little brown fists, watching the hands of his mother weave the twigs into form with marvelous skill, as it seemed to him.

And often the mother would forget the unwoven basket with gazing into his big black eyes, for in them she could read great deeds that were to be done after many unborn moons had died.

Then she would tell him tales of his father, tales that were noisy with the snarl of drums, the twang of bow thongs, the shriek of arrows, the thunder of hoofs. But there was no responsive glitter in the eyes of the boy. His heart was not a warrior's, and the mother, seeing this, sighed and fell to work with nervous haste.

And the days of the sun and the snow wove themselves into years, until Nu Zhing had reached that time when boyhood deepens into manhood, and yet as the mother looked upon her son, she found him scarcely taller than a weak man's bow. His legs were short and bowed, his hips narrow, and upon shoulders of abnormal breadth sat his monstrous, shaggy head. It was

as if he were the visible body of a black spirit's joke, save for his lustrous eyes, that were like two stars that burn big in the air of evening through a film of mist.

And thus it was that when Nu Zhingha would pass through the village, those who were still foolish with youth jeered at the boy, calling his name in contempt—the name which his mother had given in love, "Little man!" But the old men and women only shook their heads and pitied Gunthai in silence.

At such times the lad would walk on sullen and silent. He lived in a little world of his own, which was isolated from the great world by the unkindness of his people, like a range of frozen hills. And in this small world there were but three dwellers—Gunthai, himself and one other. That other was a despised little cripple, and her name was Tabea (Frog.)

These three, and about them the chromatic glory of dreams, like a sunrise that lingers, this was the world of Nu Zhingha.

All day among the quiet of the summer hills, Nu Zhingha and Tabea played together. He telling the great, indefinite deeds that he would do in that big, mysterious Sometime, when the days would be pregnant with wonders! For in his soul the strong pulse of uncertain and lofty resolve bounded, and as he peered into the future, lo! it was vast, yet dim with misty possibilities like a broad stretch of prairie expanding under the new moon.

And Tabea, with all of her crooked little body, listened attentively and believed even more than she heard. This is the way of those who love.

One day when the last white footsteps of the winter had vanished from the coldest valley, the old woman Gunthai called her boy to her side.

"It is the time," she said, "the time is ripe with summers. Nu

Zhingha must touch no meat for four days; then he must go to the hill where the visions come, that he may know what is to be for him in the light of the unborn moons."

So Nu Zhingha ate no meat for four days, and when the fourth evening had come, as the fires roared up among the circled lodges, he passed through the village, and wonderingly took his way to the hill of dreams.

It was the time when the valleys are loud with the song of frogs, and when the earth begins to learn anew the pleasant lesson of the sun.

When he had stopped breathless with toiling up the long incline (for he was weak with fasting, he turned and looked back upon the jumbled village, and saw, indistinctly through the mist of the evening, his mother standing before the door of her lodge, straining her gaze that she might see her boy for the last time, climbing the height where the dream awaited, which should send him back a man with a future big in deeds.

Then Nu Zhingha climbed to the summit of the hill and watched the west pass from brilliant colors into dun, and the darkness come with the stars.

There are those whose souls should not have been born into bodies that must battle for a breathing space. Some souls should have remained a part of the great, kind pulse of the universe, a part of the wind, the spirit of a flower's fragrance, a vibration in a ray of light, a factor in a bird's joy. Such souls never understand their surroundings and languish into pathetic failure.

Such a soul warmed the small body of Nu Zhingha. In the light of a thin moon the far hills whitened. The big stars glowed kindly like the camp fires of a people that are known to be friendly. The night wind talked. Attentive to these, Nu Zhingha forgot the reason of his coming, and lulled by the many pleasant sounds of the prairie night, fell

asleep, and was awakened by the pale, damp dawn.

Then he ran down the hill, and as he passed through the village, the old women, some busy about the steaming kettle, others stooped beneath the load of fuel, shook their heads wisely, and said: "Gunthai's boy has had no vision. Not thus do they return who dream great dreams."

In the doorway of her lodge Gunthai stood awaiting the approach of her son. Her body, which was wont to be bent like a bow upon which a heavy hand is laid in the stress of battle, was erect and vibrant as is the bow when the arrow has sped like a purpose. Upon her leathery, wrinkled face dwelt the glimmer of an inner illumination. Only the flesh of her face was old; the light was young. Hope is a youth.

As the lad approached, the tenseness of expectation held the old woman's tongue, and her question came from her eyes. "What has Nu Zhing dreamed?"

"I saw the stars that were like the eyes of friends," said the boy, "and I heard the wind as it talked to itself in the gulches. I slept and awoke, and lo! the sun was teaching gladness to the hills."

Many seasons sit lightly upon a form when Hope sits with them. But Despair is heavy, and again the weight of many years bent the shoulders of the mother. When the sun leaves a cloud of glory, it leaves it a mass of murk. Thus passed the light from the wrinkled face of Gunthai.

There was a sigh in her voice as she spoke; a sigh like that of a wind that is heavy with rain: "There should have come a dream loud with the noise of battles and shrill with the flight of arrows; thus did your father dream."

So Nu Zhing went a second and a third time to the hill of dreams, and even a fourth time went he, and four is a magic number. Still the

last answer that his mother heard was like the first. And on the fourth day the heart of the old mother was sore with sorrow, and all that night she did not sleep, but wept and moaned: "How shall Gunthai be comforted when her eyes are dim and her fingers stiff? Her son shall not be mighty in the hunt or the battle, for he has had no dream."

The lad, awakened in the night, heard the moaning of his mother, and knew that he was the cause of so much sorrow. And in his breast grew a great pang of soul-hunger that would not go away. Even with the giant joy of the sunrise, it did not pass away.

In the early light Nu Zhing went out of the village, but his heart was heavy. As he walked, lo! everything was sad except the sun, and the light of its gladness deepened the shadow of his sorrow. The sound of the wind moving in the bunch grass of the hillside was like the faint cry of a great pain. At length he threw himself down and buried his face in the grass. The despair of those who dream day dreams was upon him. There was night in his heart. His small body shook with sobs. A long while he lay thus, a lump of sorrow. He did not hear the careful footstep beside him.

A fallen dream is the most desolate of ruins. Yet he who has dreamed no day dreams has also never built. Every edifice was once an air castle in a feverish brain. Little by little a sterner material was put in place of the dream stone and the dream timber, until the last insubstantial portion was replaced, and lo! a reality!

The most mathematical of you who read have dreamed day dreams. Have you not built houses of the future, whose corridors were scintillant with tints of sunrise? And when you explored your house of the future there was a strange music that fled through the mysterious chambers. One night you went

to sleep, glad of your dreams, and you awoke and found your castle fallen. Was it not so? Then no doubt you buried your face in the ruins and wept.

And the ruin in which you wept was as great as Ninevah, as worthy of chronicle as Babylon, for are you not an integral part of the universe?

Nu Zhingha wept among ruins,

this spirit let us attribute all the kindness and the pity which wage a gentle but efficient war with the stern and pitiless in Nature, which is the masculine.

This universal spirit dwelt even in the ugly little body of Tabea. And the sunlight entered the heart of Nu Zhingha. Even though, when the two outcasts entered the village, the



Nu Zhingha wept among ruins.

and although they would compare with your ruins as the tepee to the palace, they were as real as yours.

At length Nu Zhingha raised his head from the grass and saw Tabea sitting before him with pity in her eyes and in the attitude of her crooked little body. Without a word they stared each into the face of the other, and as Nu Zhingha looked, the desolate gray of the world began to develop its wonted brilliance of color, as though the union of their tears produced a prism.

Is femininity simply an attribute of the female? It is pleasant to think of it as one of the fundamental principles of the Cosmos: a tender, patient throb in the pulsing aether that folds about the worlds, a spirit, perhaps, that lives not only in the good woman in which it culminates, but is present in the unfolding of a blossom, beats with love in the maturing seed, and breathes with subtle influence in the south-wind. To

youths trooped behind them shouting: "No dream! No good!" Yet the sunlight did not go away. For upon one hand walked again the dreams of Nu Zhingha, and upon the other hand walked Tabea.

One day in the time of the gathering of maize, when the brown hills shivered with the first frost, the voice of a crier was heard through the village calling the braves to battle, for the big chief of the Omahas would lead a war party against the Sioux.

So the old woman, Gunthai, took down the weapons of her fallen brave from the side of the tepee, where they had hung in idleness many moons. She strung the long unbent bow with a thong of buckskin and re-tipped the arrows.

Then she wept over them and blessed them with weird songs, and calling Nu Zhingha to her side, placed them in his hands, and said these words: "Bring them back red with

the blood of the Sioux!" The youth took them, wondering why it was so very great a deed to kill.

When the war party rode out of the village, Nu Zhing rode with them, and there were two who climbed to the top of the highest hill and shading their eyes with their hands, watched the braves disappear in the distance. They were Gunthai and Tabea, and the hopes of each were great, for might not even Nu Zhing do great deeds? Such things had happened.

After many days the returning band rode up the valley that rang with the song of victory. But when it rode into the village a cry of derision went up against Nu Zhing, the squaw-hearted, for in the battle with the Sioux his pony had fallen with an arrow in its breast, and when the Omahas returned after their pursuit of the flying enemy, they found him crying like a squaw over the carcass of the animal.

When the people heard this, an angry cry like that of a wind in a thicket passed over the assembled village. "Let him work with the squaws!" they cried, and the unanimous cry of a people is a law.

So Nu Zhing, the squaw-hearted, carried water and wood with the squaws. The old woman Gunthai, seeing how more than woman-hearted her boy had grown, sat in her lodge weaving the baskets of willow—but the hope of her heart was gone. Oh, how she had dreamed of the prowess of her little man! How he would be mighty among his people; mighty with the arm that is strong and pitiless—a slayer of enemies. But now— And the old woman's thought would check itself at that barren gulch in the mysterious hills through which death comes like a blast of biting winds, for she could see no further.

So the suns came and went, but there was night for her in the brightest noon; the seasons passed, but for

her there was cold even in the glad midsummer.

One day in the time of the cubs (December) it happened that a child of the village was stricken with a strange sickness. A fierce heat like that of the time of the sunflowers (August) set its blood ablaze—its eyes glowed with the brightness of a burning thing. Its dry lips muttered strange words, and those who listened trembled. And after some time the whole burning body of the child became a mass of sores.

It was then that Wash ka he, the big medicine man, came to the lodge of the sick, and sang his most potent songs and performed his most mysterious rites; but one day the child leaped to its feet and stared at the wall with eyes that were glazed with terror, then shrieked and fell back into its blankets.

And when the winter crept into the burning blood of the child, they buried it upon a hill above the village, and the wonder of the people was great.

But the end was not yet. Another crept into his blankets, stricken with the same sickness; then another and another, until from many lodges came the moans of the afflicted. Those who dwelt in the lodges where the scourge entered fled from their stricken kinsmen as from the visible body of Death. They, who could laugh back at the challenge of the Sioux, quailed before the subtle creeping of this invisible foe! They, who were as yet untouched by the unseen hand, huddled, terrified and speechless about their fires, in the light of which they stared at each other, and found each face ghastly as though it were a mirror of their dread. In the stillness of their bated breaths, they heard the lonesome monotony of the winter wind and the swish of the drifting snows, through the drone of which pierced like arrows of ice the occasional shrieks of the deserted dying or those who battled with grotesque

terrors in the giddy whirl of feverish delirium!

With trembling fingers the women bound blankets closely across the doors of the lodges, in the hope of barring out the black spirit that wandered about the village.

Vain hope!

Through the thick walls of the strongest lodge crept the insidious spirit.

One night the sound of a voice crying through the storm beat into the lodges: "Wash ka he has cried to Wakunda (God) and lo! Wash ka he has dreamed! Only a tuft of hair from the head of the white bison can save us! So spoke the dream to Wash ka he. Who will seek the white bison?"

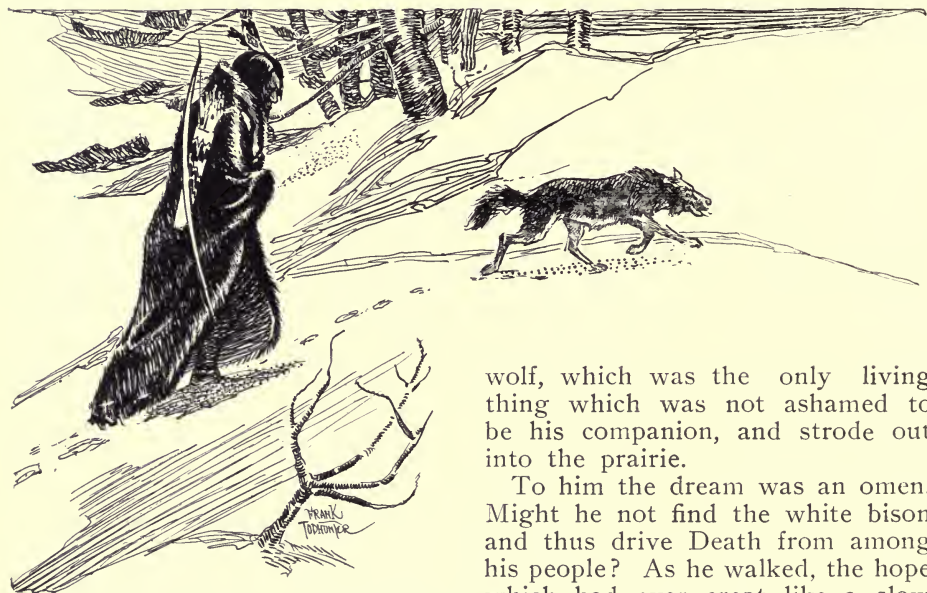
It was as if the winter wind had found words. The people huddled

weak as the child at the back of a squaw.

That night Nu Zhingha, lying in the lodge of his mother, heard the cry that came out of the storm. And when he slept he dreamed. He had walked far across the white prairie and his legs ached with toil and his heart with despair. Then there broke upon his dream a mighty roar and lo! he saw charging down upon him the white bison, tossing the crusted snow from its lowered horns.

"Tae ska! Tae ska!" (white bison) Nu Zhingha cried, and was wakened with his own cry, and it was the time when the east pales.

Nu Zhingha arose from his blankets, took down the bow and arrows of his father, wrapped himself in a buffalo robe, called his tame



Nu Zhingha goes in search of the white bison.

about their fires, knew the voice to be that of the big medicine man, Wash ka he, yet they did not move nor speak. The bravest had grown

wolf, which was the only living thing which was not ashamed to be his companion, and strode out into the prairie.

To him the dream was an omen. Might he not find the white bison and thus drive Death from among his people? As he walked, the hope which had ever crept like a slow music through his blood, grew into the swaying fury of the battle song. He timed his brisk steps with a joyous chant that echoed in the frosty valleys. He would find the white bison. Then his people would shout his name without derision. Gunthai would be glad! Tabea

would be glad. Tabea! The word was music.

* * * *

But meanwhile in the village thicker and thicker fell the invisible arrows of the terror. And within the lodges where they fell dwelt the cry of agony and delirium and the muffled shriek of death.

The old woman Gunthai and the cripple Tabea were not spared. The old and the young, the weak and the strong, the brave and the cowardly, found no spell with which to ward away the stroke of the hidden Hand.

At length the fear of the tribe grew into frenzy. It needed but an incident to lash it into madness.

One evening as the night crept westward across the hills, a brave leaped upon a pony, and yelling, sent the frightened animal flying up the valley. He was fleeing from the curse that hung over the village.

Then the frenzy grew into madness.

The people rushed from the lodges and fighting for the nearest pony of the herd, fled after the lone rider that had disappeared into the night. Those who were too weak or unfortunate to gain the back of a pony hung to the manes and were dragged in the snow until their grips failed, when they ran with frantic shrieks after their disappearing tribesmen.

The valley leading from the village became choked with the fleeing people. Many of the stricken leaped from their blankets and followed in the wild rout until their

knees weakened and their brains swam, when they lay shrieking until they died.

From the deserted village the cries of the helpless followed the unhearing refugees, who fled as the bison flee when the pitiless hunter follows. The path of the tribe was marked by the dying and helpless. Fainter and fainter grew the yelling, until it was swallowed up in the wind that lashed the spraying snow.

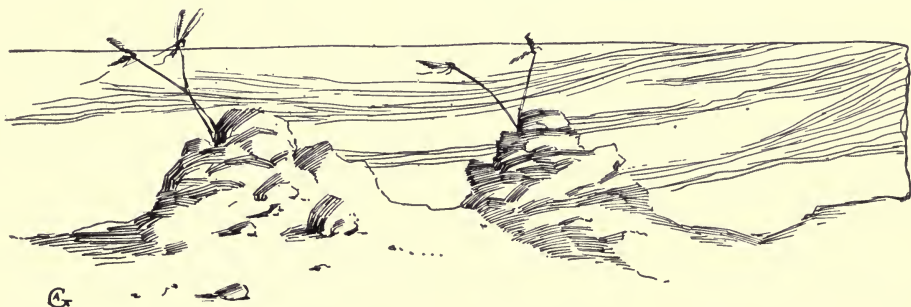
When morning looked over the hills it found no smoke arising from the silent lodges. Only the dead were there; the dead and the winter.

* * * *

Many days after the flight of the tribe, it happened that a lone form topped the hill above the village and looked into the valley. Then with slow and halting step it took its way down the hillside.

The form was short and bent as with the strain of a long and hopeless trail. At its heels a gaunt wolf followed. The form walked about the village, and there were two lodges into which it peered. In one was the body of Gunthai; in the other, that of Tabea. Both were frozen, and about each the snows had drifted.

Before the door of the last lodge the form moaned and fell upon its face in the snow. And over all the valley there were but two sounds—the wail of the winter wind and the howl of a lone wolf.



THE TALE OF A TURTLE

By Clarence Hawkes

IT was a pleasant afternoon in August, with just enough haze to subdue the sunlight and give warm, rich color to the landscape. The day was more like Indian summer than August, so tender was the sky and so hazy was the atmosphere. Bass were not biting, but what cared I as long as the blue sky was above me, the fresh green earth at my feet and the sweet air in my nostrils?

There were other things to be interested in that summer afternoon besides bass; so I sat under the old birch and trailed my line heedlessly in the water, dreaming a sweet day dream while the silver-footed moments slipped noiselessly by, all unconscious of the joys they held. From across the stream came the musical tinkle of a cowbell, reminding me of boyhood and driving cows to pasture through the dew-laden grass where the clover smelled so sweet when you stirred it. I could almost smell it now across the gap of some twenty-five years.

The stream lapped the roots of the old black birch with a low pleasant sound, and the wind sighed softly in the tree-top. All was restful and quiet. Each hour seemed cut from the calendar and hung like a golden apple, ripe and ready for plucking.

Then I leaned back against the rough trunk of the tree, rested my rod across my knee, while the winds and the water crooned a pleasant lullaby, and Mother Earth invited me to rest. Somehow it all seemed familiar, like a leaf out of an old dog-eared book. Was it my mother's crooning and the warm human breast I remembered? I know not, but the day and the hour did their work, and I slipped into the realm of mystery.

"Having any luck, mister?" asked an odd little voice at my feet. I looked down in surprise, for I had not imagined any one about, but could see no one who could be addressing me. Then a large round something in the grass on the bank moved, and I saw a green turtle about the size of a milk pan eyeing me curiously.

"Getting any fish?" asked the queer voice again. I started.

"What, were you speaking?" I asked in astonishment, for I had never heard a turtle talk before. "I wasn't aware that any one was about."

"Maybe you don't consider me any one," said the turtle ironically, "but there are others who do. Why, there are cooks down in New York who would laugh with glee at the very sight of me. I am considered one of the choicest delicacies ever set upon the table. That is why I have to look out for my shell. I am what you people call a hard-shell, hard outside but soft inside. That is better than being soft outside and hard inside," and the turtle winked knowingly at me.

"Have you always lived here?" I asked. The deep hole under the old black birch was a favorite fishing spot of mine, and I did not remember ever having seen so fine a specimen of the turtle family there before.

The turtle laughed a dry little laugh and looked very scornfully at me as he replied: "I guess you do not know much about the turtle family. Why, I have an ancestor in the Isle of Wight who is known to be many hundred years old. Even I have seen seven or eight generations of your race come and go, and I am still hale and hearty, and sure to outlive you, my fisherman friend.

Do you know, I have been having great sport with you this summer by nipping your worms from the hook when you were fishing with a bob. You thought it was bass, and that made me snicker. I might tell you all about that big-bass that you nearly landed. What a joke it would be if you had merely hooked into my shell."

I blushed and looked sheepish. That big bass which I had nearly landed had been a favorite yarn of mine, and I was thinking of writing up the incident for a sporting paper—but now it would not do.

"Where did you come from if you have not always lived here?" I asked, for I was getting interested in what seemed to be a remarkable turtle.

"Why, I was born at Leyden," he replied. "I was one of several million eggs that my mother left in the sand, but the rest were all gobbled up by an otter."

"How did you get here?" I queried.

"It is a rather long story," said the turtle, "but I will tell you if you wish. You need not bother about your line; you will not get any bites now I am on the bank.

"I was found by a Leyden goldsmith when I was a baby turtle, about as big as a silver dollar, and he kept me for two years in a glass globe, and was very proud of me. The customers used to peer in to see me, and I was quite as much of a curiosity as the green parrot in the window. But finally I got so large that I could not be kept in the globe and then the goldsmith let me go, putting me down among the wharves, where I picked up a good living.

"By the time I was twenty years old, I had grown to be quite a respectable turtle. I was not like the rest of the family, for I was given to wondering what was doing in the great watery world about me, and on the dry, hot land. Most turtles simply eat anything that comes their

way and bask in the sun the rest of the time. But I wanted to know more about the world. I used to wonder about the great ships that were always coming and going. So finally, one day, when the wharves were pretty well deserted, I climbed up the gang plank of a ship and went aboard her. I was waddling about on the deck having a fine time when I fell into a deep hole, and went rolling and tumbling clear to the bottom of the ship. I kept pretty quiet for two or three days; in fact, I could do little else, for I could not get out of the hole. But bye-and-by I felt the ship moving and that interested me. Things went on very well for about a month and I was quite happy, for I was traveling, something that I had always wanted to do. But one day a man came down into the bottom of the ship after something, and discovered me.

"'Hello, my fine fellow,' he cried, catching me up by the tail. 'Here is a find. I will take you to the galley and we will have turtle soup for dinner.'

"'Cookie was tickled enough when he saw me, and I thought my day had come. I was perched upon a great table awaiting my fate, when a dignified white-haired man, wearing a long black coat entered. 'What have you here, Thomas?' he asked, pointing at me. 'That's our dinner,' replied cookie, with a laugh. 'You will have to kill him, won't you?' asked the man in the black coat. 'Why, of course, Elder,' said the cook. 'You didn't think I would boil him alive?' 'Certainly not,' replied the grave one, 'but I do not think it will do. If we spill blood upon this ship we shall not be prospered. Turtle soup would make our humble rations relish, but we must not risk it. We are on a long and hazardous journey and must have a care.'

"So I escaped."

"Did you ever learn the name of the ship?" I asked, now being thor-

oughly interested in the turtle's story.

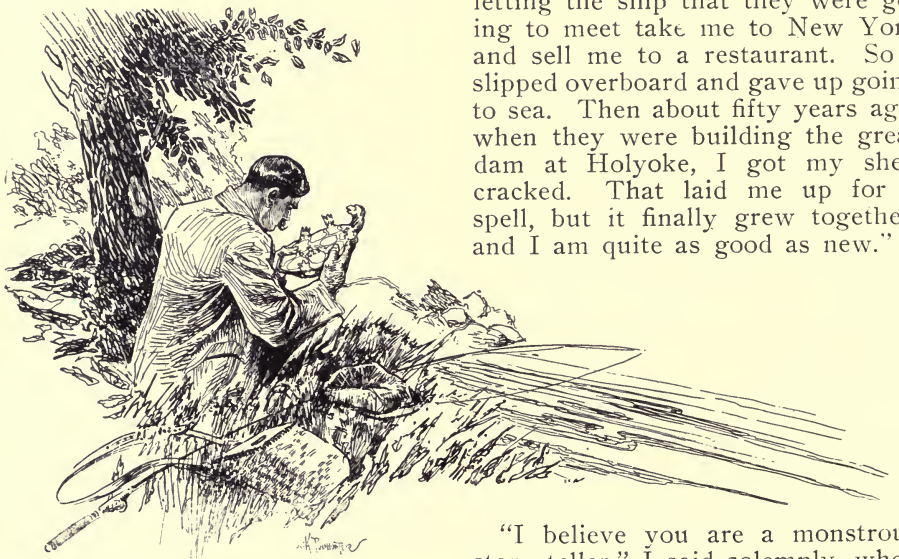
"Of course," he replied. "You don't think I would cross the Atlantic in a ship and not learn her name! It was the Mayflower, and my preserver was Elder Brewster."

"Impossible," I gasped. "You do not mean to tell me that you are nearly three hundred years old!"

"Certainly I am," replied the turtle, "and probably three hundred and twenty-five would be nearer my age. You know the turtle family is noted for long life."

"I do not believe it," I replied; "you are spinning me a fish story."

"Just turn me over, then, and see what you see," he rejoined. I did



"Just turn me over, then."

as I was told, and saw the letters "E. B." and the numerals 1628.

"What does that stand for," I asked, for I did not at first catch the significance of the lettering.

"Elder Brewster, 1628," replied the turtle. "He marked me when he let me go. I was a young turtle then, but now I am getting old. I used to have the name of the gold-

smith who kept me in a glass globe at Leyden on my shell, but as my shell grew it was obliterated."

"How did you get here?" I queried. "This is the Connecticut."

"I came up in an English ship, which was fired on by the Dutch at Hartford, but we took possession of the land and have kept it ever since. I suppose I ought to be a Dutch turtle, but I have always been with the English so much that I call myself English."

"What other adventures have you had?" I asked. "You seem to be the most remarkable turtle I have ever known."

"Well, I got aboard a flat boat one day, and was going to the Sound, but I heard the men talking about letting the ship that they were going to meet take me to New York and sell me to a restaurant. So I slipped overboard and gave up going to sea. Then about fifty years ago, when they were building the great dam at Holyoke, I got my shell cracked. That laid me up for a spell, but it finally grew together, and I am quite as good as new."

"I believe you are a monstrous story teller," I said solemnly, when the turtle had concluded his story.

"Well, you are another," he retorted. "Didn't you tell about hooking a big bass, when it was nothing but my shell?"

"Look out. I really believe you have got a bite, and me out of the water, too; I shall have to investigate," and he slipped down the bank towards the water.

"Hold on," I cried, "I want to ask you more questions. Did you really——" Here the tugging at

the pole became so vigorous that I aroused myself and gave the line a slight jerk to hook my fish. Where was the turtle? Had it been a dream? Or was it a waking reality?

I looked along the bank. The green, mottled back of a huge turtle was just slipping into the water. I dropped my pole and sprang for

him. A look at the under side of his shell again, and then I would know. But I was too late. Although I waded to the top of my hip boots, and thrust my arm into the water to the elbow, the black shape slipped away into the deep water, and only a few bubbles told where this most remarkable turtle had gone.

WHERE DREAMS ARE MADE

By Florence A. Jones

This is the place where dreams are made,
 Here where the purple shadows falling
 Shut out the world from my tired eyes,
 Shut out all sound save the night bird calling.

This is the hour when dreams are made;
 Touch my brow with your soft, cool fingers,
 O, unseen weaver, and make for me
 A wondrous dream, while the last flush lingers.

Weave me a dream like unto this,
 Make it all rose-hued, bright, unfading,
 Broider it deftly with threads of gold—
 I will have no dream of sombre shading.

Letting no world-stained threads creep in,
 Weave me a dream of one forgetting
 All the dear dreams of dead yesterday,
 Ay, all of the big world's little fretting.

This is the place where dreams are made,
 I bare my brow as the night wind passes,
 I, of the world of brick and stone—
 And wait my dream midst caressing grasses.

FRENZY OF THE IMAGINATION

By A. H. Shirk

WESTON and I were seated one gusty evening in January in his office, conversing upon various topics, and in some way the discourse turned upon the supernatural. I had voiced my sentiments in the matter by affirming positively my absolute disbelief in the possibility of disembodied spirits returning to earth, when to my surprise, Weston shook his head solemnly and quoted Hamlet's oft-repeated assertion.

"Why," I cried in surprise, "do you mean to say that you are a believer in the supernatural?"

"When one has seen, one is forced to believe," he said, smiling in a peculiar manner.

"And you have had actual visual demonstration of the existence of such things as ghosts?"

"Exactly," he replied. "Or at least it is the only construction I can put upon the matter I have in mind. But perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

"I should be more than pleased."

"Very well. It is certainly an auspicious occasion," he added as a gust of wind tore round the corner of the building and the rain drops were driven spitefully against the panes. He rose and going to a desk took from the drawer a roll of papers, and returning, seated himself by the fire.

"Here," he said, "I have a complete record of the affair, but I prefer telling it to you more briefly, with occasional references to my manuscript if my memory fails me. I have labeled the story 'Unsolved,' because it is one of the mysteries I have encountered that I—or anyone else, for that matter—have never been able to fully explain. And so far as that is concerned, I

do not see how I can be held responsible. After all, I am no more than human, and my powers are such in earthly matters alone. Perhaps some day, Malcolm, we shall both have solved the mysteries that lie beyond. By the way, how long have you lived in San Francisco?"

"Less than six years."

"Ah, then, you do not know the parties concerned. But never mind. You do probably remember the old Studio Building on Broadway, that was torn down three years since to make way for a new structure."

"Yes, I remember it," I answered.

"Very well," he went on, "that building then was the scene of my experience, which occurred some fifteen years ago. I had only begun my career then, Malcolm, and had no reputation to speak of, but I had successfully managed one or two small affairs, and had at least been recognized as a possible genius in my field. Whether I have fulfilled those expectations I cannot say. I will leave that to my biographers to determine. But I am wandering away from my narrative. In the Studio Building were located at that time a couple of young artists who shared sleeping apartments in the Studio. In fact, they were partners and fast friends as well. I occasionally mingled with the Bohemian set, Malcolm, chiefly for the purpose of studying their peculiarities, and thus I became quite well-acquainted with these two youngsters, who were splendid representatives of their kind, though differing entirely, the one from the other. Phillip Langley was tall and fair-haired, with rosy cheeks and an ever smiling countenance. His friend, Pietro Nezzo, on the contrary, was short and dark—of Italian birth, I

believe—and his disposition was gloomy and morose, although I found him a good enough fellow once you knew him well. Langley drew for the periodicals and also did beautiful landscapes in oil. Nezzo painted nothing but figures and made a specialty of magnificent nudes. So, you see, they were in every way as different as possible. Their rooms were arranged in a distinctly characteristic manner—the common studio was very large and low, being, in fact, what might be called the garrett room. One side was occupied by Langley and decorated in a sprightly manner, while Nezzo's corner was a picture of gloom. Heavy tapestries divided it from the balance of the room, and curtains were so arranged that it could be entirely shut off when the occupant was at work. Within, dark hangings obscured the walls, and the floor was covered by a sombre hued rug. A raised dias beneath a skylight at the further end afforded a throne for the model, and was covered by an immense tiger skin. A low settle of dull black oak stood against the opposite wall, while from the ceiling hung an Oriental censer which exhaled a rich perfume when alight. From this meagre description you will see that the environment of each of these men fitted the peculiarities of their character. One had only to pass a curtain to find an atmosphere of gayety or of gloom. I had been away in the country for a few weeks, and returning, found a note from Langley awaiting me. In it he stated a desire to see me on important business, and promised to call that afternoon, my office boy having told him that I was expected to return by one o'clock. Promptly at two, therefore, he arrived and I saw that he was not in his usual good spirits, for a cloud rested upon his ordinarily placid countenance.

"'Weston,' he said, when we had shaken hands, 'can you spare me a

few minutes. I have something to tell you—it's about Nezzo.'

"'As much time as you want,' I answered. 'But what is wrong—I can see you are worried over something.'

"'I'll tell you,' he said. 'For some months Nezzo has not been like himself. He is, as you know, of an extremely quiet disposition—even morose—but of late he has been still worse. I can get nothing out of him, and he broods by himself in that melancholy den of his most of the time. When he works, it is fitfully and feverishly, after which follows a period of lassitude and despondency. Well, about three weeks ago he was working late in his corner of the studio. I was in my corner writing letters, and when I looked at the clock, I saw to my surprise that it was almost midnight. Suddenly I was startled by a shriek, in my friend's voice. I rushed in to find him in a swoon upon the floor. When I finally managed to bring him to his senses he gazed wildly about him for a few minutes and then relapsed into a moody silence. Not a word as to the cause of his trouble could I learn from him, and I saw nothing in the room to explain it. Things went on until a week ago, when the same thing occurred, with the same resulting silence upon his part and the same apparent lack of cause.'

"'Did you notice the intonation of his voice as conveyed by the shriek?' I asked. 'Was it a cry of fear, anger or surprise?'

"'I am confident,' he replied, slowly, 'that there was no anger in it—there may have been surprise, but of the presence of fear I am positive.'

"'I see,' I answered. 'And now, what is it you want me to do?'

"'Well, I hardly know what to say in answer to that. You might, however, call at the studio to-morrow if you get the time and have a talk with Nezzo—possibly you can

get something more out of him than I.'

"I promised to call on the following morning at nine o'clock, and do as he wished, but it was destined I should never have the desired conversation with Pietro Nezzo. I had barely reached my office next day when the telephone bell rang and I found it was Langley who wished to speak to me.

"'Come at once,' ran his message. 'Nezzo has had an attack of brain fever during the night and has been taken to the — Hospital. Same thing occurred last night—there is surely something wrong.'

"Needless to say, I hurried over to the studio. I found Langley in a state of excitement and apprehension which betokened his own illness unless he quieted down. I finally succeeded in bringing him into a reasonable state of mind, when he told me the latest development in the matter of his friend's peculiar conduct. It was literally a repetition of the former occurrences. Nezzo had worked late as before, and Langley had stayed in his own corner of the studio, more for the purpose of listening for a possible recurrence of the shriek rather than to work. At about twelve his ears were assailed by that same unearthly cry, and rushing within the Italian's den he found the unfortunate artist in a swoon as before. On this occasion, however, he did not return to consciousness so readily, and when he did it was after Langley had summoned a physician, who applied restoratives and succeeded in awaking Nezzo, not to a normal condition, but to a state of deliriousness, which shortly developed into an attack of brain fever. By the doctor's advice he was removed to the hospital at once, as he possessed no relatives in the city.

"I investigated everything about the place carefully, finding no trace of a clew. One occurrence, however, was of sufficient peculiarity,

and had sufficient bearing upon the later developments to become worthy of mentioning. Upon the wall of Nezzo's studio hung a massive gilt frame—the canvas was, however, hidden by a black drape. Turning to Langley, I inquired the reason for this. To my surprise, tears entered his eyes, and his frame shook with suppressed emotion. But he drew aside the curtain from the picture and disclosed to my surprised gaze the portrait of the head and shoulders of a beautiful woman. An abundance of chestnut curls surrounded a perfectly oval face. The magnificent contour of the features, the rounded neck and gracefully sloping shoulders combined to create a bust unparalleled even by the sculptures of ancient Greece. As I gazed upon the picture in admiration, I was conscious as well of the fact that Phillip Langley had sunk into a seat and buried his face in his hands.

"'I went over to him and placed my hand on his shoulder. 'Pardon me,' I said. 'Doubtless I have touched upon a subject with which I have no right to concern myself. Forgive me if I have caused you pain.'

"'No, no,' he said. 'It is not anything you have said or done, but I can never think of her or gaze upon her face without emotion. She was to have been my bride, Weston, and had she not mysteriously disappeared upon the eve of our wedding day, I might now be the happiest man alive, instead of the most miserable of mortals. She was a model when I first met her—but pure and sweet as the breath of heaven. She posed for that portrait, which Nezzo painted, and when she left us he was nearly as badly cut up as myself. But that was five years ago, Weston, and it is with the present we have now to deal.' He heaved a sigh and drew back the curtain before the lovely face, leading the way back into his own studio. As I had

discovered nothing to work on, I was naturally somewhat at a loss what to do, but finally we decided that it would be well for me to spend a night—or at least a portion of a night, in the studio, in order to ascertain if possible the origin of the trouble. I agreed to come that night, while Langley would retire to his sleeping chamber, thus allowing me the use of the studio.



Philip Langley had sunk into a seat and buried his face in his hands.

"I arrived at about nine o'clock and consensed myself in the pile of cushions upon the oaken settle. One light from an Oriental brazier cast

a flickering radiance—seemingly accentuating the intense and awesome shadows of the small apartment. Langley had retired, and I was alone. I heard the sounds from the street as from afar, and presently they too seemed to have died away, and a ghostly silence reigned. The moon had risen and mingled its ghostly beams with those cast by the brazier, and the effect was weird to the extreme. Twelve o'clock struck, and I had not moved from my seat—nor had I even dozed, for a premonitory feeling that something was about to happen had made me wakeful and watchful. My eyes

had for some unaccountable reason been fixed upon the model's throne for some little time, when suddenly I became conscious of a presence in the room—other than my own. Upon the dias a shadowy figure seemed to form and increase by gradual degrees until I saw—or fancied I saw, who can say?—the figure of a woman, seated, or rather reclining gracefully upon the divan. A filmy garment of snowy whiteness enveloped her ethereal figure, blending with the exquisite alabaster of her skin. The face, heretofore turned from me, now encountered my gaze, and I could not suppress a startled exclamation as I recognized beyond the shadow of a doubt the features of the portrait upon the wall. And now a listless sense of unreality overcame me. I seemed floating upon air, and the whole room changed in its appointments. I seemed to be in a greenwood somewhere far from the city's paved streets, and where the sound of a rushing river was born upon my ears. She was there reclining against a mossy bank, but who was he—the man who knelt before her in supplicating attitude? Something in his form seemed strangely familiar, and as he slowly turned his face I recognized Pietro Nezzo! He seemed to be pleading for some favor, for he fairly groveled in the dust at her feet in an agony of entreaty. But she only smiled sadly and turned her beautiful face from his attempted caresses. Suddenly he sprang upon her, and in either a frenzy of agony or love, his fingers closed about her throat. My God, Malcolm, I shut my eyes to hide the awful sight, but without avail. I saw her struggles and his mad persistence. And then I saw her lying upon the grass silent and still in death, while he bent over in horror at his deed and supplicated heaven to restore her to life. His wild, ungovernable passion over, he was filled with contrition. But all in vain—and then I

was startled by a hideous shriek as of mortal fear—horror, pain! Rapidly the scene vanished, and I was once more in the studio. Instinctively I glanced at the throne, but the figure was gone! And then I became aware that some one stood at the doorway, and that his lips had uttered the shriek I had heard. I turned to confront Pietro Nezzo, pale and ghastly, clad in a night robe. His eyes were burning with the light of a fevered brain, and his body swayed as though racked by a thousand conflicting emotions and tortured by the pains of Hell. And then, as I endeavored to collect my scattered senses and connect this scene with that of my vision, I saw Langley's figure framed in the doorway behind that of his friend. Even as he opened his lips to speak, Nezzo turned, and meeting the gaze of Langley threw himself upon a couch crying in tortured accents: 'I killed her! Oh, God, I killed her! She would not love me, but clung to you, and I killed her!' With a frenzied laugh he rose to his feet, but ere he had gone two feet he fell to the floor, dead.

"That is the tale, Malcolm, of my first, and I trust my last experience with the supernatural. It was many days before I recovered from the effects of that vigil with its attendant horrors. The true facts of the case were never learned. Doubtless, however, Nezzo had long loved in secret the affianced bride of Phillip Langley, and during some excursion or expedition into the country had enacted the scene I had witnessed in my dream. In fact, Langley stated that during a visit of the young lady to the country for her health Nezzo had also gone away, and it was on his return that she had been missing. The authorities had searched for her in vain, and her disappearance had remained a mystery.

"Langley shortly afterward left for parts unknown, and the studio

was altered to suit the needs of other tenants. But I never heard of any ghostly manifestations there afterwards. And then the old building was torn down, and few will now recall the incident of Nezzo's death. The papers at the time simply stated that while in a delirium of brain fever Pietro Nezzo had eluded the watchfulness of the nurses at the hospital and returned to his studio. All of which was the truth—though only a part thereof.

In any case, it was all the public ever learned of the matter. And now, Malcolm, let us fill our pipes and try to drive this unpleasant story from our minds. After all, as I once before remarked, we shall one day, in all probability, have solved the Greater Mystery—and then those things which to our now untutored minds seem strange and incomprehensible shall become plain as day, and you will say, 'Why, Weston, how very simple!'

THE BURDEN

By Mabel Porter Pitts

Within the temple purple windows threw
 Their solemn light athwart the silent aisles,
 And length'ning shadows into twilight grew;
 Still Zarick knelt, unwilling to depart,
 So heavy was the sorrow in his heart.

"Great Oracle," he cried, "behold my grief,
 I sink beneath the burden of my life,
 Oh, guide me to some haven of relief!
 No man of woman born can know the stress
 That I endure from sordid wretchedness."

"Go search the world," a solemn voice replied,
 "And give thy life in full exchange for one
 That thou mayst choose; thou shalt not be denied."
 In fervid thanks he lifted up his voice,
 And joyfully went forth to make his choice.

The Eastern sun full many seasons rolled
 Across the spiced-breathed air of Orient shores;
 Full many months the temple bells were tolled,
 Yet Zarick came not; then, one solemn night
 An old man knelt beneath the altar light.

"Great One," he said, "I've searched through hut and
 hall,
 And found no man untouched by sorrow's breath:
 My burden was the lightest of them all;
 No space o'erlooked; no road but I have trod;
 And all have suffered; all have kissed the rod."



A POLITICAL DEAL

By John J. Coghlan

ON the slopes of Telegraph Hill—Telegraph Hill, the place of his childhood—Tony sat and day-dreamed. Where and what is Telegraph Hill we need, of course, not tell San Franciscans. Prominent especially from the bay, among the eminences of San Francisco, it stands like a citadel of old over the busiest part of the city. This landmark away, we might have an important city, perhaps, with many inhabitants on the same site but not San Francisco. No. That could not be. San Franciscans also know that it is a difficult feat to sit on its slopes, for both by nature and with the assistance of quarrymen, who seek the hard rock of which it is mostly composed, this well-known height presents to view sheer verti-

cal planes, over which houses, insecurely propped, hang miraculously. We have heard of mountain goats that take pride and pleasure in diving off precipices and alighting safely and composedly on their horns. To try such tricks on Telegraph Hill would simply give the quarrymen below, I am afraid, much needless trouble in clearing away the remains.

A San Franciscan can tell me already a good deal about Tony, I will warrant; that he is, for instance, of the plain people, as the politicians say—not born to money—and that very likely he is of Latin origin. Quite correct. But he is, after all, a child, and one kind of children only is raised anywhere.

Tony murmured boyishly with

content as he looked around at the view and showed in this true artistic appreciation for a beautiful scene. He enjoyed himself till it was time to eat, and ceased not to enjoy himself then. Withal, he was a strange child, something of an idealist. The other boys on the hill were a little doubtful, in fact, as to his manliness. They were inclined to class him with Enrique, an effeminate youth popularly suspected of washing his face at times of his own accord. We must not think that Tony was decidedly effeminate however—a little strange, that was all. He knew who the reigning monarch in the heavy, middle-weight or bantam classes was, and could inform you about other celebrities—jockeys, noted criminals, base-ball players, etc. About the latest melodrama at the Central he was posted, whether its designation was "The Sidewalks of New York," "White Slaves of Chinatown," "Hearts are Trumps," or something with a fiercer name. In defying the police—when they were not looking—Tony was fairly expert, and he was never accused of being the teacher's pet. So that we should, as he looked out at the view, be just to him, and if some early impractical folly of our own rises up before us, even charitable, and not consider him a sissy or something of that kind. While he looked with the spirit of an idealist, he also noted the view as a practical man. The scene he enjoyed as it was, untrammelled, for instance, by utilitarian views as to where docks might be put in, and yet he never forgot for one instant that some time in the evening he would go down hill a little way and partake of macaroni and store other good things of life under his belt. In vain you might have talked about living enraptured in the realms of art, partaking of the joys of nature, living the higher life, shunning the allurements of sense, et cetera. Not for Tony. He

was for the concrete good of life. But when, without giving up anything good, it came to enjoying a view, then Tony was right there. Why not?

The bay was before him, and the ocean. Peacefully and for his special amusement, Pacific liners glided in. Yachts tacked slowly. Gasoline launches and boats with lanteen sails went out "to catcha da feesh." Large merchantmen lay in the harbor lazily. The ferryboats plied to Oakland and to Marin and Contra Costa Counties—a pretty scene entirely. On the landward side were the hills and valleys of San Francisco, and its prominent buildings; across the bay, Oakland and Berkeley.

This Tony enjoyed. When not being bossed by a neighborhood bully or engaged in a baseball game, he would watch the scene quietly and think the funniest thoughts—thoughts that, when they were afterwards partially expressed, set people to remarking what a strange child he was—how precocious. Then he rehearsed what they said, giving himself one of the star parts, it must be owned, in the conversation. The clashes of opinion of the neighbors were gone over in his mind. Such controversies, for instance, might arise about religion or politics. Some of the neighbors, perhaps, would be Catholics; most would probably espouse vehemently that mixture of socialism and hysterical atheism known to Latins as "Liberalism," and the opinions of every greasy Demosthenes of the lot were known to Tony—known by heart. Then there were local questions which usually turned on some personal matter—discussions, hotly contested over dirty bread and diluted Dago-red by violent tongues and dark eyes that flashed fire to eyes that spake again, about the merits and demerits of certain district leaders or just what the Board of Public Works

was doing in the neighborhood lately. Besides all this there was the opera and the local policeman.

And talking about politics, here is where Tony truly showed his ability. To him the history and current events of almost every family on the Hill were known. In a way, he was a regular Figaro. A grown-up chum of his, appropriately enough, was a barber that kept a tonsorial establishment in the cellar of one of the palatial, three-story tenements of the place. This barber wished to secure an appointment for a cousin of his in the Health Department, which, like all departments of a city government, is run, of course, for the special benefit of cousins, nephews, brothers, sisters and people who have or control votes, or who have friends who have or control votes. The barber, not believing that the way to get a thing from some one else is to say nothing about it, told Tony, as well as others, his difficulty. Result: Tony turned the trick. For details of his ingenious work about it, listen. But first we must know the general situation.

In the district there were two prominent leaders. Their names were Bob McManus and Zaparetti Delucini—to Americans known as the Dago Kid. McManus was big. "Oh, hava da hearty laugh! Verra much hearty laugh!" He spent money with the boys, jollied them along, and was worth a dozen in physical build and animal spirits. The Dago Kid was a hunch-back, but keen! Say! He did not need honing, as they said down in the district. Carving out a political job, when its intricacy baffled the ingenuity of every know-it-all among the rather mentally slow people who did politics about there, was easy to him. But he ruled merely by means of ability and not affection. Not like McManus was he admired. The latter was "the whole thing" in the saloons in the Barbary Coast, down

where the worst beer flows, where they like everything big and strong and cheap-big schooners of steam beer, big men, big fleas, big watches, heavily gilded, and meals at ten cents, including a big dose of second-class burnt chicory, steaming hot, miscalled coffee.

It was our barber's play, as we have said, to get a job for his cousin. To do this he would, of course, have to "show" one of the leaders, and a natural consequence of the support of one was the opposition of the other. Without the support of either he could do nothing. His "proposition," *prima facie*, could not, if opposed, stand the wily intrigues of Delucini and the clumsy wit of McManus's "knocking."

As it happened, both looked askance at his proposition, for, to tell the truth, he had little money or influence. We forgot to state before that the statesmen aforementioned did nothing through mere benevolence or love of country. The process of "showing them" implied an exposition of personal advantage. Personal advantage to whom, ask you? Hush! That is getting too technical.

But Tony had friends. He knew policemen and firemen and all kinds of important people. He also knew a reporter, whom he had once almost hit with a stone when he (the fountain-pen expert) was going to view a fire.

Tony, who knew everything, saw everything and heard everything, and had seen the morgue wagon come and take the man away, once showed the reporter the exact place to which a drunk fell when he tumbled off the cliff—or was thrown off, as it was darkly hinted in the newspaper. Tony was present, too, when the newspaper artist drew a picture of the scene, showing by a cross where the man must have started his fatal descent, his course thereafter faithfully depicted, every bound of it, by a heavy dotted line

and by another cross the place to where he fell. There you had the fell catastrophe at a glance, and, best of all, Tony knew it before the city at large. Was not this more exciting than only seeing it in the papers next day like the mere newsboys? And as to not knowing immediately the theories afterwards formed by the papers, well, Tony could form theories as well as the papers.

When il signor barbieri di Telegraph Hill, therefore, spoke about wishing to secure the job for his cousin, it immediately occurred to Tony that the influential, all-knowing reporter would be the very man to help, because the journalist had spoken often of conversations with the district boss and even (whisper it gently) of talking to the Mayor. So Tony approached him one day on Montgomery avenue and wished him forthwith to see the Mayor. At first the reporter said that he was busy and had no time. Such are the preliminary difficulties that all great men meet in trying to secure anything. Difficulties, however, present themselves to a genius only to be overcome. So Tony persisted in asking him to act in the matter. Finally the reporter said that he would try to do something. Now Tony set earnestly to work on the second step, that of holding him to this statement. A promise from the average man that he will try to do something means usually that he will try to do it sometime, which he hopes is in the indefinite future. But Tony, realizing that to accomplish anything he had to keep up the agitation, had a natural earnestness besides, which urged him to keep on working at anything that he once undertook. So, risking the loss of the reporter's friendship, he kept asking him every time they met what he had done and whom he had seen. The reporter finally had to see this man, and that done, was driven to see that man, and that ac-

complished was pestered to see the other, till he had got some one to see the district leader, and another man to see that another man saw the boss of the whole city, and when he turned the proposition down, the chain had to be worked up another way, and with Tony's help the barber prepared a petition, and put in danger, or made to appear to be in danger, certain plans of the boss hinging on delicate arrangements. By this time Tony and the barber and his cousin had worked up quite a feeling against the boss. Should you ever, kindly reader, wish to do politics around Telegraph Hill, or anywhere else, for that matter, remember that gratitude and fear are the mainsprings of action. A fair reporteress doing special work, who thought that Tony was perfectly cute and looked like a Greek shepherd or classical personage of some kind, along with other crazy notions, was also put on the trail. Before very long, this appointment to the Health Department looked more important to McManus and Delucini than the tariff, or sixteen to one, and immensely more important than the question as to whether the Constitution follows the flag or not—to hell with the Constitution and the flag!

Finally, with a pompous wave of the hand, the boss approved the appointment, as a sort of favor, free, gratis and for nothing, and sarcastically suggested that Tony be made the district leader in place of his man down there. The barber and the barber's cousin (now Inspector of Laboratory Apparatus, or having a similar title which he did not understand), made presents to Tony of an improved kind of tin soldiers. As well they might, for it was surely an improvement for the cousin to be looked up to, wear good clothes and awe his countrymen into giving gifts and granting favors by threatening to have the law on them, not to mention going to the counter at

the end of the month and getting a good salary. This was better than piling garbage, getting small wages and being treated like a dog, as had been previously the case with him. The reporter and reporteress congratulated Tony, and each put the incident down in his or her notebook for future reference and use in a "story," and Tony felt altogether as proud as Punch might be supposed to be when he is in the most interesting part of the beating of Judy.

This political maneuvering was but a recent event to Tony, and he considered it as he looked on the view and drew very wise conclusions as to what a man's life-work should be. He thought of wise counsels given him by an old man on the hill, and drew great plans for life. Already Tony had outlined several stories and plays and songs, having as a central theme the appointment of a barber's cousin to this municipal position. The play was to be put on the stage in a few weeks—in his imagination. The scene around Tony worked into the plots (for this there was no charge of any kind), and nature rejoiced in unison with him. The sun, about to set, shone with a little gayer light, it seemed. The steamers climbed the horizon and approached

the harbor entrance apparently with some sense of the importance of the occasion. The smoke from various chimneys in the city curled lazily as over a city of which it was proud since it had acquired its new officer.

A slight wind fanned Tony's forehead. Across the bay, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley lay serenely receiving the last delicately colored rays of the sun, sent through the calm, clear air. Tony himself, finally, felt a sense of self-complacent enjoyment and elevation when he considered the circumstances of the case. And indeed we have here, amid the surrounding view, the greatest thing in nature, the triumph of a man's plans. Just then a stray baseball struck near Tony. "Hey, kid!" yelled a youth of fifteen summers and as many winters, "t'row us dat ball, will you?" It would not do, of course, for Tony to show too great promptness in obeying the request, though he was afraid of the other "kid," but he waited till the first command was followed by a choice selection of bad language and reflections on his family history, and by the big boy making a few steps towards him, before throwing down the ball and scampered away to be by himself. The sun then began to set and the air cooled.

QUIEN SABE?--SOLO DIOS

By Will G. Taffinder

When a man has fought and done his best,
Has suffered the yoke and the rod,
Who knows but his failure is a grand success
In the sight of Almighty God?

The truth is strong, and it will prevail—
Let the outcome be more or less,
If the fight is in truth, the end may be
That the failure will prove a success.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

By J. H. Craycroft

In Old Mexico.

MORE curious than those of any civilized land are the love and marriage customs of old Mexico, Mexico so close that a day or more of travel bears one to its fairy scenes.

When a young man of Mexico—from the Castilian class—fancies some dark-eyed, olive face, he begins certain strange manoeuvres before her prison-like window to convey this fact to the *senorita*. It is a land of dreams, and little of the work-a-day world reaches the olive face behind the iron bars. In passing (with cane and tall silk hat), an unclaimed *senor* keeps his eye open for an enchanting face, for with them truly the light of the whole world dies when love is done. And not too easy to please is the capricious fancy of this young cavalier. But when at last he spies the modest face for which his heart has longed he parades before her window several times a day—not speaking, scarce looking, but knowing full well that a pair of dark eyes are watching him, eyes wistful and lovingly, above a mouth that is a Cupid's coral bow. More and more a victim of the splendor of those dark eyes he becomes until for weeks he has worshiped at long distance. Then he begins to whisper tender words to her as he brushes past the window, behind which she sits demurely, her filmy lace mantilla about her alluring face, a diminutive fan on a slender golden chain waving lightly back and forth in her hand.

Divina Primerosa (Beauteous One) Hermossissima (Most Beautiful) and other names of equal extravagance the cavalier whispers, but the faintest smile is her only re-

sponse. The Spanish girl shrinks in horror at the American girl's freedom with her lover, and the Spanish *senor* says give him the angelic face behind the window—an American girl with her liberty is a rose with the dew brushed off. When he is sure of favor in her eyes—for a Spanish girl never smiles thus upon a man who has not her heart—he waxes more bold and sends her a band to serenade her at midnight. Just as the cathedral chimes proclaim the midnight hour the Mexicans steal up beneath her window and begin such plaintive wails of love as "To Thee," "Lagrimas de Amor" (Tears of Love), "Cielo por un Beso" (Heaven for a kiss), etc.

In a day or two he sends his monogrammed Victoria for her to be driven through the *alameda* (public park) which announces their betrothal. Then in state he goes to her home, and is ushered into the presence of the object of his worship, her parents and brothers and sisters. Before them all he asks for the hand of his *Manuelita*, in the dark splendor of whose eyes lurks such mystical shadows. He is seldom refused after her mother and father have sanctioned his attentions, for a daughter rarely does anything there in opposition to her parents' wishes. Then he gives her the engagement ring to put on, but never seals their engagement with a kiss. This would be dishonor to the girl he loves. This is left for the lowly "peon" (person of the lower class.)

After this he comes to see her often, but is never left alone with her. If he takes her to the theatre, he takes her mother and father, too. If he comes in broadcloth and tall

silk hat to pass an evening in her company, the mother brings her drawnwork in, the father makes himself comfortable with a box of cigars, and soon has a cloud of smoke hovering over the room, while any sisters she may have take this time for piano practice. He is entitled to every tender word he gets in then. When the two have decided upon the day for their marriage, with suggestions from each member of the family, the bans are announced twice in the great, cool cathedral, and he sends her a check for whatever amount he feels able to pay for her trousseau, for the girl's father is spared this last rifling of his pockets, and his fiance gets his preparatory lesson in what awaits him. If he is poor and she is rich, it is just the same—she must learn self-denial then—for he is always given this foretaste of what is in store for him—a sort of preparatory lesson.

But a Mexican's wife never has to beg a pittance from him. He trusts her judgment, though into her innocent girl's life there has heretofore come no experience, and she is considered his companion in this, at least.

When a maiden marries in this land of the Montezumas, it is always in the early morning amid the pretty discordant jangle of all the cathedral bells, and the girl always wears pure white with orange blossoms in her hair. The wedding invitations are such pretty, quaint things! On the inside to the left the girl's family announces the coming marriage, requesting your presence, and on the right side his family bid you welcome. The sacred ceremony is very pretty, lasting about two hours. The bride comes into the cathedral in her trailing white robes, and goes first to the fount of holy water to cross herself, then in front of the Virgin Mary to pray, then up the aisle to kneel by him on one of the satin pil-

lows. Her veil is brought around and pinned to his shoulder, literally uniting them. Beautiful music floats down from the loft where are the scarlet-robed choir boys, and priests in purple velvet robes scatter sweet incense, while another chants the Latin ceremony. The bridal carriage is ornate with white ribbons, the reins are white ribbon and the horses are milk white. The couple are driven first to the photographer, where they are taken in some adoring attitude—the first chance of a demonstration of their love. Then they go home to a day of gaiety and a grand "baile" that night, when every senor may dance with the happy wife, under the hawk-like vigilance of her new master, who is jealous of his pretty captive's very smile. The next morning comes the civil ceremony and then they leave on the customary "luna de miel." Oftentimes 'tis a rude awakening, for in the harsh morning light and new intimacy the wife may have lost the halo of enchantment that hung over the mystical face custom had kept behind the iron-barred window till now, a custom as sacred to them as their religion. And this is the path of love in the fair land of flowers.

Only chance can make their nuptials happy, for they are mere strangers on the day they are married. The wife ceases the beloved plaza walking after the honeymoon, for a wife should be more sedate, and then it were not wise to allow her to slip away to the flowery plaza where the band plays softly among the trees and fountains are tinkling. This is for the girls, the romantic life ill befits a matron, however young. They marry early in that tropical land.

If out of her innocent life fades the rainbow of beauty of her girlhood, 'tis no fault of hers nor of his, 'tis the fault of the peculiar customs, and we are wont to turn with a

deeper approbation to the liberty of American lovers.

In Corea.

Marriage in the "Land of the Morning Calm," as Corea is called by the natives, consists in certain negotiations between the two prospective fathers-in-law, who are in some instances assisted by a middleman, or marriage broker. The young woman who is most interested has nothing whatever to say or do in the matter, she and her future are disposed of to the best advantage—of her family—a proceeding in which she acquiesces without a protest or murmur. She has no choice in the matter, and if she were given one, she would be utterly at sea, because, since she reached the age of eight years, she never has willingly looked upon the face of boy or man.

Corean girls are told that it is disgraceful to even be seen by the other sex, so that they hide themselves whenever any one appears. There is no family life, as we know or understand it, because such customs begun in childhood and continued to old age and death, leave no chance for such relations. Among the higher classes, while the man and his wife live under the same roof, their apartments are separate. The men of the family smoke and enjoy themselves in the outer rooms while the women chatter and gossip among themselves in the inner apartments.

When a young Corean girl arrives at marriageable age, no relative even, except those of the very nearest kin, is allowed to see her, and those must address her with the most ceremonious reserve, and while the wooing of the father-in-law is in progress the girl begins to contemplate her future hairdressing, when she, according to custom, will change her maiden coiffure to that of a married woman.

The fathers of the young people having been in communication, either personally or by letter, "negotiations having previously been operated by a marriage broker or middleman," proceed with preparations for the wedding, "the tastes or character of the principals are never consulted," and a favorable day is appointed.

One other important factor must not be overlooked, and that is the consultation of an astrologer, who really appoints the day. The age of the groom is added to that of the bride, and the star that rules the destiny of the two in one is the star whose day is chosen for the wedding. If this is omitted it is believed that misfortune of one kind or another will surely overtake a couple so inauspiciously joined. While such a marriage seems to our ideas utterly devoid of all that would make it important or attractive to the girl, it is a great event in a young man's life, for unless he is married, a man has no civil rank or influence. No unmarried man is supposed to be capable of thinking or acting seriously, and he is treated accordingly. He can take no part in social or civic affairs, and marriage is his only emancipation, until he is married he has no right to speak among men or to wear a hat. Judging by the size of those head coverings, which are like ornamented umbrellas, the matter of wearing or not wearing one must be of great importance.

The badge of single or married life is the manner of wearing the hair. A young unmarried man goes bare-headed, with a single tress of hair hanging down his back. After he is married, the hair is tied in a knot and bound on top of his head. The nuptial tie, a knot of hair!

The women are very careful of their shiny black tresses, and often add false braids and switches to make their coiffures of sufficient bulk—this custom, however, is not con-

fined strictly to women of Corea. They make up two large tresses, which are rolled to the back and top of the head, and there secured by long silver or copper pins. The common people braid and roll the braids around the head like a turban.

On the evening before the wedding the bride to be invites one of her friends to make the desired change in her hair dressing, and the bridegroom also invites an intimate friend to "do up" his hair in real manly style. These persons are chosen with the greatest care, as this changing hair marks the turning point in life, and the hair-dresser is called the "hand of honor."

On the wedding day the bridegroom and his family repair to the home of the bride's father, where a platform is set up and richly adorned with decorative woven stuffs. Friends and acquaintances assemble in a crowd; the bride and groom are brought in and take their places upon the platform, facing each other.

The bride enters veiled, and so remains during the ceremony. A certain form is mumbled by the man and woman, which is repeated thrice, as the couple bow to each other. Then the bride lifts her veil. For the first time the man sees what manner of woman he has married. To the stolid Oriental this moment may be fraught with but a passing and unimportant curiosity; what it would mean to an ordinary man of Western heredity can be better imagined than described.

Etiquette, among the nobility, requires that the bride must preserve absolute silence upon her nuptial day. She must be as mute and impassive as a statue, though overwhelmed with questions and compliments.

If rich, the bride goes to her home in a palanquin; if poor, she rides on horseback; all, rich or poor, wear a cap or veil, with ornaments on breast, back and at the girdle. Be-

fore this home-going certain ceremonies are gone through with. A symbolic figure at a wedding is a goose, which among Coreans is the emblem of fidelity. Sometimes it is a live bird, brought in a cloth, and sometimes it is a figure made of gilded wood. There are other emblems in fantastic shapes of straw, which are presented to both bride and groom. A gourd bottle of rice wine is handed to the bride by the groom. Some of the wine is poured out by the bridesmaid standing beside the couple, who pass and exchange the one little "cup of wine of mutual joy." This cup is filled and emptied several times, then begins the wedding feast, when every one makes merry. A document called the *hou-se-chi* is signed by both parties. Sometimes the bride is unable to write; she then spreads out her hand, tracing its outline upon the paper; she thus gives her hand upon him. Then the bridegroom gives to his father-in-law a written oath of constancy to his daughter. This, however, seems an unnecessary and superfluous form—as the "hermit nation" never requires faithfulness of this kind from the men, it being looked upon as a typical female virtue, and not at all obligatory upon the other sex. The ideal wife for a Corean is one who submits in all things, regarding herself as of an inferior race, with no idea of progress or the slightest infraction of established usage. And the Corean is seldom disappointed. Although there have been instances where a woman of superior tact and intelligence has made herself respected by her husband and family.

The general type of costume is that of China, under very ancient dynasty, and so a Corean looks rather antiquated, a curiosity in old clothes, to a Chinaman, while to an American a Corean swell seems to be a compound of night and undergarments.

Both sexes wear an under-gar-

ment like a short jacket with sleeves, and trowsers loose to the ankle. Women wear a petticoat over this garment, and so the Korean women believe that they dress like the Western women. Over the petticoat is worn a wrapper, wide, and in summer stiff with starch, clinging and baggy in cold weather. In this day of no pockets and the omnipresent bag, it is not uninteresting to note that our Korean sisters are also minus the one and plus the other. They wear a little bag suspended from the girdle, containing bits of jewelry, scissors, knife, a tiger's claw for luck, perfume bottle or cachet, and a tiny chess board in gold or silver.

Many of the women powder their faces, and employ various other

helps or hindrances to a good complexion, which they study at mirror toilet stands. So that the Korean woman, even if she is not allowed the privilege of choosing her own husband nor of talking all she wants to upon her wedding day, is not denied all the feminine fads and follies so dear to her occidental sister.

Strange as the marriage customs and ceremonies may appear to us, accustomed as we are to far different life in the new world, a fashionable wedding in Grace Church, New York, with its endless show and glitter, its flowers and music, would probably be an equal source of wonderment to our Korean sister, and she would likely think it very meaningless and silly.

A LAYMAN ON VANITY

By Armond, Layman

ALL is not vanity and vexation of spirit, even if so wise a man as Solomon says so. We have an American Solomon who says the same thing. He is very rich, very scholarly, a Senator of the Congress, and a winer and diner, and diner and winer of the strictest sect of the Epicurean School. He says that life is not worth the living, and that long life is not to be desired in any event. It is not at all difficult to understand why these two Solomons should consider life a round of vanities which makes existence not worth the labor of breathing. The Solomon of old had been much in the society of one Sheba, and he was surfeited. No doubt all was vanity and vexation of spirit to him, and life was not worth the living. Our American Solomon pronounced his verdict after retiring to his room

from wining and dining, and winning again a dozen friends in his banquet hall. He, too, was surfeited. Each of these wise philosophers had passed the three score mile post, and each had fared sumptuously from his youth up. Each reserved his conclusions until the sands of life were running low, and the conclusion of each was based upon personal experience. More is the pity that either was born into the world.

The man who says life is not worth the living only proves that his own life is not worth the living, and that those things which he consumes to sustain life are wasted. The man who says long life is not to be desired is like cockle in wheat. The man who says life is not worth the living is the twin brother of the man who says marriage is a failure. Were he a manly man he would re-

lieve the world of his presence by the shortest and quickest route. Such a man has no pre-eminence above the beast, as the elder Solomon truly says. But not until a man is saturated with evil, and has come to despise himself does he consider life not worth the living, nor does a man say that marriage is a failure until he reaches the level of degradation where a life of debauchery appeals to him more than the sanctity and purity of home life. Such a man is not fit to sit in judgment. He knows nothing of a life higher than the animal. When he dies the dust returns to dust and is mingled with the elements of the material world, and his spirit is absorbed in the universal spirit. Thus is his identity lost. Thus is his annihilation complete.

Life is God in manifestation, and healthy spiritual and physical life is heaven upon earth. If a man seeks unhealthy spiritual and physical life he will find it. Man always finds what he is looking after. There is no bottom to the pit of human degradation, nor is there heights of character unfoldment to which man may not ascend. As far as the eye of the imagination can penetrate boundless infinity, the empire of man's possibilities reaches in the realm of character building, and there, as everywhere, aspiring life is more than worth the living. May the gods have compassion on the man who finds nothing enjoyable in life, who finds nothing worth living for. The difficulty with this class of men is that they are not mentally honest with themselves. If life is so hateful, to be consistent they should quit living, by their own hand. Nothing in this world is so inexpensive as the tools to quit living. It would be hard to calculate the mischief that such mental lying inflicts upon society. And is it not true that the man who persistently indulges in mental lying is qualifying himself to commit any other crime?

When the man who says life is not worth the living gets the truth firmly lodged in his mind, he will quit lying to himself. He will understand that God does not need him in any world, but that he needs God in all worlds. The practice of moral truth naturally draws one Godward, while the practice of mental lying widens the gulf of separation, and that continually. Mankind pays too much attention to the supernatural, if there really be such a thing, and too little of the natural, which all men know to be a tangible reality. If the tangible does not suit, change it to suit. If life is not worth the living, make it worth it. "Ah," I hear some one say, "but you have God in your code of conduct. What do I know about God?" You know nothing at all directly, but you may know and see him all the time through his works. It needs no God to come to earth to tell you that if you are a drunkard, a glutton, lustful, or are a merciless tyrant, a corresponding penalty will overtake you. It needs no divine messenger to tell you that if your life is not worth the living, the course of your life is immoral. And what is it to be immoral other than to be a criminal? Wine, women and song are gifts of the gods, and the gifts came pure, holy and righteous. A life with them in their purity is living with the gods, and it is altogether worth the living. But if they are debauched by man, no sort of mental lying to himself will convince the gods that the man is worthy of life. He who says life is not worth the living is a moral monster, and knows nothing at all of true life. True, he has life, but it is like water, though flowing from a crystal fountain, that has been befouled by the feet of depravity wading in it. The man who says life is not worth the living is a moral and mental degenerate. To the true man even one little wild flower makes life delightful and pleasing and worth the living.

A MODERN DIOGENES

The philosophy and the religion of these days hold up the God of Gain to the youth as the Supreme Power, and this Deity thunders in his ear: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It is incomprehensible to the God of Gain and his devotees how any one could worship at any altar other than the one that demands the sacrifice of man's better nature upon its cold and selfish limits. If the youth turns to philanthropy, public and social reforms, or to ethical culture, he is forthwith charged with being insincere, or a dreamy sentimentalist. But all men learn by hard experience that the God of Gain is a merciless tyrant; that he delights in human sorrows, and that damned souls are the harvest he exacts from his worshippers' planting. Certainly we are a highly civilized people in the science of war, the philosophy of the art of gain and the mathematics of profit and loss, but are our ideals as free from the stain of greed and avarice as were those of ancient Greece and Egypt and Hindustan? This is something to think about.

I asked him how many of his millions he would give to live his past over again. He said he was too heartily ashamed of it to ever want any part of it recalled. He was honest and truthful, and his kind will be found few and far between.

My friend Philip told me he was very deeply in love, but that he should never marry. "Should I marry I should cease loving. The ideal would soon become a disappointing reality. That is human nature." I wonder if the fellow is a true philosopher or a fool. Who knows?

It is well enough to play with theories now and then. They afford mental recreation, but life is a serious reality, and its concerns admit of no speculation. Moreover, the duties of this life demand that they be performed in this world. If there be such a thing as continuity of individualized life, we shall find it to be a continuation of this environment, and as real. But the better way to conduct oneself while here is as if the next life was the harvest of one's sowing in this realm of existence, not to conduct oneself, however, in the spirit of hope of reward for well doing, but because it is right to do right.

An advance thought writer tells us that ecstasy is the normal condition of man, and that perfect health and normalcy are synonymous. Well, then, Adam was either normal and healthy before a rib was taken from him and became abnormal and unhealthy after the operation, or he was abnormal and unhealthy before, and the loss of the superfluous rib was necessary to make him normal and healthy. If the latter, humanity is in good health because of the loss the rib, which made Adam only a part of a man. If the operation made him normal, of course he lived in an ecstatic state. Cain and Abel should be heard before we court the ecstatic.

He boasted to me, after he had delivered an address on the ethics of economics that he was a professional educator, and he grew very angry at me when I suggested that he should not have so neglected his own education while educating others.

God is always walking about upon

this earth; He not only sees all that is going, but analyzes every motive of man, and motives are the only items that are entered in His account with man. Keep that fact in mind every minute.

Your life is built up of daily, yeà hourly, acts, and it is discolored by the smut of evil exactly in ratio to the number of moral tar barrels you dally with.

When life seems imperfect and the road seems rough and stormy, be assured that you are growing in the right sort of atmosphere. Only when one is satisfied is one in danger of falling.

Remember that the law of gravitation does not lead you over the precipice, but it is always in readiness to enforce its authority when required. Stop before the danger spot is reached.

Are the storms of life severe? But remember that the flower that blossoms after the storm distills the sweeter, the richer perfume.

Have faith in your ability to sail your ship of life in the ocean of existence, and to pass by on the other side of shoals and rocks, but be careful that your compass and chart do not fall overboard.

The soil in which moral and intellectual possibilities are planted is lacking in no quality that is essential to the ultimate of production. If you are a scrub oak or a poison weed the fault is your own.

The processes of evolution crush whatever gets in their way, but that which is crushed is not killed. The processes of involution send it down the hill toward the valley of its beginnings. Every one is going up or down the hill. There is no such thing as standing still.

You are exactly that which is uppermost in your mind. You are, **as** to your inner, which is your **real** self, a god or a devil, the embodiment of vice or virtue, a villain or a good man, a saint or a sinner, every minute, according to what your thoughts are.

The sublimest thing in this world is a combination of physical health and purity. But the channels of human going and coming are not crowded with beings of that kind.

The nude in art to the eye of the pure is an external approach to the sweetness, the loftiness and the sublimity of God in material manifestation, but to the sensuous eye it is an inanimate personification of the onlooker's real, though concealed, self.

There are but two kinds of human temples. In the one the God of Purity dwells in an atmosphere that sweeps down from the flower-strewn fields of love and peace and righteousness, and in the other there dwells all that delights the Devil of human degradation. But the one may become the other. That is free will.

Nature's law sends the sunshine, the dew and the rain to the plant, and it grows in spite of itself. The same law provides opportunities for man to grow if he but reach up and take the sunshine and the dew and the rain of growth. The one must, the other may, attain perfection.

"The music of the spheres" is the Deity stirring harmonies into activity without the intrusion of discord. Would you hear this music? Then enter the private box of the theatre of the activities of life and listen with your soul.

You will find no difficulty in finding the best in human kind, but you

must look for it by the light of the best in you. The good and the bad do not assimilate.

Character that is forged on the anvil of high resolve with the hammer of determination will stand the storms of temptation. But do not take any chances, such as letting the fire grow low or stopping to see the passing circus.

Becoming angry is like spitting at the wind. The wind can be relied upon to fling the spittle back into your face. Do you catch the inner meaning of this?

Moral disease germs are ever rushing about to find congenial soil. If you want none of them, deny them that which they are seeking.

It is all a mistake that an "honest man is the noblest work of God." God has nothing to do with it, except that He lays down certain rules for such attainment, but the acquirement is wholly with man. All that God does for any man is to tell him which road leads to peace and righteousness, and which road leads to mental and soul degradation, nor is there any power or authority higher than man himself to determine for himself which road he shall travel.

Stoic silence becomes most men a vast deal more than the wagging of the tongue, but it is so very hard to make such folk submit to an introduction to themselves.

The greatest obstruction in the path of civilization's march these days are so-called social reformers

and fanciful idealists. Realities are what progress makes steps of to amount to higher levels.

I do not advocate suicide, but I know a lot of people who would give comfort and joy to a lot of other people if they would go away and hide themselves in caverns until the Angel of Death called them away.

A "Don't Worry" club woman tells me that she is worried almost to death because most people do not become identified with the club and its noble work of teaching folk how to be serene and tranquil. Poor soul, she means well, but she knows that she is happy only when she is up to her eyes in worries.

Because Moses or Paul says so, it should not be swallowed without questioning its ingredients. What is a good remedy for rheumatism may not be good for fits, no more than sauce for the goose is necessarily sauce for the gander. The digestive organs of the body are not different from those of the mind.

Fiction writers should get it into their heads that the impossible, the unknown and the unknowable cannot be dressed up and made to talk as lovers talk. The possibility of the unreal becoming real may be emphasized. It is in that possibility that the reader finds his greatest joy. And always the reader prefers those of the characters who are nearer to his ideal than he is himself. True fiction opens the door of the soul wherein sweet memories lie.



A CALIFORNIA LEGEND

By Fannie Fernald Painter

LONG years ago, ere foot of mortal trod the shores of our Pacific Slope and California became the well-known land of the present, there lived within its boundaries a host of tiny folk whom we call fairies, and this land of summer skies and sunshine was Fairyland in truth. Here among the mountains and valleys Titania ruled supreme over her subjects. For her the sun in heaven daily smiled, to her the fairest, daintiest flowers lifted their dew-kissed faces, and upon her home Nature showered her choicest gifts. It was for Titania and her loyal, loving subjects Old Ocean cast upon the shore his rarest treasures of coral, moss and tinted shell.

Over the hills and through the vales the elves danced the days away in their abode of pleasure. But years fled on apace and changes came. One day a courier from Birdland loitered in his flight, bringing the direful news of the near approach of Man.

Sadly, for the last time, Titania summoned the Fairies to meet with her in their favorite haunt beneath the spreading branches of the live-oak trees. With heavy hearts and drooping heads they listened to the message of their queen:

"My loyal subjects, now at last the time has come when we from out this land must go and seek a new abode. Soon other homes within these valleys will be reared, and other feet will roam the hills we love, but ere we go I would my choicest gifts bestow upon this dear land.

"Within the friendly earth, oh,

elves, hide deep that which in ages hence shall form the best of fruits of every kind that grows. Let those of golden hue predominate, the orange and the lemon fair, the yellow peach and golden apricot; then will the sunshine's glowing ray tint marvelously each one. Forget not, too, the faithful vine whose products rich shall be both food and drink for mortal man. Hide in the deep recesses of the mountains tall our store of yellow gold, that wealth may be the guerdon of the land. Haste, workers, haste, for great the task thou hast to do, and few the days. Ere thirty times the sun hath climbed the mountains to the East we must depart."

Sorrowfully they fled to do her bidding, and from their eyes the glistening tear-drops fell like rain over all the land, when, lo! a miracle! Watered by their tears there sprang from out the ground myriads of golden flowers, and since that time the California poppy has glorified the land.

Their task accomplished the Fairies prepared to leave, Titania, in her coach, a pearly shell drawn by butterflies, leading the way, while her subjects followed on other winged steeds.

A few rebellious butterflies, loth to leave, fled to the mountains, and there discovered by their queen, were transformed into fair lillies.

By mortals they are called the Mariposa, or Butterfly Lily, for upon each dainty petal lies the imprint of a butterfly's wing. Many admire their beauty, but few know them as the last gracious gift of the queen to the land of her heart's love.



Livermore Valley, the France of America

By Frederick Alfred Marriott

ATOWN with less than two thousand inhabitants that supports two banking institutions, department stores and first-class hotels must necessarily be the centre of a wonderfully active business community. But all this is true of Livermore, Alameda County, California.

The Bank of Livermore is an old institution, with a paid-up capital of \$100,000, and the Livermore Valley Bank has a paid-up capital of \$50,000. These banks do a loan and discount business that is of marvelous

magnitude, but this is not surprising from the view point of the character of the commercial demands upon them from the territory depending upon Livermore for bank accommodations. Some idea of Livermore's territory, whose culture and movement of its products these two banks are relied upon to supply the required money, will be had when it is said that there are more than fifty vineyards in the immediate territory of Livermore, whose annual production is over 10,000 tons of grapes, which is equal to 1,500,000 gallons of wine. This great industry demands the support of large means, which is always forthcoming at the two banks. The area of land devoted to grape culture is increasing every year, but there is room enough for the present output to multiply itself several times over.

The next of the greater enterprises of Livermore is the hay interest, which gives the railways 50,000 tons every year to transport. "Livermore hay" is known, and its values fully appreciated by every racing stable in Europe, as well as in America. About 5,000 tons go

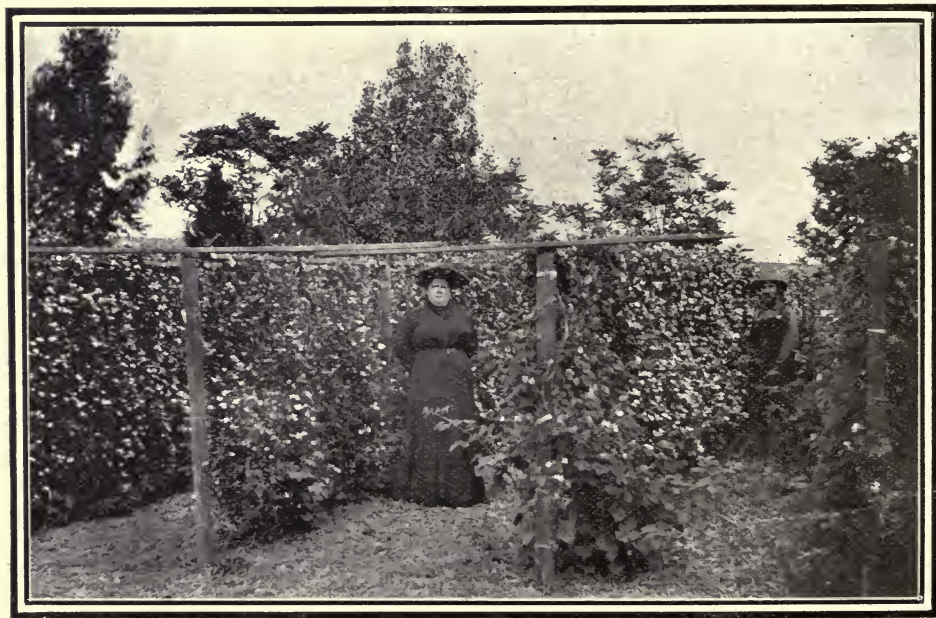


Bank of Livermore, Livermore, Cal.

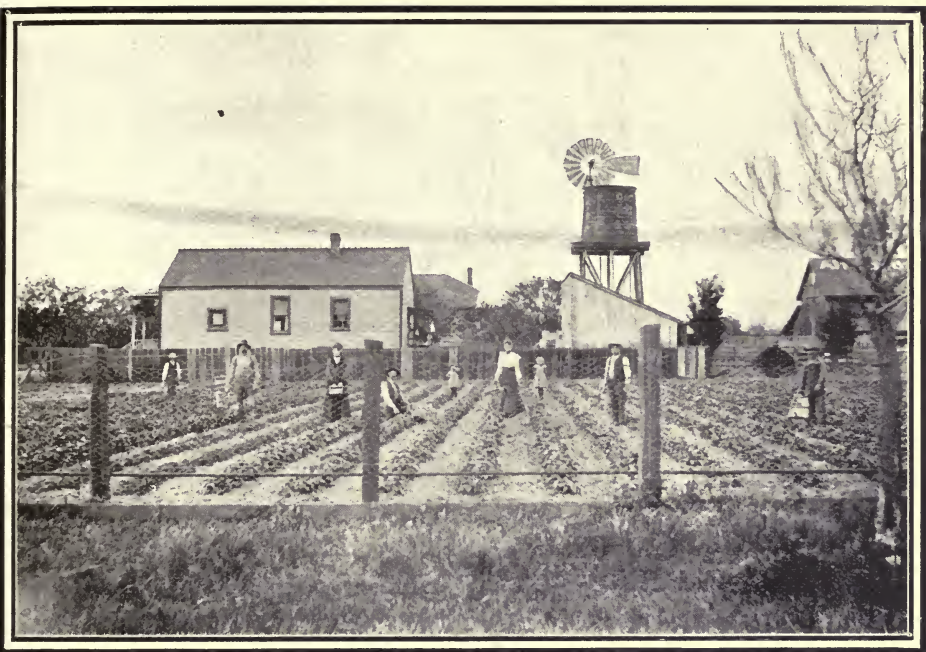
yearly to stables in the East, and large shipments are made to England, especially to Brighton. It would be impossible to analyze the qualities of the Livermore hay, except to say that it is cut and cured at a particular stage of the unfolding of the seed on the stock—it being wheat and oats—and when the conditions are exactly right the mowers enter the field. So valuable is this hay to horsemen that orders for the East and Europe are required to be filled by putting a designated number of pounds to the bale and the bale entirely enclosed in burlap, and with considerable more pains and care than is given to cotton in the South. This becomes necessary because of the peculiar chemical qualities which the hay possesses, which have to be protected by close and careful baling in heavy material. In this industry the banks find a large business in advancing on commercial bills that are drawn against Eastern and foreign shipments, and in advancing on bills of

lading that call for San Francisco and other State destinations.

There are very many other Livermore industries. Some of the greatest coal measures of the Pacific Coast are directly tributary to Livermore, where they get their lumber, tools and provision supplies and banking facilities. But the home-seeker cares more for grain, fruits, nuts and flowers than for coal fields, and he may be assured in advance that nowhere in California will he find things more to his liking than in the Livermore Valley. There is not a fruit or nut or grain or flower that the soil of Livermore Valley is not congenial to, nor is there one which will not yield profitable returns. Recently a good deal of attention has been given to the cultivation of olives, and the several varieties of berries. To show the possibilities of berry farming, let us take for illustration the three acres of Geo. D. Allmond, situated in the corporate limits of Livermore. His principal productions are Logan berries, blackberries, gooseberries,



Blackberries in blossom at C. D. Allmond's



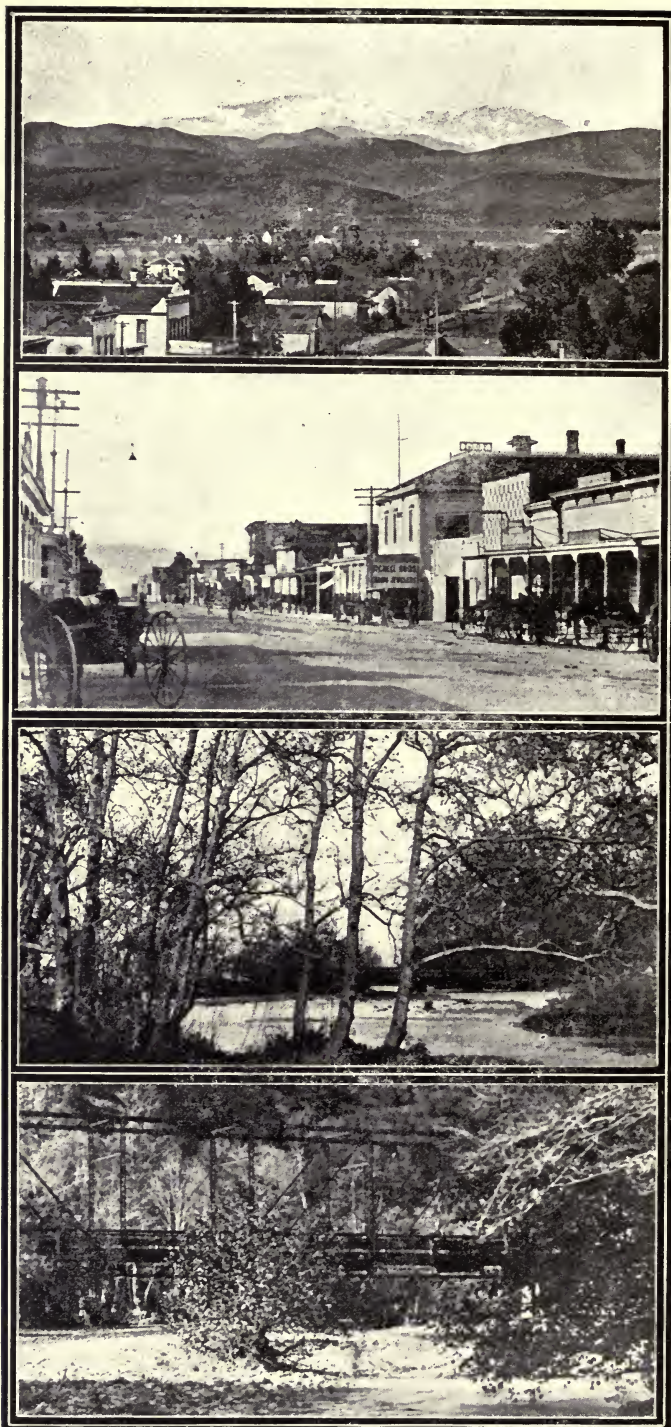
Strawberries at C. D. Allmond's, Livermore, Cal.

raspberries and strawberries, and they represent the better varieties. The output of his patch this year may be taken as about the average. The season runs, as a general thing, from the last of April or early in May, until the last of July. During this berry season Allmond's average sales were about \$30 a day. While there are not many idle days on a berry farm, the remuneration is very great per acre.

Visitors to Livermore do not feel that their tour of the Valley has been complete without visiting Ravenswood, which is the country home of Mr. C. A. Buckley, of San Francisco. Ravenswood consists of one hundred acres of perfectly situated land, and all under careful cultivation to vines and a great variety of fruit trees, and almonds and walnuts. Great care is taken to keep the property in the forefront of the ideal California ranch, and so clean is it all that one might suppose that it is swept at times with a broom. But the care and attention of Mr.

Buckley is not all given to fields. The residence is admirably situated with reference to views of the valley and the towering mountains beyond. The building itself might be called palatial, while the lawn and flower gardens give the scene a picturesqueness that is at once imposing and pleasing. If the house and its immediate surroundings were located in a city they would be the wonder of every one. At a little distance Ravenswood reminds one of a French chateau and vineyard, only that here an endless variety of flowers add charm to the castle and grounds, which is so much the case in France. Altogether it is one of the distinguishing features of the Livermore Valley.

The beautiful and picturesque property known everywhere as Cresta Blanca is situated about four miles south of Livermore. It consists of 420 acres of rolling and hill land, on which are the vineyards, olive and peach orchards which have made Cresta Blanca so famous. The



Reading from top to bottom these views of Livermore represent: Mount Diablo, Main St., On the Mocho, On the Arroyo Del Valle.

vineyards were planted, 1882, with cuttings directly imported from the celebrated Margaux and Chateau Yguem vineyards of France, and the first wine made, in 1886, showed a marked resemblance to the famous wines made at those vineyards. The wine was carefully handled, and when ready for bottling was sold under the name of "Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages." This brand of wine became popular from

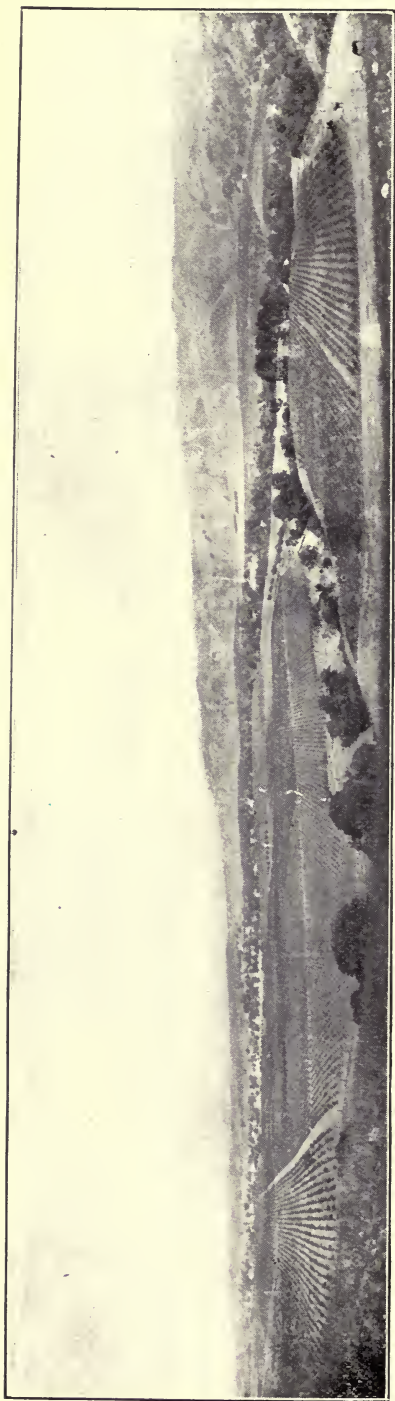
In speaking of the Livermore Valley, Mr. G. W. Langan, of Livermore, who is well acquainted with every foot of that region, says the valley is situated in the central part of the State, about forty miles from San Francisco, and about thirty-four miles from the city of Oakland, in the midst of wealth and population, and enjoying whatever of value may transpire at the metropolis of the State, without being exposed to the



Packing grapes at Cresta Blanca Vineyard, Livermore, Cal.

the start, and has increased in favor to such an extent that it is now found on the wine lists of every first class hotel, restaurant and club on the Pacific Coast. The wines are stored in tunnels, where an even temperature develops them perfectly. There are 650 feet of these tunnels and all are filled with fine wines. The wines of Cresta Blanca have been awarded fourteen gold medals.

many dangers which beset and impede the work of rearing a family in the city. It not only supports the best grammar and high schools the State can afford, within its own limits, but it has easy and convenient access to the many excellent schools of the cities of Oakland and San Francisco. The State University is situated in the same county, while the Stanford University is but a little further removed. The valley oc-



A Livermore Vineyard.

cupies an elevated position about five hundred feet above the sea, encircled by an unbroken chain of beautiful, rolling hills and mountains, midway between the coast and the San Joaquin Valley, which insures to it a modified climate, warmer than that of the coast and cooler than that of the heated interior. The climate, thus tempered, no doubt, is unsurpassed by that of any other locality in the State in those qualities conducive to health and comfort.

The soil varies in character from light gravelly to heavy rich loam in the valley proper, and that of the surrounding foothills on the north and east is mixed with adobe, but is very rich and productive. The rainfall is sufficient to insure good crops every year. The soil, being deep and well drained, much of it is well adapted to the growth of the high-typed vines, from which the Sauternes, which were awarded the golden medals at both the Paris and Columbian Expositions were made. It is said by experts that the various pests which infect the vine elsewhere cannot long exist here on account of the dryness of the atmosphere and the gravelly nature of the soil. Many kinds of fruit and berries are grown successfully, and nearly all kinds of vegetables yield abundantly. The hop and the sugar beet flourish. The fig and the olive grow rank and yield well. In the surrounding foothills the finest flavored peaches and apricots have been produced.

In connection with all this, it might be observed that one of the most striking evidences of the thorough-going enterprise of the business men of Livermore may be seen in the Livermore Weekly Herald, Arthur L. Henry, publisher and editor. Of the thirty-two columns of the Herald, twenty to twenty-four are claimed by the several local enterprises for advertising purposes. Newspaper men will understand that the Herald plant is not for sale.

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Every
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Pears' is pre-eminently the baby-skin-soap—imparting to the skin a clear, soft, smooth and beautiful texture, vitalizing the body and contributing to health and happiness.

Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

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This Pavilion will contain machines for every stitching process used in the family and in manufactures, some of which must be of interest to you. Many of these machines will be running and all will be capable of operation

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SUTTER STREET
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TO LADIES for any case of suppression that Dr. LaVal's monthly remedy fails to relieve. Price \$2.00, money refunded if it don't cure. **Free samples and booklet worth \$100.**

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To Cure All Skin Diseases, Use
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER
It Purifies and Beautifies the Skin
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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HOT TAMALES, ENCHILADES, AND OTHER MEXICAN DISHES. EASY, QUICK AND SURE. SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS TO THE T. B. WALKER MFG. CO., DEPT. A, AUSTIN, TEXAS, U.S.A., AND GET A FULL SIZE CAN, WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR USING, BY RETURN MAIL. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALKER'S "RED HOT" CHILE CON CARNE AND CHICKEN TAMALES. ONLY 10¢ FOR LARGE 1-LB. SIZE 5-29



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A FORTUNE IN TIN

**Enormous Wealth Hidden Away in the Creek Beds of the
York Region of Alaska.**

Verification by Government experts of the reports of immensely rich beds of tin-bearing gravel in the Cape York region on the coast of Alaska has attracted the interest and attention of local and foreign capitalists, who are led to believe that in the near future these mines in American territory will be among the world's largest sources of supply of this valuable mineral.

The following is an extract taken from the latest reports published in the daily papers of San Francisco, relative to the enormous tin deposits in Alaska.)

Expert Makes a Report.

The following are brief extracts from these reports:

"The tin deposits are on creeks and streams whose waters flow into Lopp Lagoon, a shallow arm or inlet of the Arctic Ocean, located some six or seven miles northeast of Cape Prince of Wales, also about fifteen miles south of Cape York, on Bering Sea, and about 40 miles from Teller, which is the location of the district recording office."

"Generally speaking, the country is lacking in topographical features worthy of note. The country has in past ages been subject to glacial action. Mountains have been worn down until they are but rounded knolls or summits, the country rock has been ground up and deposited in the creek beds and low places, and the only vegetation is Arctic and reindeer mosses and vegetable molds.

"The geological work of the United States Government has so far simply been in the nature of a reconnaissance with a quite limited amount of mapping and surveys, but the main characteristics of the placer tin field are easily observed, owing to the erosion due to the glacial action and the spare vegetable covering.

Tin in Every Panful.

In brief, the tin belt is about forty miles long and the distribution of tin ores (cassiterite) may be said to extend quite generally over this area. All of the streams contain stream tin in quantity, some, as a matter of course, being much richer than others, but on the whole it can be said that there is not another such an undeveloped rich tin field known in the world to-day. I fully concur with the opinion of others who have examined and reported upon this field.

"The creek beds and ravines have been filled up with detritus from the mountain slopes and stream tin has been plentifully deposited, and by a natural method of concentration has been left in a large percentage, while the lighter and more easily transported shale and slate, together with gravel and sand, have been transported under stream action into Lopp Lagoon.

"So generally is stream tin scattered that nearly every form of earth or surface soil taken from the hill slopes and benches of this region discloses its presence. Some of the creek benches are quite rich and can be worked with much profit.

"The main deposits of free tin ore are in the stream beds of the creeks mentioned. The depths of the deposits are variable, ranging from ten to thirty feet while there are some that may exceed fifty feet. In some places there is surface soil overlying the gravel deposits from one to three feet deep.

"The percentage of tin ore varies from ten to forty pounds per cubic yard. Some who have examined these deposits estimate as high as sixty-five pounds per cubic yard."

"Assays from samples taken of the tin ore assayed 52 per cent and as high as 73 per cent.

Gold Values are High.

"The gold values in these creeks and the presence of this metal in amount sufficient to give special values to these deposits by reason of its presence should be given attention, as the assay value in gold of stream tin samples taken by myself run from \$174 to \$640 per ton. Gold exists in paying quantities on the creek but it is either oxidized or covered with a coating, making it difficult to distinguish from the stream tin. It would not be surprising to learn that the tin may be

by-product in the matter of the values when the claims are worked close to bed-rock."

The properties of the Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc., are in the district referred to in the above. Captain Samuel Colclough, the discoverer of tin in Alaska, is the superintendent of this company, and is now on the ground working the mines.

That large tin bodies exist in the York region, Alaska, is confirmed in the report of the United States Geological Survey by Arthur J. Collier to the Department of the Interior last year. The finding of tin in our own country makes another important increase in the mineral output of the United States when it is considered that the total amount of tin consumed in the United States alone in 1902-3 was approximately 39,000 tons, or 1 per cent of the world's output, with a market price of \$24,000,000.

Pacific Tin Mines Co., Incorporated.

The Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc., with a capital stock of 200,000 shares at \$1 each, was organized in December, 1904, under the laws of the State of California. The corporation was organized for the purpose of acquiring the Theresa and Annie groups of tin deposits, comprising sixteen claims of twenty acres each, which property, together with a valuable water right of 5,000 miner's inches, needed in mining tin ore, and a landing and warehouse at Providence, Alaska, to facilitate the shipping, the company now owns, fully paid for and unincumbered in any way.

Owing to the number of requests from readers of our advertisement in the August Overland for the names of the direc-

tors of the Pacific Tin Mines Company, we herewith publish the same:

President, Mr. John Partridge (1st Vice-President U. S. Improvement and Investment Company.)

Vice-President, Mr. R. P. Schwerin (Vice-President and General Manager Pacific Mail S. S. Co.)

Director and Counsel, Mr. Julius Kahn (U. S. Congressman.)

Managing Director, Mr. Samuel Colclough (Mining Engineer and Discoverer of Tin in Alaska.)

Director and Treasurer, Mr. L. E. Foster (California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.)

Director, Mr. John M. Murphy (Mining Engineer.)

Secretary, Mr. F. A. Marriott (Assistant Manager San Francisco News Letter.)

A new prospectus containing statistics on the world's tin production and extracts from Government reports on "Tin in Alaska," as well as a full description of the properties owned by the Pacific Tin Mines Company, will be forwarded to any address.

Pacific Tin Mines Co.

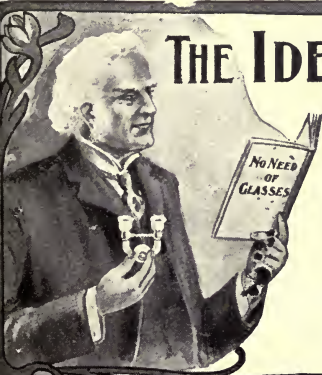
309 Chronicle Building.

Gentlemen: Kindly send your prospectus and Statistics on Tin, etc., to

Name

Address

Fill in above and address it to Secretary Pacific Tin Mines Co.



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Yosemite Valley National Park



THE HALF DOME

Among the mountain peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, one hundred and fifty miles east of San Francisco, lies the most wonderful gorge in the world—the Yosemite Valley National Park.

This valley is seven miles long, varies from one-half to a mile in width and is walled in almost completely by cliffs rising in sheer precipices on each side from 3,300 to 6,000 feet above its green floor.

Waterfalls innumerable abound here, majestic in volume, matchless in grace. They are up to 3,000 feet in height—one of them is at least fifteen times the height of Niagara.

Among the many awe-inspiring domes, spires and pinnacles is magnificent Half Dome. It is 8,927 feet above sea level, or nearly 5,000 feet above the Valley floor.

The Mariposa Big Trees Grove is alone worth the trip. Here are giant redwoods up to 325 feet in height. Scientists declare that many of these trees are 8,000 years old.

The best way to reach the Park is by the Raymond-Wawona Route through the Mariposa Big Tree Grove.

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343434



FALLEN MONARCH

Southern Pacific



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8496 Home, Sweet Home.

2201 Annie Laurie.
8823 Old Black Joe.
7532 Kathleen Mavourneen.
8356 Sweet and Low.
9052 The Rosary.
7568 Medley of College Songs.
8945 Tell Me With Your Eyes.

8753 I Can't Do the Sum.
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1905

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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All communications in relation to manuscript intended for publication or business of any kind should be addressed to the Overland Monthly Co.—and not to individuals on the staff.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, an Illustrated Magazine of the West. Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second class matter.

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New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for Overland Monthly, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money-Order, Bank Check or Draft, Express Money-Order or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearage must be paid.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your magazine is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

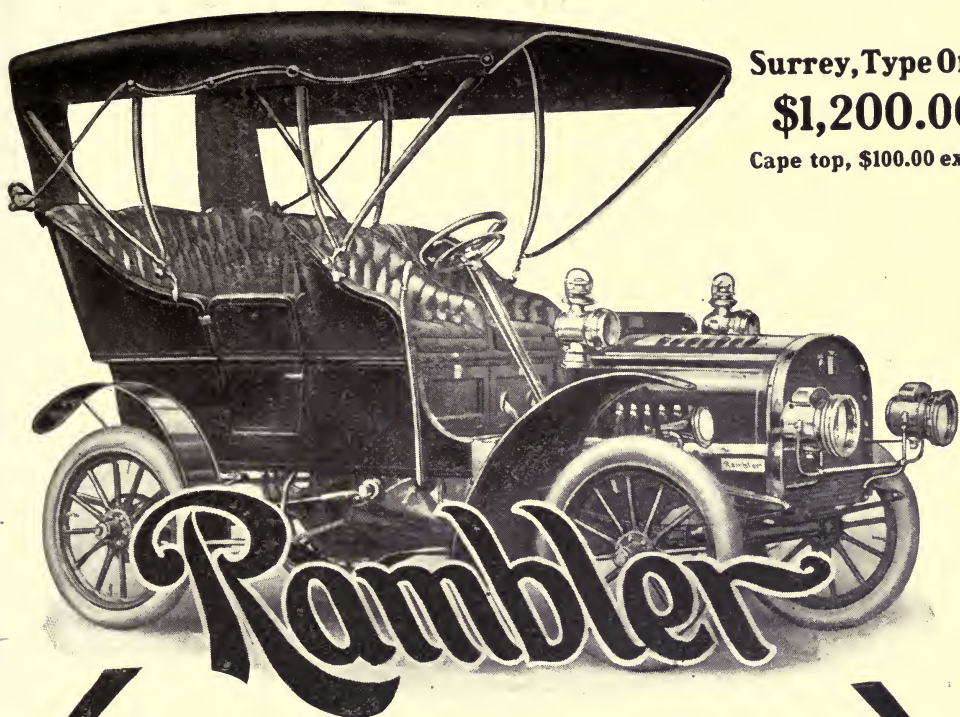
Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal.

For back numbers more than three month old, an additional charge of 5c for each month is made.

Contributors are requested to write name and address on first page of MS. and on the back of each photograph or illustration submitted. It is also necessary that in writing to the magazine concerning contributions, the name of the article should be mentioned.

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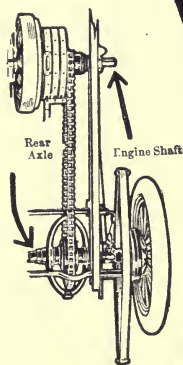
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This full utilizing of power makes the Rambler the car to drive over country roads in all kinds of weather. The simple construction of every Rambler part insures ease of operation and dependable service.

Write for the Rambler catalogue, it gives the many reasons why the Rambler is the car for you to buy.



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(Clipped from Mining Topics, August 5, 1905.)

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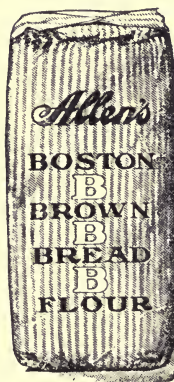
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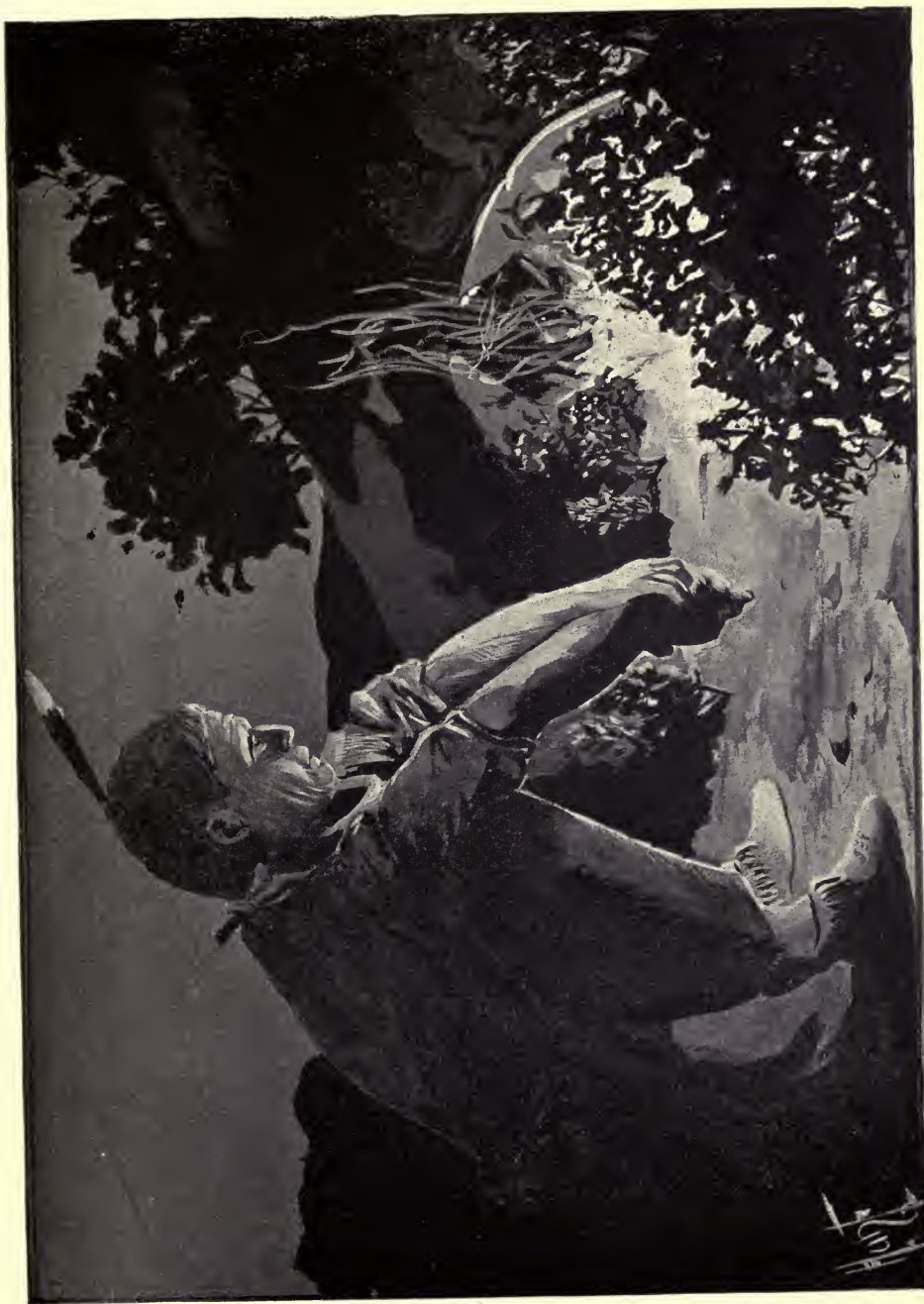
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“Then the cook squatted by the fire, and put on sticks as they were needed.”—See “Smoke,” page 298.



Scene in Chinatown. See "In the Shadow of the Stevenson Monument."

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No. 4

IN THE SHADOW OF THE STEVENSON MONUMENT

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

IF Robert Louis Stevenson had been consulted as to the most appropriate spot in San Francisco for a monument to his memory, he might have answered that if there were no avoiding a monument he would prefer to have it stand in the center of the little green square between that Bowery of the Pacific Coast, the tag-end of Kearny street and Chinatown.

For the diagonals of this square are short cuts used by people from all parts of the big round earth that our friend so dearly loved, and one who stands at the crossing of these paths may see the natives of distant continents and the islands of the sea pass before him; much as if he were anchored in space and with a good telescope could watch the globe revolve before him. Suppose we lean against the pedestal and burn a cigarette to his memory.

The Latin Quarter is near at hand, overflowing with Mexicans, Italians, Spaniards who pass by as so many drifting fragments of their own land and race, each bearing the race mystery and his own soul mystery behind an exterior that but hints at what it conceals. Take, for instance, that swarthy, well set up young man, with lips that show full

and red under his pert mustache; a flash of scarlet sash is glimpsed under his vest as he strolls by with a slight swagger; he looks confidently, carelessly at the world with his smiling eyes—from under a somewhat lowering eyebrow. And tell me, if you please, whether he is bound for the Re' d'Italia Saloon to indulge in a quiet game of dominos and red wine, or whether the Black Hand has pointed out to him a victim whom he is to slay this night, whom he is to dismember with abominable awkwardness and blood-spilling and carry piecemeal to the bay, making more than one trip with his heavy, blanket-bound bundles, and perhaps dropping the last one in a panic when a curious boy follows him through these very streets.

Well, well, the chances are that you are right; it is the red wine (or some signorina, we will say), this night—but some night, mark you, it will be the rival or the victim of Mafia whom he will set out to visit with the same jaunty stroll. 'Tis a fragment of Italy.

But this bluff giant just back from the gold field reminds one that we are out West. His sombrero proclaims it, his bronzed, heavy

mustached face, his high laced shoes, his clothes that have withstood wear, and tear, and are ready for more, like their wearer, and the bulge in his right hip pocket is not caused by his bandana, for you will

nance in her ribbons; purple, pink, crimson and what not? If the Azores are not her birthplace, her parents surely came from the islands where Portuguese blue blood mixed with the native stream to produce



Robert Louis Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square.

notice he wears that knotted about his throat.

What a golden-skinned, tropical beauty has this half-savage looking girl! And how can she have the heart to mar it by shrieking disso-

such ephemeral beauties; voluptuous lips, soft, velvety eyes, and slim, graceful figures—charms that at thirty are long melted with the snows of yester-year.

And here come the khaki-clad sol-

diers of the Republic, just landed from the transport and thirsty for one good long draught of hot stuff, a last taste of the tropics, before they go back to Kansas or Indiana and settle down to the same old plow or the same old counter in dad's hardware store.

They swing curiously-carved sticks cut in the jungle, and doubtless in their baggage is a bolo or two, perhaps with a rusty stain and a nick in the blade; slight souvenirs to link them with that supreme hour of fierce drunkenness; onslaught, grapple, death struggle under a tropical sun, and pursuit through tangles of gorgeous, exuberant wilderness, radiant with bloom, under which thousand-shaped death lay in ambush.

Now they are on their way to that row of shacks on Dupont street, where little dogs and rabbits of whitened sheet iron forever bob before rows of upright clay pipes and other fantastic targets, and amid the popping of little 22-shorts, they will casually refer to the niggers they picked off or winged that day in the jungle.

The proprietress, a little Jap woman with rouged lips and pomaded hair, Tokio style, and some atrocious combination of pink and orange in her shirt waist and collar, wrong end of Kearny street style, induces them by subtle flattery, to waste their meagre pay on the pop cartridges, and every time a clay pipe crashes, assures them that such "honorable and accomplished shootmen is never before to be seen in her despicable and unworthy gallery."

The little Madam Butterfly flitting across the piazza after the volunteers have turned the corner is not the lady we mentioned. No shooting gallery goddess ever wore those dainty, flowing silks, with a huge knot at the small of the back, after she reached Dupont street, nor did she retain her sandals and white

stockings, which provide a special compartment for the big toe. Evidently the pair of severe elderly maiden ladies have her in charge, and I think Sherlock Holmes might deduce that they are retired missionaries who have brought home this "brand plucked from the burning." She may enliven the lectures they intend to deliver before Heathen Relief Sewing Circles throughout our enlightened land. Sad that the dainty Nipponese costume is so rare on the plaza and that a race so esthetic should display its progressive spirit by selecting American gowns, usually draggle-tail, patent leathers or tans, a size and a half too large and chromo-lithograph "picture hats."

Which one of the South American coffee plantations boasts this slim and elegant youth as its heir I know not, but that it yields much salable coffee is evidenced by his well built suit and narrow foot wear, such as cannot be had in every shoe emporium. There is also a certain droop of the eyelid and a melancholy hang about the corners of the mouth that are not inexpensive luxuries. They hint of the cup of pleasure drained at a gulp and as a result unquenchable thirst; thirst for a new flavor that will never be found, not in Paris, Moscow or San Francisco; a sign that it is high time to go back to the plantation, settle down to accounts, even marry the Senorita Maria Dolores Hernandez y Ribiera picked out by the old Coffee King.

These rather colorless blonde lads, with highly polished boots of no shape, and well brushed clothes that still retain the creases from their half year's packing in sea chests, I think you will find ere long seated around a bare table in "The City of Copenhagen Saloon," discussing the shortcomings of that irritable second mate over thimblefuls of arac. That is, unless the bronze girl with the high cheek bones and

blue-black hair puffed under her picture hat, succeeds in netting them for her friend, Shanghai Shorty. That accommodating man finds deep sea crews at twenty-four hours' notice and no questions asked.

She is really the first passer thus far who cannot be called a foreigner; very little foreign blood, that of the Silva y Mendozas family, once grandees in Mexico, is mixed with the native California stock. The rest is Digger from Butte County.

But these two active, muscular men in the flower of youth are safe from her friend's knock-out drops, however desirable they might be to any captain. They are protected by their uniform of man-of-war's men, trowsers extravagant near the ground, parsimonious higher up; décollete blouses adorned with sundry red tapes and stars and a red tasseled cap that bears the magic name "Umbria."

Umbria—Umbria, name that recalls to me a pensive Madonna gazing through unshed tears at a world of sweetly sorrowful dreams, while all around her in the clouds slender angels draw celestial harmonies from lute and viol. To these olive-cheeked youths with keen, black eyes, it means a long, gray hull in the bay, with light, tapering masts and long, tapering guns pointing delicately, like a lady's finger, with death in her finger-tips; Cleopatra, say, singling out of the slaves who were to test her poisons. Doubtless they never heard of Perugino, these good lads.

But most picturesque of all the strollers across these graveled walks are the Chinese families, who pass before the Robert Louis Stevenson monument many times each day, the father and mother clad in shiny black blouse and trowsers, and the children arrayed in all the gay and dainty colors of a flower market.

The demure little mother carries the baby in a bandana hung over the small of her back. There he sits

securely, his short legs straddling her hips and his black-diamond eyes peeping out like those of a baby kangaroo from the maternal pouch, while his round cap with fuzzy ears and a flap behind that covers neck and shoulders, adds to the resemblance.

The little girl is all in lilac silk of two or three shades and patterns. Her dress consists of blouse and trowsers that fall over her dainty, boat-shaped slippers, not the unnaturally pointed shoes of the bound foot girls, but low, easy footwear, whose white soles are three inches thick in the middle and taper suddenly at either end. Her head-dress is a network of pearly beads across the forehead, and wreaths of showy little paper and gilt flowers. They are startlingly bright on the glossy jet of her hair, which is coiled in a flat knot over one ear.

A very little boy, toddling on sturdy legs, wears a bright red pinafore of cotton which serves as a pocket, apron and bib. It protects his holiday coat, a veritable Joseph's coat of many colors, composed of rich silks and velvets cut in fantastic arabesques. His skull cap with decorative ear-flaps is adorned by tiny circles of mirror glass, and with gold-embroidered Chinese inscriptions; doubtless invoking showers of luck, riches and happiness upon his little head. Through a large hole in the crown of his cap projects a diminutive queue, tightly braided so that it stands upright four or five inches above his head. Who would not be proud!

The ten year old boy is already a miniature of his father, but while middle age affects sombre shades, except for festive occasions, youth is permitted to flaunt such joyous apparel as a green silk blouse with full, cherry colored sleeves and pale yellow trowsers tied at the ankle above his green slippers. His queue is long and very thick, being braided with magenta silk cords in the lower

half instead of the jet black strands with which the father ekes out his hair. Both wear the simple black cap, but it is topped by a knob of red coral, for they are of some standing, these people.

Such are the types, a few of them, that pass on pleasure or business, while we take our ease in the shadow of the pedestal; but we are not the only ones here who are content to let the world roll by in the burning of a cigarette. For all the ne'er-dowells of San Francisco the verdant plot about the Robert Louis Stevenson monument is a temptation to loaf, and as if the benign spirit of the man were controlling the gardeners in charge of the plaza one is permitted to walk on the grass, yes, and to sprawl on the grass, back flattened to it, hat over face meanwhile, that one may enjoy *dolce far niente* while the California sunshine filters through the body into the ground. I have seen the square when it had the appearance of a battle field the morning after some famous victory. Prostrate forms lay in every direction, their attitudes expressive of the most complete abandon, some face downward, arms outstretched, legs outstretched as if all the land they could grasp had been promised them—others with knees in the air, cross-legged, perhaps, with a fine display of crumpled gray sock, while under the shrubbery crouched a few groups in confidential chat, drowsy enough to be some tale from the Arabian Nights or the New Arabian Nights of our friend.

Something in the trimness of the graveled walks with neat gutters of large pebbles set on end, makes one think of the fairy-tale gardens we knew so well in our childhood days.

The lawns are so smooth, the flowers so bright, the shrubbery so green, and **then on three sides** you are enclosed by a city with ancient and foreign looking walls, two, three, five stories high, from whose ramparts flutter triangular yellow

ensigns, with the green dragon rampant. One has a glimpse down dusky, narrow streets, grim and sombre below, but extravagantly bright above; where, from airy balconies, gorgeous with bright new paint, hang great balloons of lanterns, bearing hieroglyphics in scarlet; while gilding, brightly colored mill-work panels of Chinese landscapes and gardens of miniature cypress trees in jardeniers, all make one think of comic opera stage-setting, rather than street scenes in a modern American metropolis.

Most of the lower doors and windows are protected by heavy iron shutters; others depend for safety on massive wooden bars or close meshed network of thick wire, but besides the defenses almost every window ledge has its garden of Chinese lilies, sometimes a profusion of the white and faint yellow clusters nodding above bright green blades, sometimes only a blue bowl of pebbles with a few bulbs and a dozen fragile blossoms. 'Tis like a Madonna of Perugino, day-dreaming in the stronghold of the ruffian Baglioni.

On the grimy walls of masonry are patched oblongs of every shade of red paper, inscribed with black spider track writing. Of scarlet, magenta or vivid red-orange dusted with gold, they glow like live coals against the sooty background. Their contents vary from the Emperor's New Year proclamation to his subjects in America to a patent medicine advertisement done in Chinese by some enterprising doctor, and the vigorously worded edict of the Chief of Police that "gambling in Chinatown must be suppressed at any cost," promises of heelers and bosses of the quarter notwithstanding.

Over the doors hang weather-beaten boards with inscriptions cut deep and painted carmine, green or gold, while above the sign flaps a crimson streamer caught into curi-

ous knots and rosettes. It sets off a bouquet of gaudy artificial flowers embowering a pair of wax manikins, and above this cone of gilt and flashy color flaunts a peacock feather or two. Somewhat flamboyant, one would say, for a druggist's sign, but listen to the wording of it: "The flowery fount of healing and content;" or the pork butcher's: "Here are found the savory golden hogs."

At the base of the doorway, in some nook safe from accident is a shabby box of sand in which are stuck a couple of smoking punks and the greasy sticks of many red candles burnt to honor some divinity, glorious and potent within the limits of Chinatown. As to the door itself, it might have stood for a thousand years, so grimy, battered and solid does it appear. With some surprise you may notice that it is "elegant" in the style of the sixties and seventies, boasting many pomposities of scroll work, bellying consoles, "classic" masks and pudgy cupids. But all these vanities are in ashes if not in sackcloth, and must be studied through a layer of soot and grease. Yes, the "foreign devils" built in their pride and the humble yellow men inherited their dwelling place, pudgy cupids and mournfully pensive masks included. The meek shall inherit the earth, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Haunted? Well, if they are haunted, these mansions now converted into gigantic rat holes, the spectres who are bound to frequent them should be pitied. What would be the shock to a ghost of sensibility who should see his horrors discounted by the living nightmares shuffling in and out of his drawing room, burrowing in his cellar?

Could any spook be half so fearful as that evil-visaged highbinder with one vindictive little black eye and one of glassy, dead-white blindness? And his smile? Or, more grotesque than that flamboyant

paper and tinsel joss enshrined on the mantel piece with its old, familiar marble roses and fruit in frozen garlands? Or more spine-chilling than that decrepit hag decorated with huge ear-rings that drag down the lobes of her ears? She is further adorned with a cicatrice diagonally hacked across her face, a slash that must have carried away along with the missing nose her fortune and perhaps great beauty, for it is doubtless the souvenir of youthful caprice and a too ardent lover.

At a glimpse of these sights in his exclusive home, I think our aristocratic ghost would be the victim of panic and instantly vanish.

But perhaps you theorize that mortals, even such, have no terror for disembodied spirits; very well, then, suppose the ghost of our respectable Portsmouth Square resident should glide into the cloud of opium smoke in his cellar and have one look into the whirling fumes thickly peopled with spectres, the obscene, fantastic, altogether abominable spectres of a coolie's pipe dream. Suppose!

On the whole, I think this square, its surroundings and its frequenters would have exercised a fascination over our friend whose name is chiseled on the pedestal, and in whose honor we have burnt not one cigarette, but three apiece. That lover of beachcombers, peddlers and vagabonds would, I am sure, delight to spend many contemplative hours here; and here it is that in his name the galleon *Bonaventura* spreads her sails of gold and ever runs before a fair wind toward *El Dorado*, laden with a rich cargo of dreams, rhymes and goldsmith's work in prose.

Though it is a massive granite block that bears aloft sea and ship of bronze, yet its bulk is lightened as in some growing things by the upward swinging curves of its outline. The face of the pedestal bears a creed, whose granite thought is

likewise adorned, lightened and graced by the charm of its expression.

A holly and some young poplars grow around the rock and from it purls a stream of clear water. Innocent China babies with magenta pigtailed, thugs from the near-by dives and dance halls, and ghastly opium fiends from the cess-pools of

Chinatown, sometimes refresh themselves therefrom, gazing meanwhile with uncomprehending eyes at the words: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to have made on the whole a family happier for one's presence * * *"

But there are some who understand.

BLINDNESS

By Mabel Porter Pitts.

From sire to sire for such long, cheerless time,
Have we accepted tears as heritage,
And dol'rous droned through lengths of ancient rhyme
With ceaseless sorrow for unchanging theme,
That life has come to be a weary page
And joy the phantasm of a fevered dream.

So long have wrappings of eternal gloom
Close-swathed the heart that we resent the word
Which pleads for happiness this side the tomb.
For us no note of earth must vibrant rise;
For us the nearer music to be heard
Is lost in seeking that of distant skies.

We call him pagan who in gladness strips
From glowing truth the dull, dogmatic sheath,
And kisses pleasure full upon the lips;
We call him Christian who embraces care,
Who hunts the thorns to weave in crowning wreath—
For heaven more fit if girded by despair.

We leave the brilliant substance for the wraith,
And deem him sainted by conjoint acclaim
Who wears a smileless face in show of faith.
Like mewling children, of the dark afraid,
We cling to crude supports, abstruse and lame,
And keep to doleful covenants, self-made.

When will the sons of men, as one agreed,
Consent to read the word that shines above,
Unbound by dwarfing hindrances of creed?
When will the fallacies to which we cling
Be merged in one great universal love?
When will we say "The Father," not "The King?"

SMOKE

By Fred A. Hunt

WHAT mundane subject could arouse interest among so many readers as the monosyllable at the head of this article, or what topic could lead into wider treatises and more interesting investigations? From the Chinaman burning his punks at the altar of his joss to J. M. Barrie consuming of his genius in adulation of "My Lady Nicotine;" from the Hottentot to the savant, from the grossly illiterate to the cultured genius, all combine to make a vast cloud of incense steadily ascending at the shrine of *Nicotiana tabacum* from all over the world.

In our own country the favored article among the original Americans was the inner bark of the red willow, which was carefully dried in a Dutch oven that had been greased with buffalo or deer fat, and then chopped fine and mixed with tobacco in about the proportions of three of willow bark to one of tobacco. This was the world-renowned Kinnikinick, that afterward became the *nom de plume* of all sorts of smoking tobacco. When the red willow bark was inaccessible, sumac was used as a substitute, the leaves being gathered when reddened with autumn tints and cured in the same manner as the willow bark.

"The man who smokes," said Edward Bulwer Lytton, "thinks like a sage and acts like a samaritan." "Maybe yes, maybe no, maybe who knows," says the old Spanish saw. The noble red men have been famed in song and story for their sagacious and terse eloquence, but their ostentatious display of charity, mercy and sympathy have usually been expressed by the minus sign.

Many Indians smoked pipes of primitive manufacture and of un-

couth shapes, but the great majority used pipes of beautiful material and more or less artistically wrought and decorated. The former were made of clay, roughly worked into the semblance of a pipe bowl, baked in the ashes, and with a reed, piece of cane or a hollowed stick for a stem; the latter were also made of clay, the celebrated red clay from Pipestone County, Minnesota. Contiguous to the little stream in whose bed the red clay was found were two huge boulders, under the cavernous sides of which the Indians placed votive offerings before excavating any of the mineral clay from the creek bed. According to the legend obtaining in many of the tribes, these boulders were originally two eggs laid by the eagle who was the father of the Indian races, and marked the spot where he seized upon a beautiful white goddess who was the mother of the races. The trifling incongruity of a masculine eagle laying the eggs never disturbed the exponents of the Indian mythology, neither did the fact that the boulders are larger by some few hundred thousand times than an eagle; but then the eagle and the maiden may have been Brobdingnagian ones. The similitude to the other myth of Jupiter visiting Semete in a shower of gold will be apparent, if the old-time rocks are taken into account. The iconoclastic frontiersmen in that part of the world levied regularly upon the boulder contribution-box, whenever they were in that vicinity, and the disappearance of the tributes but confirmed the Indians in their belief in their acceptability to the Manitou, and his consequent appropriation of them.

After the proffering of the gifts the Indians dug out of the bed of

the stream what clay they required, which was then a tenacious dustile mass, like putty, and readily cut and worked into any required shape. Its color was then pinkish, but as it hardened by exposure to the air and became polished by the attrition of wear and work, it became a bright brick red with whitish specks of harder substance, and that made a handsome pipe-head. It was usually shaped something like a T, the stem of the T being the pipe bowl and the cross-piece of the T the stem of the pipe, the extreme length of the stem being usually about six inches. Sometimes the head was carved and sometimes inlaid (an art easily accomplished when the facile clay was first fashioned into the pipe), but the general usage was to have it as simple as possible. The average valuation of a good pipe was a war pony.

The pipe stem was customarily made of hickory and was from ten to fifteen inches long, according to the size of the clay head. This stem was sometimes carved, but usually only decorated by brass nails, and by bunches of feathers, and beaded amulets attached.

From one's experience with present Americans it would be surmised that the supply of pipe stone would speedily be exhausted by wastefulness, or that some appropriative red men would have formed a pipe-stone trust and hogged the supply. But while the Indians had plenty of vices and demerits of their own, none of them was mean enough to form a trust, and none appropriated any more of any article than was requisite to supply his present needs. Thus nature's natural accretion to the pipe clay mine rendered the quantity sufficient for all comers, the users having a discreet economy in taking their calumet material from nature's storehouse.

The same frugality characterized the Indian in so common a thing as lighting and maintaining a fire.

He would not chop down—or rather have his squaw chop down—a tree to boil a cup of coffee, but if there were not sufficient dry sticks laying around, he would lasso some dead limbs from adjacent trees and use the pieces from them that were necessary. Then he didn't build a bonfire that could be seen for miles around. The Indian said that the white man built so big a fire that he could not get near it; he would build one in a hole in the ground, and sitting above it pulled his buffalo robe around him, thus making a tent over the fire, retaining nearly all the heat and dissipating the smoke so that its issuance was almost imperceptible. This was a desideratum in the vicinity of foes. When he wasn't careful about the smoke from his fire being perceived, he would build a small fire for his cooking and heating purposes, and then the cook squatted on his hunkers by the fire and put sticks on as they were needed. The Indian was seldom prodigal with natural resources, always remembering posterity and not being deterred therefrom by Sir Boyle Roche's reflection that posterity had done nothing for him.

One striking exception to his sparse use of fuel was at a council fire, but then the fire was not for warmth or culinary purposes, but as a religious observance and ceremony, and then the logs were piled high and the flames soared loftily into the air. In the building of signal fires they were also careless of the economy of fuel; but signal fires were not a favorite means of warning or information with them. When they desired to send tidings to a distance or by a chain of signalmen, they would build a fire and place thereon a quantity of green boughs, grass or any article that would create smoke. Then with a dampened buffalo robe, and an Indian at each of the four corners, they would sup-

press all smoke for a brief time, and then, removing the robe, allow the column of smoke to ascend, and thus by preventing the smoke from escaping and allowing it to escape, according to a pre-concerted system of signals, a message could be readily conveyed and rapidly transmitted any distance by a series of stations from whence "Smoky columns, Towered aloft into the air of amber." Another effective and valuable use of smoke.

The United States Signal Service justly prides itself upon its excellent heliographic service whereby, by means of a small mirror reflecting the sun's rays and which mirror is jiggled up and down by means of a key, the dashes, dots and spaces of the Morse telegraphic code are simulated and messages readily given and received, and as in the case of the Indian "smoke," duplication extends the service to any land limit. It is a query whether the heliographic system did not originate with the Indians, as every one of them had a small piece of looking-glass in his "ditty bag" that he used for toilet purposes and to help him paint his face and body before going into warfare, and the use of a little mirror held in the hand and waggled in the sunlight was a favorite method of theirs for signaling, and by this method Crazy Horse's commands were communicated to his cohorts at the battle of Wolf Mountains, on Tongue River, Montana, on January 8, 1877. When the sun would become obscured he would use a whistle to convey his orders. The Congo Africans employ a large trough-like article made of wood that is very resonant when struck with a club, to communicate with one another and to warn villages of the approach of the humane Emperor of Belgium's rubber tax-gathers. As an impromptu means of annunciation an Indian would pitch his voice to a peculiar falsetto

key and speak his message, and it was astonishing how far that particular tonal quality would carry words.

Smoke, as in civilized life, played quite an important part in the Indian's preservative arrangements, large quantities of meat being "jerked" by the aid of smoke, and under the Indian system the process effectually disguised the flavor of the meat so that one's imagination could run riot in imagining the particular kind of game he was really eating when partaking of Indian smoked meat.

Tanning was also done by the Indians by a smoking process, and "smoke-tan" was a synonym for all that was excellent in tanned articles. Pliability, endurance and softness were some of the principal features of smoke-tan, and so highly was this product regarded by the Indians themselves that nearly all their shirts, leggings and moccasins were made from it. A more aesthetic but perhaps less useful means of utilizing smoke was by the "medicine men," who from the tortuous shapes assumed by it in the medicine lodge or from the council fire would make predictions that were verified just about as often as those made by the seers of our own time. Whether the possible progenitors of the American Indian, the Egyptians or the Romans invented capnomancy is a mystery for ethnologists to solve.

Possibly some Indian, who has been "trained down" from the primitive manners and customs of long ago to the plug hat and clawhammer coat of the present day, may read this narrative and conjecture who it is that thus authoritatively writes of the people of a past age. It is "Mokli-is-tun-e-ve-ho (the white man who writes), and to such possible Indian he extends his hand and proffers the cosmopolitan salutation "How codah?"

THE ANTING-ANTING OF MAGA

By Charles E. Meyers

IT was three days out from Singapore, on the hurricane deck of the Maitung, that I first heard this yarn. There were but ten cabin passengers, and we gathered each evening just aft the bridge to yarn and smoke. The throb of the engines came but dully there, and the intermittent glow of a circle of fragrant Manilas each night marked the cluster of steamer chairs.

It was our third night together, and already the camaradie of the traveler had asserted itself and we were as friends of years. The talk turned to Oriental superstitions, and finally a slender, red-haired fellow, who had introduced himself as Jim Rawson, spoke. He had hitherto been silent, and we all looked up as he began.

"Well, fellows, I've got a yarn along that line that I'd hesitate to tell if I couldn't prove it. But if it were not for this same inconceivable superstition I certainly would not be here to-night."

We leaned forward in the dead silence of interest. The crooning song of the Lascar sailors forward droned on our ears, and the spirit of the East hovered over us, there under the inky, star-hung sky.

"I'll try to cut it short," he went on. "I've drifted around in the Orient since '98, and four weeks ago to-day, Billy Renner and I reached Manila from Japan. We were among the left-over war correspondents, and landed with but \$90 and one suit-case between us.

"Remember the old Aldine Hotel in the walled city? Well, that's where we put up. We turned in early, tired and rather blue. I tell you the old rattan beds seemed good again after the stuffy quilted kimonas of Japan, and I dropped to

sleep before I had fixed my bolster.

"It was lucky for us that night that I was a light sleeper. I found myself suddenly half up in bed, with wide, staring eyes and thumping heart. Beyond the low hum of insects the room was quiet. I could feel that something was wrong. My hand slipped under the pillow, but my gun had been left in the suitcase by the table. With infinite care I slid under the mosquito netting to the floor on the wall side, and crouched a moment in silence. Billy's breathing came deep and regular, and I was about to rise, when the soft slip-slip of bare feet reached by ears. Suddenly a black shadow was silhouetted against the dull light before me. My muscles tensed and quivered, and as it moved again I hurled myself upon it. Down we went with a crash, but the naked body slipped out of my grasp like a piece of wet soap. I got him again, but he threw me off, my head hit the table, and the next thing I knew Billy was standing over me, douching me with water. I stood up and looked around. It was a clear get-away, for our suitcase was gone and with it our money and guns. My pajamas were dripping with rancid cocoanut oil that the greasy beggar had rubbed himself with so as to prevent being caught.

"What in creation have you got in your hand?" Billy queried. I looked down in wonder at my left hand, in which I held tightly clasped a rough packet about half the size of a deck of cards.

"It must be the hombre's anting-anting, or charm," he went on, "and you got the thing off his neck during the scrap."

"I threw the greasy packet down

in disgust, and went for a wash, after which we took stock. Besides the clothes we had worn that day, we possessed two suits of pajamas, a briar pipe, key, pen-knife and \$2.80 Mex. It was almost daylight then, and we tossed up to see who'd notify the police, though we jolly well knew it was a forlorn hope. I lost, and as I was dressing to go, Billy

fine seam. It had never been opened.

"'One of the craft,' Billy muttered, and our heads touched, as in breathless silence he ripped the silk and drew forth a thin, ink-stained parchment, yellow with age. The writing was evidently done with a fine brush, and was as clear a black as though scarcely dry. We



"The naked body slipped out of my hands"

picked up the anting-anting and gingerly looked it over.

"'Sharkskin, as I'm alive,' he exclaimed, and carefully cut the tarred seam. A low whistle of amazement brought me to his side. He drew forth a thin packet of oiled silk. Across its face in bold, rude strokes was drawn a square and compass, below which the impress of a human thumb was clearly outlined in dull black—a perfect seal across the

barely glanced at it, and then our eyes met, wide with wonder. It was English!

"Word by word, line by line, we scanned the sprawling characters, and when we reached the end we sat for a long time silent, with shining eyes.

"'Look at the date—1782! During the American Revolution!'

"'And Banang,' I added. 'Why, I was there three years ago. Tough-

est little town on Luzon. Just south of San Fernando. Used to be a regular pirates' nest. And to think that he escaped from the pirates and looted their treasure cache on leaving—that's just like an Englishman. They never do know when to get scared.'

"'But to think,' went on Billy, 'of the keen stunt he used to preserve the record. He just made some buck believe it to be 'Big Medicine'—and here you are, 120 years later.'

"The gray dawn broke suddenly as we talked, and the servants began to stir without. A knock at our door sent the parchment under cover in a hurry. Our visitor was a short, stocky Malay of about forty, with a stolid but good-natured face. He certainly had his nerve with him, though, because he started in by asking us if we hadn't been robbed, and then he actually offered to produce our suit-case in exchange for the anting-anting that had been lost and which he claimed was of great value. He was doubtless the thief, but we had no proof. Of course we refused outright to have anything to do with him. Well, he was the first Malay I've ever seen moved. Why, he just begged on his knees for that charm. Said it had been in his family for over one hundred years, and that he would surely die without it. We finally told him that if he'd return the suit-case we'd let him go free and would consider about the anting-anting.

"In less than an hour he returned with the case. One side had been slashed wide open with a bolo, but the contents (a fortune to him) were intact. Not a thing was missing.

"Meanwhile we had outlined a plan. We needed a native to help us in our new project. Why not this one, over whom we had some power? I turned to question him.

"'Your name?'

"'I am called Maga,' he said, in guttural Spanish.

"'You are no Tagalog, then?'

"'No, Senor, an Ilocano.'

"'And born in—'

"'San Fernando de Union.'

"I looked at Billy. San Fernando is but ten miles from Manang.

"'My people all live in Union Province,' he went on, 'and were all Ilocanos, save my grandfather, who was from the mountains.'

"'Well, Maga, we need a servant. We are going to Union Province soon to buy tobacco land (the best excuse I could think of.) If after a month you have proved a faithful servant, we will return your anting-anting together with twenty pesos for your work.'

"He nodded, well pleased, and squatted outside the door to await our orders.

II.

"Two days later we took the train for Dagupan. We had two suit-cases now, and snugly stowed away in the second was a strange outfit for two honest Americans to carry. Besides our 38 calibre Colt's, the case contained a surveyor's tape-measure, a dark-lantern, rope, two steel chisels, hammer, hatchet, and two trowels, as we could not well carry a spade.

"We realized that we were playing a long shot, and as the dinky English train jerked its way northward through the sultry valleys, we discussed our scheme with ever lessening hope. Arriving at Dagupan at dusk, we despatched Maga with all haste for a boat, and soon found ourselves slipping down the river in a little five-ton proa.

"The quick tropic twilight was gone, and the after-glow flooded the west with an angry red. Tall, slender palms were etched in black against the growing moon, and the twinkling lights of the town lessened and disappeared. Ahead, the boom of the surf on the bar loudened

to a steady roar, and as our quaint mat sails suddenly caught the night breeze, we rushed forward to what seemed certain destruction. Our dusky crew of four squatted about in stolid indifference until we were almost in the breakers, when they suddenly sprang up, and with a quick swing of the sails and rudder shot the boat through a narrow opening into the heavy swells beyond.

"The breeze was stiff, and we soon had two men clinging out on the bamboo outriggers to balance the boat as we cut northward at astonishing speed. White-caps appeared, and the cough of the bamboo pumps grew steadier as the spray whirled over the side. By three, we were in sight of Banang, and before dawn had dropped anchor a considerable distance up the estuary beyond the town.

"Billy and I were tired out, and slept till noon, when the heat awoke us. After a hasty meal of fish and rice we strapped our guns about us and were sculled ashore, leaving the boat in charge of Maga.

"About two miles from the town proper there is a deserted old church, cracked and ruined by earthquakes, and it was this toward which we directed our steps. I remembered the ground fairly well, and without going near the town I led the way rapidly through the deserted lanes. The building was a picture of desolation, grass-grown and abandoned, with not even a house in a half-mile radius. We saw with dismay on a nearer approach that the roof was gone entirely, as well as part of the tower, and we almost ran the last hundred yards. Luckily the interior was not so bad, for the fallen tiles had been mostly carted away, as well as the stone floor; and rank weeds covered the ground.

"'The niches are there all right,' sang out Billy, 'even if the saints have all fallen. The third, south of the altar—quick.'

"We worked our way to the third niche in the south wall, where the image of some saint had once stood. It was fully six feet up, and I got on Billy's shoulders and hastily scratched away the dirt and fallen rubbish. There, clear as day, was chiseled our looked-for sign—the sign of a bee-hive.

"I slid to the ground without a word, and lifted Billy up to see. He looked, and in silence we left the church. It is impossible to describe our feelings. There was the first tangible sign that we were not working in vain—there was the emblem, a message of past ages, fraught with a deeper meaning than met the eye. A great feeling of hope and elation welled up in our breasts, and we returned to the boat as in a maze.

"I really believe that that was the longest afternoon I have ever spent. We got back, woke up Maga, got an outfit ready, and then sat around waiting for it to get dark. Most of the time we had our noses pretty close to a rough copy of the anting-anting (the original was in safe deposit in Manila—a fact which Maga well knew.)

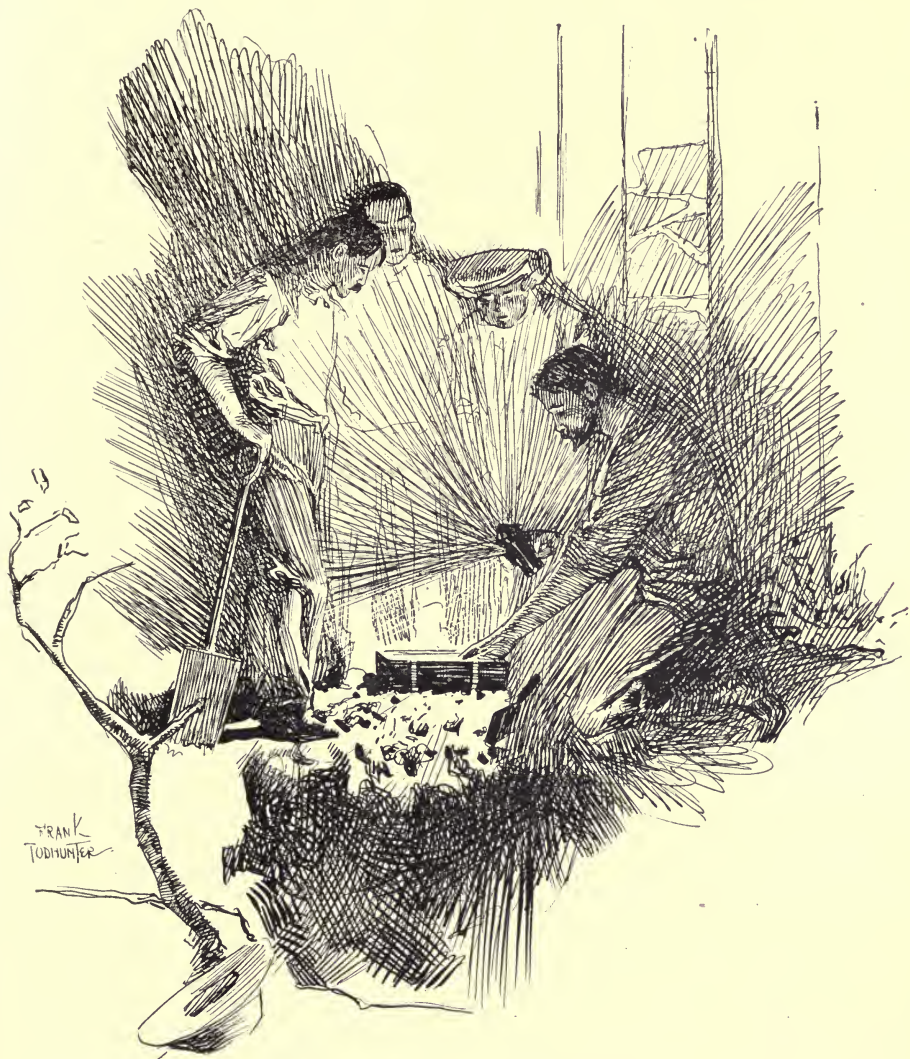
"Just the what and why of these calculations I cannot explain, nor would most of you understand them. It is sufficient to say that when dusk finally fell, and we paddled to shore, we were ready for quick work. The scheme was surprisingly simple once one had seen the location.

"Billy led the way, and Maga followed, the tools wrapped up in a roll of sacks carried under his arm. The poor fellow's bewildered face was a study for a painter as we started out into the night. I brought up the rear, and we reached the church without meeting a soul. The night was dark, for the moon was late, and the church loomed up black and forbidding in the deep silence. We stopped to light the lantern, and then, with guns swinging loose in the holsters, we proceeded.

"Beginning at the base of the

niche, we rapidly ran out our measurements, cleared a five foot circle in the place indicated, and began to dig. The night was intensely hot, and Billy swore softly at the mosqui-

eye lighting the narrow circle where we worked. We had fixed the lantern on a stout weed, and I chopped the hard soil with a hatchet, while Billy and Maga shoveled it out. We



"And ran his hands through the glowing iridescence."

toes as he jabbed away the weeds. Maga stood about with his mouth open in vacant wonder, until we forced him to work. We dug in feverish haste, the glare of the bulls-

dug for an hour without pause, and reached a depth of two feet without a sign of treasure. I did not dare look at Billy's face, and I crouched dejected on the edge of the pit. He

suddenly jumped up, grabbed Maga's bamboo staff and split it to pieces with the hatchet. We looked on in amazement, but when he seized the long, keen splinters and began driving them one by one into the hard ground, a light came over me. The first three sunk down unresisted, but the fourth broke off short at the second blow. With trembling hands he drove a fifth right next it. It likewise met something hard and broke.

"Never were minutes more exciting than the next ten. During that time we had dug out a black, oblong box, encircled by three heavy bands of copper. Its size at first gave us the extremest disappointment. We had somehow been expecting a large chest of massive build, but this box was barely a foot long and but eight inches square at the ends. There was no sign of a hinge or opening of any kind, and the copper bands were welded solidly about it.

"With fierce chisel blows we severed the hoops, and a few hard raps on the side revealed a seam which we pried open. Back we shrank instantly at the iridescent glow that burst upon us. Shimmering and gleaming in waves of radiance under the rays of the bullseye, a heap of jewels flashed upon us in dazzling beauty.

"'Perlas!' gasped Maga.

"Billy knelt before them, and ran his hands through the glowing iridescence. They were pearls—magnificent, perfect gems, whose beauty and incalculable value held us dazed.

"We finally roused ourselves and carried the box to the church tower, whose one door could be more readily guarded against surprise. Maga mumbled a senseless jargon, but

Billy and I spoke little. I felt weak and dizzy, and was glad to sit down on the floor. Maga mounted guard at the doorway, and in one corner Billy and I carefully emptied the box on one of the large hemp sacks and hurriedly surveyed our treasure. The box contained pearls only, 281 in all. There were three that were fully as large as walnuts, the rest being much smaller, though a number were as large as hazel nuts. But what was most surprising, each jewel was perfect and without a flaw, and the gems must have been the product of ages, culled from an inestimable horde. We each had a buckskin money bag, into which we crammed the largest. The others we packed carefully in two sacks, and then we returned without farther adventure to the boat.

"The rest is soon told. Before noon we had landed at Dagupan, each with a precious suit-case in hand, and once back in Manila we expressed the treasure to Holland by three different routes, whither I am now following it. Billy went back by way of the States—girl in his case."

"And Maga?" questioned a voice.

Rawson turned, and gave a low, shrill whistle, when out of the darkness approached a silent, sturdy figure in white.

"Now the pearls?" laughed the ship's doctor.

"I have but three with me," Rawson rejoined, "but if you'll all join me in the purser's cabin we'll have a look at them. And say," he added as the group broke up to follow, "we'll be in Calcutta to-morrow. If any of you can come up and sit with me in lodge we'll have a look at that anting-anting. You'll never regret it."



THE GREAT SPIRIT ROCK

By Lillian Stockwell

A LONG the Russian River, about ninety miles north of San Francisco, is a bit of a country little known in literature, or to the world in general. It is not yet thickly settled; the ranchers' holdings are large, and the dwellings are scattered along the river at intervals of three or four miles.

But as the years pass, the travelers are attracted more and more to this locality by the unequalled splendor and beauty of the lofty mountains and the wild rushing torrent as it leaps over immense boulders in its course to the ocean. Not in the Alps nor along the Rhine River will one find scenery to equal that of the Russian River valley.

Four miles from Comisky station a huge mass of solid rock rises abruptly from the river's edge. Around this giant rock lingers a quaint old Indian legend.

Many, many years ago, before the advent of the white people in California, there lived in this beautiful river valley a race of Indian people.

Perhaps the sublimity of their surroundings had a softening effect on the people, for unlike the Indians of the East and Middle West, they were a gentle, peace-loving race, never fighting unless provoked; contented, rather, to pursue their occupations in peace and happiness.

The men hunted and fished, made their light canoes and arrow heads, while the women planted the corn-fields, gathered the acorns, and made their beautiful baskets, for which they were so famous.

In the winter time the wigwams were moved down the river to where Cloverdale now stands. Here a low range of hills protected them

from the raging floods of winter. But when the soft, warm days of May came, they moved back, following the stream northward until they came in sight of Squaw Rock, the Great Spirit Rock, as they then called it, around which they thought the Great Spirit hovered.

In a sheltered nook between two boulders, close to the base of the Spirit Rock, was the wigwam of Wichita, who lived with her old father and mother; Wichita, the comforter and consoler, they called her, because she was sent to them in their declining years to gladden their old age.

Not far from them was the wigwam of Klama, the bravest, most handsome brave in the tribe. For many moons he had courted the fair Wichita. Already he had built a wigwam and furnished it Indian fashion.

At last one day the old man, Wichita's father, said: "Wichita, comforter and consoler, for six moons has Klama's wigwam been waiting. We are growing old. It is not becoming that you keep him waiting longer."

So one day Wichita left her father's wigwam and went to that of her husband's, the eagle-eyed Klama.

The next summer, when they came to the Spirit Rock, Wichita carried in the basket on her back a tiny son. Onawa they named him. How happy they were, and how quickly flew the warm summer days!

In the middle of the following August, Klama, with a number of others, started on a journey to the village of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called. With them they took moccasins of deer

skins, and many willow baskets which the women had woven during the long winter months. These they hoped to sell to the Mission Fathers and to the Indians from the south, who were not so skillful in making such articles. They expected to return in three weeks, allowing five days for the journey each way, and about a week in Yerba Buena making their sales.

While absent, the days were long to Wichita, and near the end of three weeks she often climbed the steep side of the Great Rock to look for the travelers.

On the twentieth day she spied them in the distance, and hastened to tell the news, so they might meet them.

As they neared the approaching travelers, Wichita tried to distinguish Klama from the others. He must have been weary, and had stopped to rest, for he was not with the returning company. Eagerly she inquired the reason for his delay.

"He did not come with us, but said he would start later; that he had other matters to attend to yet," they told her.

Bitterly disappointed, Wichita walked apart from the others. That evening she did not sit outside the wigwam as usual, laughing and talking with the others.

Next day she watched in vain for the return of Klama, and the next and next, until two weeks had passed. At last strange rumors reached her ear. Klama was last seen at the tepee of Loawa, the beautiful daughter of Pocohta, a southern chief. Even now he had forgotten Wichita, and was listening to the soft, seductive voice of Loawa. From a happy, joyous wife Wichita was changed to a silent, heart-broken woman. Keenly she felt the scorn of the others for a deserted wife. Her heart was bleeding with sorrow, and life was no longer a privilege, but a burden. Suddenly a resolve form-

ed in her mind. No longer would she endure the pitying looks, the sorrow.

Next morning she fastened the tent to secure it against intruders.

"Tell Klama when you see him," she said to those near her, "that I go to the Great Spirit."

Swinging the basket containing Onawa on her back she started up the steep trail toward the summit of the Spirit Rock. Many times she had to stop, for Onawa was heavy, and the trail was steep. At last she reached the summit, and stood looking at the depths below, the rocks and the glistening stream far beneath. Taking little Onawa from



"Leaped far out over the edge."

his basket she held him close in her arms.

"The Great Spirit will receive us," she murmured. One last look at the blue mountains and velvety hills. Beautiful was the home of her childhood. Then came thoughts of the injury put on her, and her resolve.

"Oh, Klama, Klama," she cried, and with a deep sob she leaped far out over the edge of the Great Spirit Rock.

The sharp gray rocks caught them, and the dark green pool at the base received the lifeless forms, folding them deeply in its dark bosom.

Another moon had passed when one day the children came running into camp, with the news that Klama was returning—they had seen him far down the trail. As he came into camp, Klama stopped where the women were washing at the river edge, to show them a beautiful garment of soft buckskin, woven with beads obtained from the American traders.

"Six weeks it took Loawa, the daughter of Pocohta, to make it, and all this time I have waited to bring it back to Wichita."

Silently they watched him enter the wigwam, noted his look of inquiry as he saw the closed flap. Then uprose an old squaw, and motioning him to follow, led the way to the hillside where they had buried Wichita and Onawa. Silently he listened to the tale of Wichita's broken heart.

Silently, and like one in a dream, he went back to his tepee and sat until the sun sank, and the stars came out.

Then as the dawn began to break he arose, and gathering his bows and arrows, slung them over his shoulder and departed.

As he passed the camp-fire he laid the beaded garment on the live coals and watched it shrivel and burn.

"No more will I live in the land

of my childhood, but in far off countries will try to forget."

Many years passed, and Klama wandered, homeless and alone, through the desert of Arizona and Southern California to the vast plains of the Middle West, and over the rough Rocky Mountains of the West. Many a tent was open to him, but he tarried only for a night, resuming his journey in the morning, for only in travel did he find oblivion.

Every year he witnessed fresh conquests by the white men. Every year they came in greater numbers, fencing the land and turning it into stock ranches or cultivated fields.

The Indians were scattered or else confined on reservations. They lost their independence, adopted the white man's way of living and dressing, and became dependent on him for work in order to make a living.

Nearly fifty winters and summers had passed since Klama left the wigwam at the foot of the Great Spirit Rock. He was old, feeble and bent, obliged to hobble along with the aid of a stick, and depend mainly on the charity of others for food.

A longing for the land of his childhood, for a sight of the graves of Wichita and Onawa, came over him, and from the banks of the Colorado he started on his homeward journey, hoping only to see once more the fair lands that haunted him in his sleep.

Many weary months passed as he slowly and painfully made his way to the north. The great towns along the way puzzled him. The great engines and cars whizzed by where once had been the old trail.

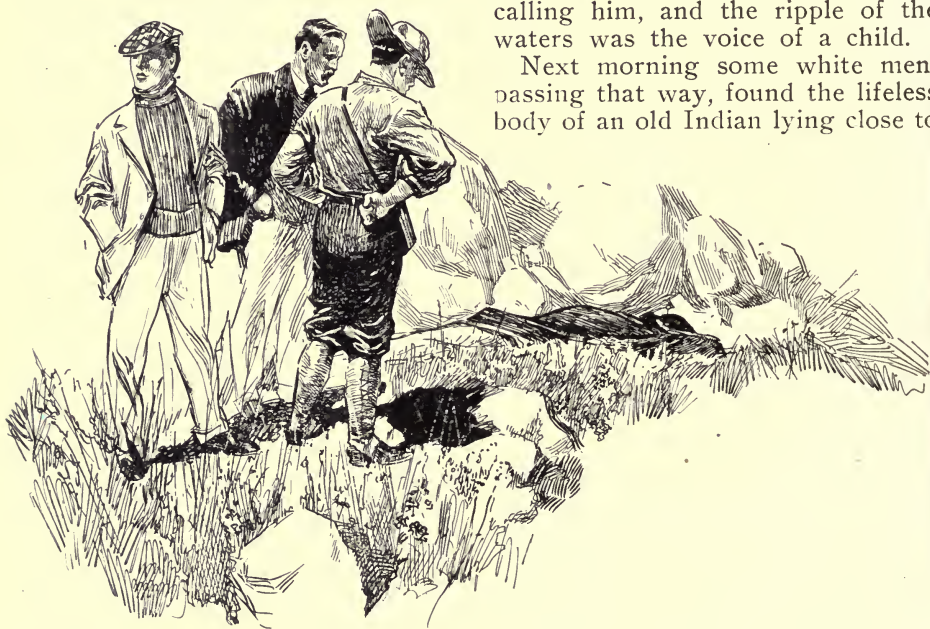
At last one evening he reached the old winter camping place. A busy town stood there, and some noisy white children shouted rudely at him. Hurrying away he went to the river's bank, where he slept under the willows.

Next morning he was stiff and

could hardly move, but at last managed to rise and resume the journey, glad enough now to take advantage of the roads and bridges.

Once he met some Indians to whom he spoke, but they answered him in a strange language. He had never learned the Spanish that most of the Indians now spoke. One old squaw compassionately gave him some bread of acorn meal.

At last he reached his heart's desire, and the old Spirit Rock rose in view. That, at least, was unchanged, and he hastened toward it with trembling limbs.



"Poor fellow," said one.

At its base he halted and gazed reverently at the lofty summit, the blue mountains, the mighty boulders in the river, and the soft, sun-burned hills; the past home of his people, now ruled by a race of foreigners, the white men who covered the hills and valleys with vineyards, cleared the mountain sides of the forests, and slaughtered the game with their merciless guns.

Traces of the old hunting grounds there were none, even the old trail

up the Rock was obliterated, overgrown with grass and trailing vines.

There was no place for Klama now, old, weary and trembling. With a deep sigh he sank down on the sand, and as of old watched the sun as it sank behind the purple peaks. Deep shadows fell across the hills and mountain sides, and a soft breeze crept up from the south. The gathering gloom hid from his eyes all signs of the ravages made by the white race. A sweet feeling of peace possessed his senses.

The low call of the homing doves seemed the voice of Wichita, softly calling him, and the ripple of the waters was the voice of a child.

Next morning some white men, passing that way, found the lifeless body of an old Indian lying close to

the Rock as if seeking protection.

"Poor old fellow," said one, as he gazed at the gnarled, gaunt form so thinly clad. "He must have been left here to die by those Indians that passed yesterday."

The Great Spirit Rock gazed in tender pity on the form of her wandering child. Long had he roamed in distant lands, but old and weary he had returned to the land of his childhood to die in the shadow of the Great Spirit Rock.

THE LEGEND OF THE HALF MOON

A TALE OF THE KLAMATH RIVER INDIANS

By Frank Schmitt

THIS is the legend of the half moon, a tale of the long ago when the animals and the birds were as men, and Penafitch, the coyote, by virtue of his great cunning was conceded to be the mightiest of them all.

It was told to me one summer evening by a young half-breed as we lay beside the spring which is just below Somes, while the boom of the Klamath on its way to the ocean came to us lazily from the distance, and the half moon hung in the hazy, star-lit sky.

One summer morning at day-break Penafitch Anamatch (Little Coyote) suddenly opened his eyes and sat up in bed. In his limbs was no lassitude, and in his eyes no heaviness, for the thought of such another day as yesterday caused his whole being to glow. Yesterday he had cooled his limbs in the snow-born waters of the Klamath till he shook from head to foot with a delicious chilliness, then under the shade of a broad pepper tree had buried himself in the sifted sands of the banks that the delicious warmth might permeate his body, and had sunk to sleep with the roar of the distant Mikianaluna Falls, the humming of myriads of insects, and the singing of little birds in his ears. He had awakened at sunset and gorged his stomach with the raspberries and strawberries that grew on the hillside. With the thought of the delicious berries came the thought of breakfast. He sprang from his bed, and going to the stone pot which stood in the center of the tepee in the midst of the dying embers of the morning fire, with the help of a spoon rudely

carved from an elk horn, made a hasty meal of acorn soup.

His meal having been finished, he went to the door of the tepee and looked out. His face contracted into an angry scowl, as he surveyed the sky, covered with heavy, dark gray clouds, and felt the keen wind coming from the westward. But he fiercely told himself that he would do as he had planned anyway, and he flung himself toward the river at once, not even waiting till the afternoon, as he had done on previous days.

As he stripped his body of its softly tanned deer skin, his naked limbs trembled with cold, but not heeding the warning of the friendly wind, he sprang into the chilly water.

Gradually the cold water became less endurable as he struck out vigorously for the opposite bank, and he tried hard to believe he was enjoying himself. He drifted down the river with the current until the cold became unendurable, and then, tired and angry, he gave it up and decided to land, choosing a place at the base of an old tree, a portion of whose roots were lapping in the water.

On reaching the tree he grasped one of the smaller roots to draw himself to the bank, but the strength of his little body was sufficient to disarrange the tangled roots, and when they readjusted themselves they held him tightly in their twisted clasp about the thighs.

Penafitch Anamatch was brave, and struggled manfully to free himself, but vainly. The wind cut his naked body, the cold water benumbed his limbs. Sorely against his

will he called, softly at first, and then more loudly, but no one answered his call. Health, strength and youth were his, and no thought of death came to him till his throat grew hoarse and sore from his cries, and his strength was exhausted by his frantic efforts to free himself. With the certainty of inevitable death came the determination to die stolidly and silently as became a son of his father. But he was little and he could not banish the thoughts of his mother and of his sisters and brothers and of the warmth of his father's tepee, and of the great stone pot full of simmering acorn soup. So now and then a little moan escaped him which became gradually fainter as the pulsing of the life within him grew fainter and fainter.

Now the rain began to fall in great splashing drops that stung his little body spitefully as they struck. The rain turned to hail as if from sheer cruelty, and then back to rain again.

At last, when evening came, the rain ceased, the clouds rolled away, and the moon rose, her gentle rays striving to warm him, but it was too late, and his life went from him.

It was then his father found him. He drew the body of his little boy from the tangled roots and sat upon the bank beside it, plunged in grief, silent, profound, terrible.

At last he roused himself, and standing up he looked about him. His glance fell upon the tree. A blind, unreasoning desire for vengeance seized him. He drew his tomahawk from his belt and hacked fiercely at the tree until his strength failed him. He paused to wipe the sweat from his face, and looking up into the sky, saw the moon. His heart grew warm in his bosom, for the moon had tried to warm his little boy. But the sun—his heart leaped up in him. If the sun had shone his little boy would be alive. Then he vowed that never

would he rest until he had revenged himself upon the sun.

He took up the body of his boy in his arms, and as he walked homeward a plan of revenge gradually formed itself in his mind. All night long he planned, and when morning came it was perfected.

He had vowed to kill the sun, and with his own tomahawk. How would he get to heaven? The spider should spin him a thread which he would tie to the end of an arrow. He would shoot the arrow into the floor of Heaven and climb the thread. Once in Heaven hate would give him strength, and cunning would do the rest.

So the spider spun the thread. Penafitch, bending his bow to bursting, shot the arrow. It fell short. Again and again he tried, but all to no purpose. Then he gave it to the eagle, a mighty flyer, and he, soaring higher than ever before, poised himself and sped the arrow, but it fell short. The panther tried, but all the strength of his sinewy body was not enough to fix the arrow in the floor of Heaven. The grizzly bear, silent, surly and unaccommodating, but willing to grant a favor to the cunningest of them all, agreed to try. He sat down upon his haunches and drew a mighty bow. Those assembled held their breath. He let the arrow go. Higher and higher it flew, until even the eagle, whose sight was keenest, could no longer see it. All waited, but the arrow never came back. It was fixed in the floor of Heaven.

Penafitch then made ready for the journey and decided upon those who should accompany him. The eagle and the hawk he would take, for they were mighty warriors; the wasp and the bee, also, because of the stinging arrows with which they were armed; the frog, too, for his broad back would serve as a boat should they meet with any unfordable streams; lastly he would take the swallow, for he was swift

of wing, and should all the others perish in the attempt, yet he would return to boast of the greatness of their deeds.

All the arrangements having been completed, Penafitch led the way, climbing gingerly at first, but gaining confidence as he went higher. The others followed, the frog coming last, for he was clumsy, and no warrior, therefore deserving of little consideration.

When they reached the floor of Heaven they crawled through an opening chopped out by Penafitch with his tomahawk, and looked upon the fairest scene that ever mortals had viewed. Golden flowers bloomed in green meadows; rainbow hued rivers meandered here and there; numberless shells, gleaming with many colored lights were strewn upon the silvery shore of a purple lake; all about were tall cliffs of vermilion colored rocks with which the sun painted his cheeks at morning; soft winds blew through silken leaved trees, singing songs of infinite sweetness and tenderness, and wafting here and there plumes redder than the crest of the woodpecker. From the bushes they gathered great ripe berries, sweeter than those of earth and which melted in their mouths as they ate.

Then being very weary they lay down upon the soft grass and slept. They slept long, and when they awakened they judged it was morning. They rose up quickly, and eating of the berries from the bushes as they walked, went to the place where it was plain the sun must rise.

Here Penafitch gave them his last instructions. He would himself attempt to kill the sun, but if his strength should not be sufficient, he would call, and they should come to his aid. But if he ran, they, too, should run, each one for himself, to the thread. The last one being down, they would pull out the arrow so that the sun's relations might not follow.

This done, he crouched behind a rock to await the rising of the sun. At last he came, just the tip of his head showing above the edge. Penafitch raised his tomahawk to strike. No, he would wait until he could see the tip of his nose, then he would strike, strike and cleave his head in two.

The heart of Penafitch beat loud, half in fear and half in exultation. How he would boast: "Now! Now!" he cried, and grasping his tomahawk, struck, struck with all his might, and cleaved the head in two.

He tossed up his tomahawk in the air, and putting his hand to his mouth, gave one long, shrill, terrible cry, the cry of his race conquering. Then he turned to his victim to glut his hate. But as he looked, his whole being reeled—he had cleaved the head, not of the sun, but of the gentle moon, his friend. In a moment he realized it all. He and his companions had overslept themselves on that soft grass. It was evening, and not morning.

His companions waited for his return, but he had forgotten them in his remorse. They were seized with panic, and springing up, ran with all speed to the thread. Quickly slipping down they were soon on earth, and forgetful of their leader, pulled down the thread.

When Penafitch roused himself from the stupor into which he had fallen, great was his terror lest the stars, the relatives of the moon, should avenge his cruel deed, and he ran swiftly to the thread, only to find it gone.

He sat down in sullen resignation to await his doom. Long he waited, but no one coming to seek him, he got up and began to look for the place where the earth and heavens meet, hoping that there he might find a way by which he might descend again to earth. All night he wandered, and when morning broke he came to the edge of Heaven. He looked down. The earth was cov-

ered with a white mist, how far below him he did not know. He dropped a stick and heard it strike. He spat, and listening intently, heard it strike. So he knew the earth was not far below.

Then he considered how he would jump. Head first? He would break his neck. Backwards? He would break his back. Feet first? He would break his legs. Well, since jump he must, it would be best that way. He gave one last look about him and sprang forward. Quickly he neared the earth and he gathered himself together in order to spring upward when he touched, that he might break the force of the fall. But to his utter bewilderment he felt himself sink-

ing through the earth! He looked about him. It was not the earth, but a cloud. He lost consciousness. When he came to himself he was lying upon the ground. His friends were about him. The wasp, a skillful mason, was cleverly plastering him together.

Penafitch lived to be an old man, but he never fully recovered from the effects of his terrible fall, nor did the pangs of remorse for his cruel deed ever leave him.

The gentle moon, in order to alleviate his suffering, tries always to turn the uninjured side of his face toward the earth, but he forgets sometimes, and then we see the half moon.

SUNSET AT TUOLUMNE

By Winfred Chandler

I stood and watched the sunset dreaming far.

A sombre saffron shot with mystic fire
Lay behind the mountain of the evening star
And carved the crowning trees in war attire.

The mystic light lay on me like a cloud,
And worshipping, I bowed before its shrine
While changed the work world round me shrill and
loud.

Another siezed the chance I knew was mine,

And while he reaps the gold I shall not know,
I, who have worshipped beauty in her fane,
Shall ever have in dreams the holy glow
Of mellow sunset o'er a mountain plain.

THE TRAGEDY OF TWO HEARTS

By H. Annette Boding

IT was a calm, beautiful day. Softly the wind whistled through the tall pines; the last rays of the golden sun fell on the high hills of Lone Star Range; musically the little brook from the hillside gurgled and bubbled as it tumbled down the hill to the river; faintly, from the far distance, came the tinkle of cow-bells; now and then was heard the last notes of some late bird just going to its rest. It was a warm, lazy, drowsy day of the spring-time—one of those days which come seldom at that time of the year.

Vernon Lamar stood at the door of his cabin gazing carelessly over the hills. He was tall, athletic and manly-looking. Though bronzed by the weather, there was no hiding of those strong, Grecian-cut features. His hair was brown—a deep, deep chestnut brown—and curled from his forehead. His eyes were black and flashing—dark as the midnight. He was arrayed as a typical cowboy. On his head rested a wide-brimmed sombrero. He wore a blue flannel shirt, and black, shaggy chapaderos. Around his neck was tied a red bandana handkerchief. His waist was encircled by a wide, leather belt to which were fastened his revolvers and long knife. On his boots jangled a heavy pair of spurs, and beside him on the floor of the cabin lay a quirt, a heavy Mexican curb-bit bridle and a cowboy's saddle.

But Vernon Lamar cared little for saddles now. In his hand he held a small letter which he had been reading. He raised it again and glanced at its pages. It was written in a woman's hand, carefully and plainly—a letter from his mother. As he read, the look on

his face changed; involuntarily he glanced down at his shaggy chaps and heavy boots. "No, poor mother," he said, "she wouldn't know her boy if she were to see him now." As he continued to read the look on his face became gloomier; his hand trembled, the half-smoked cigarette fell from his lips and rolled down on the floor—but it fell unheeded. His thoughts were all on two lines that he read in his mother's letter. It said: "Ailee is growing more beautiful each day. She is to be married in a week to James McCullough."

"So this," he muttered, "is to be the end of it all. It is for this I have toiled and starved, braved the hardships of a cowboy's life, toiling early and late to save up enough for a home—and now she is to be married to the richest man in Munroe County. And I——" here he faltered. What would become of him? "God only knows!" he said bitterly. "Yet I don't blame her, my Ailee."

The darkening shadows were falling longer and longer over the hills; the golden sun had sunk from view; the brilliant sky had faded, while from over the eastern hills the silver moon was rising, shedding her softer rays over the landscape; from the brook came the incessant croak of the frogs. Occasionally the mournful hoot of an owl broke the stillness. Vernon Lamar still stood motionless at the door of his cabin gazing into the moonlight.

Suddenly the look on his face changed from one of indescribable longing and sorrow to that of fierce determination. "Yes, I'll do it," he muttered. With that he picked up his bridle and walked toward the shed which served for a barn, and soon returned, leading a sleek, bay-

colored mustang—the kind the cowboy ranger is so fond of riding because of their almost indefatigable endurance. He threw the saddle to its back and drew the cinch tightly. Then he picked up his quirt and swung lightly into the saddle. The mustang sprang nimbly forward. Over rock and rill the lone cowboy rode. The rough manzanita brushed his face and limbs. He cared not; he was riding—he only knew where.

At last he came to a tall pine which spread its lofty branches far and wide. The faithful mustang was panting; from a neighboring tree the hoot-owl screeched; from a lone canyon came the cry of a panther. The cowboy leaned forward and stroked the soft neck of the steed.

"Good-bye, Chesterfield," he said, "you have been a good friend, and you're about the only one, too, who will miss me."

With that he drew from his belt one of his heavy six-shooters; he raised it to his head; there was a sharp report, a muffled groan of "Ailee," and the heavy body slid from the saddle to the ground.

* * * *

The rickety, ramshackle stage, drawn by four wiry little mustangs, clattered noisily along, swaying recklessly from side to side. On the seat beside the driver sat a fair young lady waiting impatiently for the stage to reach its destination.

"And so we will soon be at Lone Star Range?" she asked, looking eagerly at the driver.

"Very shortly," he answered, as he deftly spat a mouthful of tobacco juice at the hub of the wheel with an accuracy that showed him to be no amateur at the profession. "Only a matter of half a mile now."

The fair young lady leaned forward more impatiently, scarcely able to wait for the distance to pass.

"Right there you are," said the driver, pulling in his fractious steeds

with a marvelous quickness and pointing with his whip. "Just follow the trail and you can't miss the cabin. I'd drive up, only I should have been at the post-office an hour before this. I'm powerful late today."

She walked briskly over the trail. She was tall and graceful; her head was crowned with a wealth of golden hair that sparkled in the sunshine; from her dimpled face looked forth a pair of deep violet-blue eyes. With an elastic tread she passed over the grass—graceful and queenly looking. How often she had trod the carpeted banquet halls, and the world had looked on and murmured: "Beautiful!"

She reached the cabin; she looked in. No one was there. She saw the saddled mustang, with bridle tangled. She caught the pony.

"I will ride it," she said, "and give Vernon a surprise. He was always so proud of my riding, and now I shall have a real mustang."

Quickly and lightly she mounted. Whether or no, by chance the pony took the same trail as before. Suddenly he stopped. The rider saw a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

With a shriek she threw herself from the saddle; she rushed to the side of the cowboy; she raised his head and pulled at the matted locks of hair where the blood had clotted.

"Oh, Vernon, Vernon," she wailed; "what have you done? Speak to me, darling. Don't you see it is your Ailee who has come to you—come after all these long years to find you. Oh, darling, I need you. Speak to me—just one word. Look, it is Ailee."

No answer came back to her but the murmur of the pines.

"Surely," she faltered, "it cannot be—you are not dead."

She laid her hand over his heart; it was still.

"My God," she murmured, "he is dead. Oh, Vernon, why did you do it? Vernon—Vernon——"

Her eyes fell on the letter still clasped in the cold, dead fingers. A drop of blood had trickled down and blotted and dried on two of those lines. "She is to be married in a month to James McCullough," she read through her tears.

"Ah, love," she wailed, "so that is why you did this—because of him. A curse be upon him. It is he who has ruined my life. He who drove you away by his false accusations; he who has tracked me from day to day, till my life has become a misery; he who, with his gilded gold, lured father to sell his child; he who would have forced me to become his wife had I not fled, and who, I know, will search the world over and leave no stone unturned until he finds me and drags me back into slavery. Who even now must be searching every nook and corner for a trace of me."

There was a sound of clattering hoofs and barking of hounds in the distance.

"Darling," she cried helplessly, entreatingly, "they are coming. Save me."

But the cold lips framed no answer; the arm that would have fought till the last to shield the fair form of hers moved not; her voice reached not the ear of him who was lying there so still and white.

She turned her head; the riders were nearly at her side. Foremost of all she saw the face of James McCullough, his lips parted in a smile of cruel triumph, his eyes glittering like those of a snake ready to seize its prey. In desperation she gazed at the face of her lover. "They shall not take me from you," she cried, fiercely. "They may have parted us in life—in death never!"

The riders were not ten feet away. She reached down and grasped the handle of the revolver quickly.

"May God forgive me," she murmured. "It's my only escape from a life worse than death."

Another sharp report rang out on the air; her head fell forward so that her lips touched those of the cowboy; but the restless pulse had ceased to beat.

The tragedy of two hearts was at an end.

MY PRAYER

Adapted From the Japanese by Ichinotani Gleason

The gods ye love, the gods ye pray—
 Make ye richer day by day,
 Must listen but to laugh at each earnest behest
 Craving wealth; not content in their bequest—
 But the gods give me love, hope and life—
 To cheer my neighbor and still his strife.
 And, in dying, wrap me deep
 In the blissful forgetfulness of Eternal Sleep.

HIS SPANISH BLOOD

By Myrtle Conger

HIS hostess had introduced him to her and then had left them alone together. He hadn't understood her name, but that didn't matter much; he was merely expected to talk to her a little while. He began to cast about for something to say.

"Is there any one here whose history you would especially like to know " he asked irrelevantly.

The girl turned toward him. "The history of any one here " she repeated, as if his question had been a most usual one. "Nearly all these people are strange to me. I have never been here before. Any of their histories would be new to me." Her glance went round the room with well-bred, curious interest, halting suddenly upon a woman who sat listening with animated attention to several men grouped about her. She was undeniably the most beautiful and most attractive woman in the room.

The man's glance had followed his companion's. "That," he said, "is the orchid?"

"The what?"

"The orchid. Would you like to know her history?"

"She is very beautiful. Yes; I think I should if it is interesting."

"That you must judge for yourself. Once upon a time—all stories are once upon a time, aren't they?—there was a man who had grown up wonderfully boyish and good. I knew him at school. He lived with his father, somewhere up in Canada. His mother, who had died in his infancy, was a Spanish woman, but the boy was like his father, fair, quiet and elegantly English."

"Yes?" she said, with polite attention. It did not occur to her to wonder if what he was telling her was part of the story of the orchid.

"One day," he continued, "he met a woman that the gods had intended for him from the beginning. She was one of those rare, sweet creatures that remind a fellow of clusters of violets growing in the shadows of the forest. That was the way a friend of his described her to me."

"And then?" asked the girl as her companion paused.

"Well, just as he was about to gather the violets, he beheld an orchid in the field beyond and his heart made a great wild leap at the sight of it. Its color, its warmth, its strange rich bloom called to all the hot Spanish blood in his veins. The orchid, conscious of the attention it had attracted, and proud of its own rare being and coveted worth among men, lured him on. 'A hundred violets, and behold, only one orchid!' it seemed to say. All the chivalry of Spain rose up in his soul. If the circumstances had been reversed and a cluster of orchids had been his for the picking and a single violet had called to him from the field, I think perhaps he would have wanted the violet. At any rate, he went after the orchid, and in his haste his feet crushed the clustered violets."

"Poor little flowers," she said. "But did he get the orchid?"

"How like a woman to ask for the end before the last chapter. No; he didn't get the orchid. It grew on another man's land. He dared not pluck it."

"Oh! Perhaps, then, your story will end poetically, and he went back and gathered the violets after all."

"You forget that this story is true. He did not go back for the violets. They were probably crushed too much to live again anyway. Besides he had forgotten about them, for

he was a man and Spanish, and still desired the orchid."

"The woman across the room?"

"Yes, the millionaire Wilmot's wife."

"Oh," she cried, with a quick catching of her breath. Tell me—the man—was he, was he Richard Heverlee?"

"Yes," he replied, wondering at the strange intonation of her voice. "Richard Heverlee was the man. Do you know him?"

She looked at him an instant and then across the room at the woman he had called the orchid. "Yes," she said, "I know him. I—am the violets."

How the Riata is Made

By J. M. Scanland

FEW people who read of the riata and of its use have the least idea how it is made. Many of the self-styled cow-boys who profess to be expert throwers do not know how to make it. The art is limited to a few old Mexicans in the towns and Mexican settlements of the southern part of the State, and many of the riatas are made for curios for tourists, and is raw work. The green hide of the beef is soaked in brine for two or three days, and then the hair is rubbed across the grain. The hide is then laid out on a hard surface and stretched taut, the edges being secured at several places so as to present an unwrinkled surface until the stiffness is taken out. The cutter uses a knife as sharp as a razor. He must have a steady nerve or he will spoil the hide. He then begins on the outer edge and cuts the hide into narrow strips, following round and round the margin until the center is reached. The riata is of three

or four strands, according to the uses intended. The strips are wound on a "bobinet," one end of each being tied around a post. The plaiter then takes his stand and plies the bobinet somewhat after the style of weaving. The riata is then greased and rubbed until it becomes soft and pliable, when it is ready for use. The Mexicans in the olden days were very expert both in making and in throwing the riata, but they are almost lost arts now. In those days the boys were trained from childhood to throw it, first using a miniature riata on the cat and then on the dog, and later attempts were made on the patient burros. Many of the boys were also taught how to make it, and most of the vaqueros on the large ranchos could make a riata as well as throw it. But as there are no more grand rodeos and bull and bear lassoing and catching horses, there is not much use for the lasso, and the art of making it is dying out.

WHAT WAS IT, THEN?

By Isabel Darling

GRAHAM and Fletcher had been partners and friends through many a prospecting trip and many a "clean up" in the early days when friends count, so what could be more natural than for the friendship to continue, even after the "dark magician" had laid on Fletcher the spell of invisibility? Graham did not argue about it when the others persisted in saying that Fletcher was dead and done for; he only went up and down, back and forth, as usual, and when in a hard place, called Fletcher to help him, also as usual, and by and bye the men about camp began to hint that Graham was "getting off his base." Then, early one morning, he surprised them by saying: "So long, boys! Luck to you!"

"Same to you," they answered, but asked no questions. He was sitting on Little Timmy and holding one end of a long picket rope. Old Bill was at the other end. Graham tied the rope to the horn of Timmy's saddle, said "Come on, Bill!" and in five minutes all three had passed the first turn in the trail, and were out of sight; then the men looked at each other, declared that they would "be hanged," etc., and turned their sizzling bacon. That was the last of him, so far as he affected them.

Little Timmy led along the dusty trail; Graham rode and Old Bill followed, easily and monotonously, as one moves in dreamland, where self is absolute center to the small circumference. Once in a while, at some narrow place where the trail clung to the almost overhanging hillside, Old Bill was careless and let the end of his pack rub against a yerba santa bush or bump into the shelving bank, dislodging a

handful or two of pebbles that pelted his heels as he passed kicking at them in return.

The sun was late in its rising that morning, for after that abrupt turn the canyon came down from the north, and its sides were steep and high, so the course of the snaky trail mimicked the windings of the river, or what always was a river in the winter time, but in midsummer was merely a string of little pools and uncertain dribbles.

As the air grew hotter toward noon, birds, squirrels and rabbits sought the shade and moisture, watching and listening alike for friends and enemies. He, too, listened, in a half-conscious way, scarcely realizing that he did so, and he could even hear the manzanita berries falling with a soft little click among the dry leaves, and now and then catch in his nostrils a floating breath of the yerba buena as it was touched by tiny, pattering feet, but that was all. No other thing was moving, not even a cloud; for in that dry air no clouds could form, and the canyon walls, with their wooded tops, shut out the wind.

The ears of the man fairly ached with the outward stillness pressing in upon them, and, to forget it, he began to sing the songs of field and camp and home that he had often sung with Fletcher in the time before men began to call him queer. But after they reached Rattler's Pass, where the canyon turned to the east, and they took the sun on their backs, he sang no more, but again listened for a sound of something moving, hearing only his heated blood hissing and roaring in its channels in burlesque imitation of the sleeping river.

For an hour or two Old Bill had been lagging, tightening and slackening the rope as he snatched at glossy mouthfuls of the poison oak beside the trail, then plodding on again, munching it in martyr-like, reproachful silence. Finally, a stronger jerk and an unyielding strain on the rope telegraphed the fact that Old Bill had made up his mind. "And right there and then," Graham had often said, "you might as well ask him what he'll take." Bill was tired, hungry and thirsty. That was what he meant to say. So was Timmy, but he had not mentioned it. Perhaps the weight of elastic, living flesh upon his back was easier to bear, more sympathetic than the wabbling roll of blankets, the hard tools that grated against one another and the clinking tin plates and fry-pan, heavy barley and greasy bacon that made up the other's pack; and again, it may be that Old Bill was jealous. If you notice, you will perceive that there is much of human nature in your horses. Old Bill's rights were granted on demand, and no previous or after thought was given to the matter, for they were certain to be demanded; but Little Timmy was cared for tenderly and sometimes remorsefully, because his gentle patience had been imposed upon. That was when the other was not near to speak for him as he now did.

"All right, Bill, come on," the man answered, turning Timmy into the first good opening in the bushes and picking his way down to the river bed.

There were places where the water had scooped out the soft earth and carried it away, sometimes uncovering great, gray boulders, and at others leaving little deserts that, as they slowly realized the fact of their nakedness, languidly began to ornament themselves with bunches of tough, scanty grass, here and there a clump of low rushes, a buck-

eye or an elder bush shading a quiet spring.

It was at one of these that Graham stopped, dismounted, loosened the cinches and removed the bridles of the horses, watered and fed them and himself, and rested for an hour. Whether it was the rest or the barley, or the insinuating sting of a new thought, or all three, has never been revealed; but there was something glaring out of the corners of Old Bill's eyes, as the cinch tightened again about his body, something that had not been there in the morning. Yet the man did not notice, or if he had seen it he would probably only have slapped his jaw and told him to behave himself. That is the average man's way.

He settled himself in his saddle, and, as Timmy obediently advanced his off fore-foot and near hind foot, then the remaining two, toward the upward sloping bank, he called, "Come on, Bill!"

Bill settled back, with that wicked thing still glaring from his eye-corners.

"You shall," declared Graham, shaking the rope. Bill only winked.

"Get up, Bill!" he commanded. In a moment Bill did get up, straight up into the air, then he came down stiff legged, with his feet close together and back arched in what might have been a graceful curve but for the saddle and its pack.

Gentle or stern "Whoa, Bills!" had no effect then, for he was positively and determinedly out on a strike. He reared, he plunged, he leaped sidewise, and all these so swiftly and unexpectedly that Graham had no time to do anything but try to keep himself and Little Timmy out of his way.

Suddenly he stopped still, with the far-off, dreamy, sentimental expression of early youth on his face. Then the man hopefully gave his usual command. The horse looked at him and seemed to smile; or perhaps it was that wicked thing crouching in

the corners of his eyes. He bounded forward, beside and past Timmy, to the full length of the tightening rope—then it may be with visions of former ring-riding days stirring among his resurrected memories, he swept in a rushing curve to the other side, with the rope still taut, and barley, blankets, bacon, tools and tins dancing, dangling, rattling about his supple body.

Instantly Graham saw his danger. There was no time to untie or to cut the rope, only to rein the astonished Timmy into a frantic whirl in his tracks. But gentle Timmy was slow and awkward, and Bill gained on him. The rope drew hard against the man's side; before he could move it was in front, it pressed the other side, it closed at the back and began another coil. Bewildered, dizzy, helpless, unable to obey the rein, Little Timmy stopped, not knowing what was wanted, while his rider vainly begged Old Bill to "Whoa" and desperately pulled on the rope or tore at its tightening coils. Another and another turn. He groaned with pain, he shouted, he cursed, but only the echoes answered. Yet they were deafening. The whole canyon seemed to be mocking him, and the rocking mountains preparing to fling their armies of giant trees charging down upon him in his helplessness.

He gasped for breath; thunderous sounds crashed in his ears, furious, fiery lights blinded his eyes, smothering, bursting agony strained in lungs and brain; then in that moment of despair, as the horrible rope bound his nerveless arms to his sides, one memory, one name only, remained or came from the chaos whirling about him with that demon-like horse that he could not see

through the fiery light in his eyes, in his brain.

"Fletcher!" he whispered hoarsely, imploringly. "Oh, Fletcher, for God's sake!"

Then the silence again held all things; waiting as if in a mighty presence; waiting, it seemed to him, for ages; waiting with the patience of the infinite, for him to recognize his deliverance.

Slowly, almost reluctantly, he unclosed his eyes. There was no fiery glare, but the golden sunshine glimmering on the water; the mountains were again still and silent, and as if upreared by some power beyond resisting, Old Bill stood, like an equestrian statue, on his hind feet, ready for a leap that was never made and staring with wild, wide-open eyes at apparently empty space. He was shaking as if with an ague, and his breath came with quick, sharp catches. It seemed a full minute that he stood thus, then carefully, quietly, while Graham watched, the raised feet dropped to earth, the fear which had driven out the wicked thing also faded from his eyes, and the coiled rope slackened, as the horse, winnying softly and still trembling till all his dangling pack rattled, still yielding to that compelling force, drew nearer, closer, very close, stretched his head across Little Timmy's neck, and looked up at his master with meek, obedient, confiding gaze.

Reverently the man unwound his shackled arms and laid a hand upon the tangled, dusty mane as he said:

"What did you see, old man? Who stopped you? Wasn't it Fletcher?"

But the poor dumb creature could not answer; he could only stand there, quivering and submissive.

THE COMPELLING POWER

By C. M. Hyskell

I.

THERE were four of us around the card table in the barren smoking room of the coasting steamer Elder, bound from Skagway to the Columbia River. After three days of feasting upon the scenery through a glass we had become visually sated, and were beguiling the last day of the voyage with a game of chance they call "Black Jack" up there in the land of the Great Solitude.

"I'm sorry I came down on this ship," declared Banon, who was from the Atlin country; "I wish I had stayed and helped hang Doc. Marsden." He pushed his chair back, and arose from the table. He was a gentle, affectionate soul, but bitter in disappointments and in hardships.

Ruffner, the handsome, blonde man, also a successful miner from Atlin, had been playing the game abstractedly.

"Well, I'm glad I came," he said.

"You have reason to be grateful," Banon responded, "for you have been able to contribute something to the comfort of the unfortunate—but beautiful—widow."

Brooks, who was from Dawson, indulged a jocular habit, expressing the view that to prescribe consolation for a widow was at least a more refined pastime than administering justice to the husband, and added:

"So that is the willowy brunette party you've strolled with on the hurricane deck."

"Yes—whenever I could induce her to come out," Ruffner answered, showing unmistakable irritation at the other's persiflage.

"When a woman shuns society and sunshine like a beetle," Brooks

went on, forgetting the hazards that run with a wagging tongue, "you can bet there's something radically wrong with her——"

Ruffner, with hands clenched, started from the chair.

"You're a cursed fool," he began, but we got between them and Banon pushed him back into his seat, where he remained gathering self-control.

"The woman's character is as beautiful as her person," said Banon in a tone that was meant merely to pacify, but had the ring of genuine conviction in it. "I do not understand how she came to be the wife of a man like Doc. Marsden—but I have a theory."

Now, I have for two years been a government agent by reason of a pull I secured as a Washington correspondent, and I felt the old thirst for a story.

"Tell us about it," I urged. And Banon, with the readiness of an Irishman, spoke the tale:

"There's not much telling I can do, beyond the gist of it, which was quite peculiar, you'll allow—and no more peculiar than was Doc. Marsden, bad luck to him—it did surely come at last.

"It was nearly two years ago that Marsden, bringing his beautiful young wife, came to the camp. She looked then just about as she does now—like the wandering shadow of a clouded past.

"There were less than a thousand men in a radius of fifty miles, and all of them strong, hardy fellows. Doc. found little to do. However, he soon made the acquaintance of a large number of the miners, and kept on trying to know more of them. He would leave his lady alone in her room at Bill MacDonald's Palace hotel, and go away weeks at

a time, gallivanting about the district, making friends with the fellows who owned good pay dirt. But we all concluded it was no use; the Doc. couldn't make a living there, and at the end of the first season we expected him to pull out for Carriboo and the coast.

"Suddenly the word went round that Joe Gaines, who owned a rich hydraulic proposition on Spruce creek and was working it in a small way, had sold his mine to Doc. Marsden. Next day we learned that Gaines was actually gone. He had been sick a few days, under the doctor's care. An hour after the alleged deal was made he had mushed over the trail, accompanied by the Doc. as far as the railroad at Carriboo. Marsden returned two days afterward, and took immediate possession of the mine. He doubled the force the following season, and shipped about thirty thousand down to a Seattle bank.

"The claim directly above was Discovery on Spruce, and it was a rich one. No one supposed Tom Hall would consider any reasonable offer for it, so there was general amazement a month ago when it changed hands to Doc. Marsden. Happy-go-lucky Tom, who had been laid up a few days, under the doctor's treatment, mushed without saying good-bye to any one—excepting the Doc., who went with him as far as Carriboo.

"But Marsden didn't have time to take any gold out of Hall's mine. A few nights afterward we wound up his career. Poor Joe Gaines—he came back to reclaim his property. It was dark when he walked into the camp, and it so happened nobody saw him go to his cabin excepting Doc. Marsden, who followed. The Doc. failed to handle Gaines this time—so he used a pick. Broke the poor devil's skull. We came upon the fiend while he was trying to drag the body to the creek."

Brooks was incredulous. "You

don't mean to say he honswoggled them out of their mines?"

"Into giving them away," Banon corrected, turning to Ruffner. "The Doc. had less than a thousand dollars—don't the widow admit it?"

It was evident to all of us that the Atlin miner had been developing a serious interest in her, and that a crisis might occur when the steamer reached port. Banon's question revived his irritation to an unwarranted degree.

"She admits nothing," he said, harshly, "for the very good reason that she is ignorant of everything concerning Marsden's affairs."

"Who is she?" Brooks asked, curiosity and incredulity in his voice.

Ruffner, suddenly reading in his questioner's face the thought unexpressed in words, met it decisively:

"I'm sure of only one thing—and that is, she will send every dollar to Joe Gaines' heirs as soon as she reaches Seattle. And as to her identity, I'm not good at riddles—perhaps you fellows are." He drew from his pocket a small inlaid case, of foreign design and workmanship. Cut in a silver plate on one side was the word: "John."

I opened the case and took out the picture of an honest, handsome face I had seen before.

"You know the man in the picture?" Ruffner asked, eyeing me intently.

"Yes," I admitted. "Once I knew him quite well." In fact, I never had known a man better than I knew John Ankeny; and I told them something of his life, and of his love affair with Louise Carey.

II.

After he had traveled everywhere, acquired enviable position as a correspondent and thirty-four birthday anniversaries, the grand passion of Ankeny's life came. How he met her does not concern the story. She lived with her widowed mother

in a weather beaten old mansion in the suburbs of the city. He went often and sang with her through the long winter evenings. At Leipsic he had heard the serenades—and at Venice, where music is said to be interpreter of all the joys, sorrows and aspirations that are too exquisite for the clumsy vehicle of words, but there was something in the voice of this woman that touched his heart with a new thrill. I think there is in the human voice a fundamental force much under estimated. It finds its unisons in natures that respond irresistibly to certain tone waves; and if this theory were accepted scientifically and understood many cases of singular fascination would be explained. I concede this is a time-worn subject. But it has been bungled in the discussion. The bird quivers and yields response to some force that is in the eye and hiss of the snake. There is something in the human breast that is co-re-spondent to a power quite apart from that of reason. You may call it magnetism or mesmerism, but that does not explain. What is magnetism or mesmerism? No one can make an intelligible answer. Yet we know it is a physical force, and closely akin to physical love—for it is without reason, and the antipode of spiritual love, over which it at times prevails in some natures.

As their friendship grew into the tender stage, Ankeny felt certain of the glad note in her welcome, and the gleam of sympathy in her eyes when he talked of his future. He determined to ask her to marry him.

The conviction grew upon him that he must marry her at once. Had he asked her then, the story would be but a prosaic tale of two true lovers and a quiet wedding. But the influence that, always, had controlled his subconscious thought, now crept in like the brush of an angel's wing; and to his troubled mind came the vision of an old home back there in the country; a frail, gray-

haired mother alone in the lamplight, her wrinkled face wet with tears, her voice mingling love and pain in the cry: "John—John—I cannot let you go!" He remembered his last visit home and his departure as if it were yesterday and he had come away with an impression that his mother's health was failing.

In the turmoil of a congressional extra session entailing its work upon the press gang, Ankeny had scant time to think of his own affairs, but his colleagues noted lines of unusual earnestness on his face, and the press club missed his quaint humor.

He continued the struggle another week, that to him seemed a year. A late March rain dripped from the half-denuded trees and the ill-lighted street seemed to him for the first time gloomy and depressing. As he strode up the path to the old mansion voices within fell upon his ear. That one was a man's voice gave him a distinct shock of surprise. During his acquaintance with Louise Carey he had not met any other man in her house. His ring at the door brought the tall, graceful figure he loved. She stood in the open doorway, and said with singular hesitation:

"Not to-night—Mr. Ankeny—come to-morrow evening."

Ankeny felt stunned by a blow dealt upon his heart with some sort of bludgeon that was in her voice.

"Well—I—pardon me," he presently said, "there is something I want to say to-night. It is of much importance to me."

"Please—John—to-morrow evening," she said, in a tone of entreaty.

"John!" The word would have won more for her. To hear that name spoken by her he would have endured much.

"You may expect me," he said, gently.

It was late the following morning when Ankeny awoke from a heavy, unrefreshing sleep. The fate that was dealing with him now seemed

to begrudge every moment, and already the morning paper had been left at his door. He glanced over its columns, and his eye fell upon an item that, as I now recall it, ran something like this:

"Married last evening at 9 o'clock, by Reverend Dr. Goode, at whose residence the ceremony was performed, Dr. James Marsden and Miss Louise Carey. The couple departed on a late train, and will go abroad. The bride is one of the city's beautiful young women, descendant of an old and aristocratic family," etc., as such notices usually go, and concluded as follows: "A romantic avant-propos was about a year ago, when Miss Carey suffered a nerve illness, in which her life was despaired of by attending physicians, and Dr. Marsden was called into the case as a specialist. He treated her by a method of which he proved himself a master, for she recovered. The friendship then begun culminated in last evening's union."

From the city to Plainfield was a night's ride, and this was the interval between two scenes that were portraying the quiet tragedy of Ankeny's life. He lay motionless but not asleep in the cushioned seat. He had not secured a berth, nor even a ticket. His thoughts were dull, sodden shapes, penetrated by a single gleam of light—from the window of his destination. He was certain nothing could heal the wound in him—he seemed to suffer all through—but, perhaps, mother's sympathy could soothe the pain. Dawn was breaking when he alighted at the silent village, and passed through a street that led to the rambling old frame house in a grove of giant elms.

Ascending to the wide, white-painted door, he suddenly paused, and seated himself on the steps. It occurred to him that he was acting a weak and selfish part. If mother were ill? It would be manlier for

him to bring solace instead of sorrow.

The first fragrant breath of the morning swept in upon him from the fields. There is a kind of strength inseparable from Nature—which is but a way of saying that Nature is the Divine Mind. A man cannot inhale one without the other. In a minute, Ankeny, absorbed enough to balance his disturbed mentality.

Then he thought it all over, from the beginning of his career. He had ever been one of the men who wait. Often in reflective moments he had lashed himself for a passivity that was dangerously near to procrastination. His polished and cultured mind always evaded resistful forces and shrunk from turmoil. He had won his way among men by the penetrating force of a fine intellect. With women he had almost no experience. Women, in the composite sense, worship the brute. Since Eve, beautiful women have been won by the physical rather than the mental giants.

"I have always lacked something vital in the mastering of really great things," he said to himself. "I fail in the supreme test. I am without the compelling power." Again he brushed past Truth standing in the path of Virtue, and denying that physical man is the compelling power. Truth moves through all things—in all time—and eventually it welds together the broken hearts that were meant to be one.

"I should not have left the farm. I am not fitted for the world," he decided. "I will stay here and live my life."

The wide, white door was opened by a servant, who looked curiously at him.

"Where's mother?" he asked, and strode on into the old familiar room. A canopied four-poster stood in the corner, and through drawn curtains the outlines of a fragile human form were visible. He tossed his hat

aside, and approached the bed and drew the curtains further back. The gray light of the morning shone in upon her face, and he saw that the small cold hands were folded upon a "bosom forever stilled."

III.

When my story was done the emotional Banon's eyes were moist, and he walked over to the port side and viewed the city of Portland, for which landing the steamer had just whistled. Ruffner and I remained at the table. Said I:

"Do you mind telling me if she has named any old friend, or made any illusion whatsoever to incidents or persons I have mentioned?"

"She has not. This morning she remarked that she had written home to a friend—whom she hoped would meet her here—and that I need not trouble myself——" and then he hesitated. I was in a brown study. He

waited a minute for my conclusion, and then his disappointment blazed out: "It can't be possible—you do not think he could be the same?"

"I cannot even surmise," I replied. "Come, let us see."

We walked outside, on the upper deck, and took a position over the gangway, as the steamer touched her dock. I studied the crowd on the wharf a long time, and failing to find a familiar face I fell to watching the passengers leave the ship.

"There she goes," said Ruffner in my ear.

It was easy to pick her out as the line moved over the gangway, for she was young and strikingly beautiful, although poorly clad.

As she reached the wharf a man suddenly stepped forward through the face of the crowd. His hair was white, but instantly I recognized Ankeny. Their hands met in a quick clasp, and then he kissed her and led her away.

THE PAY ON SWINDLING HILL

By John Conyngham

AFTER the passing of more than half a century, it is seldom that the extraordinary legends of the old placer mining camps of the pioneers are given any degree of credulity; but the following story is so well authenticated, and M. M. Drew and the late Judge Catlin of Sacramento so well known, that it may be relied on as fact, and not fiction nor exaggeration. There are still a few men left in San Francisco of the motley throng that rushed to the gold laden bars of the American River in forty-nine, who remember the incidents here related.

The strict, though just and equal laws of the miners along the American River, allowed each man a claim of but a few feet on the rich bars close to the stream, and these claims were worked principally with sluices, though frequently the long-tom only was used. But where the bed of the river had to be mechanically laid bare at great labor and expense larger claims were customary, and often several miners joined in partnership, throwing their claims together, bearing the labor and expense equally and sharing alike in the clean-up. The Union

River mine, situated on the river a short distance above Mormon Island—a mining camp then prosperous but now almost obliterated, was such a mine, and had twenty-five owners. Judge Catlin, then a young lawyer from New York, who, infected with the gold fever, had joined the excited multitude that swarmed through the Golden Gate when Marshall's golden discovery had startled the world, was one of the owners and the executive head of the company, and M. M. Drew, a machinist and engineer, some years his junior, was another owner, and managed and operated the steam pump and other mechanical appliances of the mine.

Work commenced in the fall of fifty-one and proceeded briskly, although as far as pay went, the mine was not a success in the pioneer meaning of that term. The hopes of the owners were kept up by "good indications," that siren's song that ever lured miners to Charybdis, until in the winter some part of the works broke down, which concluded operations for that season, if not forever on that particular venture. In the summer of fifty-two, Judge Catlin conceived the idea of catching the surface water when the rains began in the fall, and storing it in a reservoir for the purpose of working the mine.

The idea being original, met the approbation of but few of the partners—in fact, most of them had quite their fill of river mining the winter before, and could not by any bait, not even "good indications," be lured into any further expense. The feasibility of the plan grew on its originator, and like Banquo's ghost would not down. He elaborated his idea to Drew, who more for the reason that he wanted to keep employed than for any other, fell in with it, and the two decided to construct the reservoir on their own responsibility, and chose for its site

a hill on the river bank that bore the villainous name of Swindling Hill.

Among the miners Swindling Hill had a bad name. Early in fifty, a man died or was killed close by, and his friends, while digging his grave, accidentally picked up a pocket of about eleven hundred dollars. This discovery caused such considerable excitement and flurry among some emigrants who had just arrived from their long journey across the plains, that several shrewd gamblers went onto the hill in the night and dug a number of small prospect holes, into the yielding gravel of which they shot a few hundred dollars in "dust" with a shotgun. The inexperienced newcomers readily bought these salted prospects for large sums of money; the light-fingered gentlemen who engineered the job escaping before they were discovered or even suspected. Hence the name Swindling Hill.

In forty-nine and early in fifty, the pay of the hill had been the subject of some prospecting and much speculation, but after the incident that gave it its name, the pay on Swindling Hill became a huge joke, and waggish miners would send greenhorns there to prospect. Drew decided to work the ground on the reservoir site for what there might be in it, as the dirt had to be handled anyway, and the chance of stumbling onto a pocket always existed. The mining operations on the hill were the source of a great deal of amusement among the other miners, and Drew and a man named Charles Butler, who worked with him, were compelled to endure considerable good natured chaffing, one wag facetiously offering to shoot some pay into the hill for them if they would make it worth his while. But he who laughs last, laughs best.

The reservoir was nearly completed, but the pay of the mining part had been very slim, when one day Drew with his pick turned over a common oyster can. There was

nothing extraordinary in finding an oyster can, and he thought nothing of it at the time, but continued on with his work, when the thought, "How did that can get under the surface unless somebody put it there?" struck him so forcibly that he went back to inspect it. It was tightly sealed, and as he lifted it, the weight (about twenty-three pounds) made his heart stand still. Only one thing in the world could weigh so much. With hasty, trembling fingers he managed to break it open, and before his astonished eyes lay a heap of scintillating, glittering nuggets—gold. Nobody but a placer miner can know how Drew felt. He couldn't tell—nobody could. The sensation of a faro player when he has guessed the cat-hop with the limit on the turn may be likened to it—but the comparison is weak. The faro-player must maintain a stoical silence or be looked on as a "chubber," but the miner can yell—it is his privilege. Aye, he can even dance without any impropriety, and others of his kind look on in perfect sympathy. They know how it is. It is even claimed by some that they may laugh and cry, too, and even do both together, yelling and dancing at the same time. It is not recorded that Mr. Drew took advantage of his privilege and did any of these things—but it would be a pretty safe bet that he did them all singly and collectively.

When he had quieted himself sufficiently to make an appearance, he secreted the heavy can about his person (no easy task) and hastened to find Catlin, who, used to the chaffing about the pay on Swindling Hill, listened incredulously to the improbable yarn, but when the contents were poured from the can into the ever handy pan, twenty-three glittering pounds of it, it is safe to say that he went wild for a little while, also. The knowledge

that the "dust" was not their property but probably belonged to some poor fellow in the camp who had cached it on Swindling Hill as the safest place, dampened their joy quite a little, but they decided that if any man could identify it properly and prove ownership, he should have his gold. Inspection showed it to be very coarse, the largest pieces weighing thirty-five dollars and the smallest twenty-five cents. Evidently it had been brought from the headwaters of some river, probably the American, as from its coarseness and character it was certain that it was not taken from Mormon Island or any neighboring diggings. Replacing it in the can and carefully sealing it, they took it to Stanford's store and deposited it there to await a claimant.

Doubtless there were many in the diggings of the order of sports and gamblers who would have been willing enough to set themselves up as the owners of the treasure, but as the secret of the amount and character of it was locked in the breasts of Drew and Catlin, their chances of making a correct guess would have been small, and the punishment by the miners of any one who dishonestly attempted to get the contents of the can would have been swift and sure.

Judge Lynch had exercised his stern jurisdiction in the neighborhood before, and it would not have required much to have started him again.

Stanford kept possession of the can and the precious contents for a year and a day—and no man appearing to claim it, he turned it over to the finders, who divided it equally.

Then Mr. Drew laughed last.

Both Judge Catlin and Mr. Drew lived within twenty-five miles of Mormon Island for more than fifty years, but it was never learned who cached the Pay on Swindling Hill.

THE UNDOING OF A JOCKEY

By Charles Ellis Newell

THE St. Louis racing season was nearly at an end, and had proved a disastrous one for the Morrigan Stable.

In fact, Morrigan hardly dared look the situation squarely in the face; one after another, the very horses which he had felt so sure of and with every good reason, had failed to get inside the money.

And he had backed them, too, how heavily he was forced to realize this morning as he made his way toward the paddock, deeply absorbed in disagreeable meditation.

There was a chance yet in the coming race for two year olds with a two thousand dollar purse at the end of it, which Morrigan felt to a moral certainty he could capture.

He had picked up somewhere on the Pacific Coast a promising looking colt, which in the training had developed a remarkable speed and endurance, having on several occasions run the course inside the record time.

The training and trials had been conducted with the greatest secrecy at a rural track, and Morrigan hoped that the unknown colt would be held at long odds in the betting, when he would have a chance to recoup his losses.

But despite every precaution, it had leaked out in some unaccountable manner and the colt bid fair to become the favorite, which fact did not tend to increase Morrigan's good humor this morning as he went to the stables, bent on having it out with somebody.

It was not surprising, then, that as he abruptly turned the corner and nearly fell over a little black boy, curled up asleep in the sun against the wall that he should administer an unthinking kick. "Get

out, you young vagabond; what are you doing here?" he said.

The boy slowly sat up, and then as slowly got upon his feet. "Oh, you are going to take your time, are you, you black imp?" and he was on the point of giving him another kick, when he stayed his foot: the boy was holding weakly to the wall, looking appealingly from out great cavernous eyes, set in a bony emaciated face. "Ah's gwine, Mar's," he said in a weak, thin voice.

Morrigan was a kindly man withal, and his mood underwent an instantaneous change as he took in the whole thing at a glance, and understood that this boy was sick, and perhaps starving.

"Boy, boy," he said, gently, "I didn't know or I wouldn't have done it for the world. I'm sorry, boy; did I hurt you much?"

The boy glanced up gratefully at the kind words. "Oh, no, Mar's, yo' kick ve'y sof'-like."

Morrigan felt the reproach contained in his denial, and he came very near to forgetting his troubles in the satisfaction he felt in atoning for his roughness, as he put his arm about the boy and led him over to a restaurant across the street and watched him voraciously devour everything in sight.

He did not interrupt the boy during his repast, but sat communing with himself. A strange idea had taken possession of him. He had conceived an unaccountable liking for the boy, the honest eyes had looked into his fearlessly, and his replies had been straightforward, while his whole manner gave promise of an unswerving devotion to any one on whom his affection should be fixed.

What if he should make such a friend of the boy? Heaven only knew how much, perhaps, he needed one in his stable, who would serve him faithfully.

Not that he could discover anything wrong with either his jockeys or other employees; everything seemed square with them, yet there had been a shadowy prescience in his mind of late, which, taken in conjunction with the mysterious give-away of his colt, began to assume the material form; that his horses were not responsible for their bad showing. Maybe he might be wrong; if not—perhaps the boy might—well, he would see.

The boy had eaten all he could hold by this time, and with that wonderful recuperative power of youth, hardly looked the same gaunt lad who sat there half an hour before; his eyes had lost their hungry stare; the hollows in his cheeks had filled out, and his voice was strong as he broke in on Morrigan's reverie.

"Ah's mighty 'bleeged ter yer, Mar's," he said; "seems like dis chile nevah want ter eat any mo'."

Morrigan, glancing up and observing the change in the darkey's appearance, said with a smile: "Ah, that was the kind of medicine you needed; how do you feel now?"

"Gorry, Mar's, Ah feel jes' like a two year old," he answered.

Morrigan started at the reply, which so aptly fitted the current of his previous thoughts.

"What do you know about two year olds?" he asked abruptly.

The boy gazed at him amazedly for a moment, then said: "Why, Mar's, Ah done ride two year old fo' ole Mar's Pemberton, evah since Ah was er pickaninny."

"You don't mean Andy Remberton down at the Lexington Stock Farm, do you?" asked Morrigan, eagerly.

"Deed Ah does, sir. Mar's Andy raise me, an' he said he gwine ter

make a jockey outen me, an' gimme er mount nex' year, so he train me hissef." At this point the boy's voice had a husky sob in it. "But, po' ole Mar's Andy, he done die, an' Ah hear how he done los' all he money. Den dey sell de hoss an' de ole place, an' Ah ain't got no mo' home, so Ah reckon how Ah can git a job ef Ah come to St. Louis, but Ah have a turr'ble hah'd time, sah. Golly, Mar's, Ah git pow'ful hungry—reckon Ah done starve on'y for you'."

"You don't mean to say that you tramped all the way; didn't you have any money?" inquired Morrigan.

"Ah did, sah, but Ah doan' min' dat ef Ah git somethin' ter eat, but Ah ain't got no money, an' Ah—Ah jes' kain't beg, Mar's. So Ah git erlong bestis Ah kin. Ole Mar's tole me many time he got money put by fer me, but Ah reckon he done lose dat too, but Ah doan' keer—he mighty kine ter me, an' Ah's pow'ful sorry fer him. Ah know Mar's Andy he 'member me, 'cause befo' he die he sen' me dis yer paper."

The boy produced a small packet, carefully wrapped up in a newspaper, from somewhere about his tatters and handed it to Mr. Morrigan with the remark: "Ah nevah open it yit."

"I suppose it is a letter; shall I open it and read it to you?" said Morrigan, who had removed the outer wrapper, disclosing a bulky envelope.

"Deed, sah, Ah wish yo' would ef 'tain't too much trouble."

Morrigan tore the end from the envelope and pulled out the contents, two folded sheets of paper and a flat package done up separately. The first sheet which he unfolded was a letter to the boy, which, as he read, brought a copious flow of tears from his listener's eyes amid a tumult of sobs and darkey expressions of affection. As for himself—he

made several suspicious halts in the reading of it. The second sheet was a testimonial of the boy "Pete's" sterling qualities and his particular ability in handling of young stock.

In all, it was such a letter that, coming from the source in which it did, it would have secured the boy an immediate engagement anywhere. But it was perhaps fortunate for him that he had not shown it before, for as Morrigan unfolded the remaining package, two hundred and fifty dollars in notes were brought to view.

His astonishment was scarcely exceeded by the boy's, who grabbed up the bills and kissed them repeatedly.

Morrigan's mind was made up instantly.

"Pete," he said, after the boy had calmed, "I know that I can trust you; I am going to tell you something that I want kept secret and I want you to help me."

He then explained his suspicions regarding the corruption of his employees, and his fears of being thrown down in the coming race for two year olds, the losing of which he plainly admitted meant ruin to him.

During this recital, Pete fidgetted in his chair and his eyes took on a look of deep cunning, as at its conclusion he burst out with:

"Dat am er job fer shore; dat am de same game dey try on mah ole Mar's Andy; but he fool 'em; Gorry Mighty, Mar's, how he fool 'em! Ah reckon dem fellers feel mighty sore, an' Mar's Andy he win er pile er money—kain't fool mah ole Mar's."

He then went on to tell the trick by which Pemberton had caught the conspirators in their own trap, leading them on until there was no chance for escape and then knifing them to a finish.

Morrigan saw the subtlety of it, and enthusiastically exclaimed:

"By Jove, Pete, you are a brick!

We'll do it, but," he interrupted himself hastily, "I forgot—you are not in condition; the race comes off day after to-morrow, and here you are as weak as a rat."

"Don't yo' worry, Mar's. Ah'll be all right. Why, Ah could almos' do it now." And he stretched his arms so vigorously that Morrigan felt satisfied.

So after some further discussion of their plan, a place of meeting was arranged for the next night, and that Pete should occupy the intervening time in trying to obtain evidence of any crooked work; before separating, however, Pete handed the bills back to Morrigan with the laconic remark:

"Bet 'em, Mar's."

Whatever means Pete employed or what tactics he adopted in the ferreting out of the contemplated double cross, it matters not. Sufficient to say, however, that when he met Mr. Morrigan the next night and related his discoveries, that gentleman's choleric remarks and choleric indignation was not of the character employed in Sunday-school arguments, and which created a profound impression on Pete's mind that there would soon be "something doing."

As was anticipated, Morrigan's colt, Go-pat, showed up in the pool-rooms a 3 to 5 favorite on the morning of the race, and in the books at the track that afternoon the odds were further cut to 2 to 5, which fact did not seem to phase the betting public, who seemed somehow to have got on to a good thing and hoisted their money over the counters faster than it could be taken, considering themselves lucky in having a ticket on Go-pat at any price.

To Morrigan, who was now "wise," the expression on the faces of those who took his bets was not lost on him, and it did not take him long to single out the ones concerned in the deal, and to these he confined his operations, until they stood

to pay him twenty thousand dollars. Then he was all up; either in the "air" or on his feet.

After doing this, Morrigan made the rounds of certain books, holding a few moments private conversation with the owners of each, which resulted in the volume of money going up on Go-pat to be restricted to other operators, who were only too eager to take all they could get, and "haha" softly above their cuffs as each bet was recorded, and the money clinked musically in the pool-box.

The race for two-year olds was fifth on the card that day, and early in the intermission between the third and fourth race Mr. Morrigan sought the jockey Linder, who was up to ride Go-pat.

"Linder," said he pleasantly, "come with me. I want to speak to you privately."

Linder followed unsuspectingly, it being nothing unusual for an owner to have some final instructions to give before a race.

Morrigan led the way to a room in the club house, ordered a couple of lemonades, after the serving of which, and the waiter retiring, he opened up the conversation.

"Linder, do you know that every dollar I've got in the world is up on Go-pat?"

Linder glanced into Morrigan's face furtively; there was a peculiar intonation in the voice that he had never heard before, and there was a suspicion of anxiety in his answer as he replied: "I didn't know it was as bad as that, Mr. Morrigan, but there is no danger—Go-pat is sure to win."

"I'll bet my life he will win," returned Mr. Morrigan, sharply, "but not with you on his back, you devil."

One glance into Morrigan's inflexible eyes was enough to tell the jockey that he knew something, but how much? Not all surely so, he commenced to bluster.

But Morrigan shut him up with a few rapidly spoken words which

made him sit down quicker and feel weaker than he ever had before in his life.

"I could have every one of you jailed and barred off the track for life," continued Morrigan. "I could go to the judges and have the race and bets declared off; but that does not suit me. I am going to break every one of your cur confederates, and as for you, it depends on yourself whether you ever ride another race or not. I shall have to put another rider up, and at this late hour I cannot do so without a plausible excuse; or without telling the truth; that I shall not do. There is only one way, and that is, for you to be sick."

"But I'm not sick," said Linder, sulkily, "and the judges won't allow it without proof."

"I'll see to all that," said Morrigan, "before I get through with you, you will think I am far from the fool you fellows took me to be; and I'll guarantee that inside of twenty minutes you'll be the sickest man in St. Louis that has any hopes of living."

"What do you mean?" said the fellow, now thoroughly scared, knowing that he was in a hole and anxious to save his own skin.

"I mean just this," said Morrigan, taking a small package from his vest pocket, which he opened and dumped the contents into one of the glasses of lemonade. "I mean that you are to drink this."

"I won't touch it," exclaimed the man, with chattering teeth, "it's poison; it will kill me."

"Oh, no, it won't," returned Morrigan. "Again you have underrated me. Don't think I'd be such a fool as to put a rope around my neck for such a whelp as you are. Oh, no! But I'll tell you what it will do. Ten minutes after you have taken it you will be seized with the most beautiful and natural fit that was ever seen, and you won't have to do any acting either. That'll

square you with your pals, and perhaps they won't murder you."

"I won't take it," almost screamed the fellow. "I'll die first."

"There you are wrong again," said Morrigan. "You won't die, that's the worst of it; you will drag out a number of years in jail, and when you come out—what will you be? A thing too low for even the horse to kick which you attempt to ride. On the other hand, you drink the stuff; you have the fit; you will be in bed four or five hours, and get up none the worse for it. You go about your business with a wiser head on you than you ever had before, and five hundred dollars in your jeans, which I will present to you as a reward for your honesty. There are the two alternatives, take your choice, and you'd better be quick about it, for there goes the bell for the fourth race."

The poor wretch sat trembling for a minute or two, and Morrigan almost felt a grain of pity for him as he turned an ashen face toward him and asked in a voice scarcely audible: "You're sure it won't kill me?"

"Dead sure," said Morrigan.

With hands which were scarcely able to hold the glass, he raised it to his lips and drained it. Then with uncertain steps he went out among the crowd, where, a short time afterward, a sudden commotion and a running to and fro advised Morrigan, who had been watching from the club house steps that his man was having his little fit.

Morrigan had no difficulty in securing permission from the judges to put up another rider, and when the name of Pemberton replaced that of Linder on the boards, the people who had invested their money on Go-pat didn't know whether to be pleased or not. But the sure-thing bookmakers were struck as with a panic, although they dared not make a kick; so they made frantic endeavors to hedge, and to that end sent out emissaries to play the

colt anywhere they could get down a bet and at any figure. But their efforts were unavailing, and they had to swallow their medicine, their only hope being that Go-pat would be beaten on the square, of which they had small faith, however.

If Morrigan had entertained the slightest skepticism regarding the boy's proficiency in horsemanship, these doubts were swept away the moment he saw him astride the colt. His very attitude betokened the confidence of an expert, as with firm yet gentle touch and voice he restrained the mettlesome youngster, and Morrigan watched the preliminary canter with no misgivings as to the outcome.

The moment they made their appearance upon the track there was a tumultuous roar of applause, for the balance of interest was centered on the jet black colt and his no less black rider, wearing the crimson of the Morrigan stable; not that he was the heaviest backed horse of the day, but the substitution of a stable boy almost at the last moment lent an air of mystery to the event, and the confidence of those who held tickets on him was further increased as they recognized the master hand that guided the horse past the grand stand, and bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of the applause.

From the moment of the cries of "They're off! They're off!" sounded, the backers of the colt knew their money was safe, and the rascally bookmakers raged impotently as they realized the impending disaster.

There was not a ghost of a show for any of the rest of the horses from start to finish. Go-pat went off in front, increasing the lead at every stride. The black boy, lying close to the horse's neck, amidst the long flying mane, seemed to the spell-bound spectators like a crimson butterfly.

As though the Devil were at their heels and utterly oblivious of the fact that they were over twenty

lengths to the good, the pair swept into the stretch and over the last of the five furlongs in a whirlwind of speed, landing under the wire in the phenomenal time of 1.01 flat.

In the demonstration which followed, the horse, as well as the rider was like to have been borne off the track on the shoulders of the fortunate investors, who certainly owned everything that day.

And Morrigan, while receiving the congratulations of his friends, remembered with condemning emotion that he had kicked the boy who had so gallantly brought him victory out of almost certain defeat. But to this day Pete, who is now a famous jockey and still with Morrigan, is more of a friend than employee.

MANUELA'S LESSON

By Amanda Mathews

THE Gonzales Court was a tiny village of whitewashed board cabins crowding what had once been the spacious back yard of an old adobe dwelling in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. In the midst of the court stood an orange tree, which, like the Gonzales family in the old adobe, could remember better days. Denied its fragrant service of bloom and fruit, it cheerfully supported tugging clothes-lines, just as old Don Francisco Gonzales, who once counted his possessions in miles, now interested himself in the handful of low-caste Mexican immigrants occupying the cabins about his back door.

Manuela and her eight-year-old daughter Regina lived in one of the cabins. Soft and slow of speech was Manuela, though she could fling words like missiles when she chose. She was short and plump, with a soft round face, low forehead and heavy jaw. Bland was her smile and inscrutable the gleam of her black eyes as she joined the group of women filling their brown earthen pitchers at the hydrant by the orange tree. She hated them impartially; they had husbands earning a dollar a day in the grading camp, while

she was obliged to support herself and Regina by taking in washing.

When she returned to the cabin with her brimming pitcher, Regina sat on the floor by the kitchen stove tying some rags about a stick valuable for a knotted protuberance that imagination could make serve as a head. She was a thin little creature with bent shoulders, a shock of coarse black hair, and a small, dark, solemn face.

"Give it here!" cried Manuela, opening the stove door.

"Oh, mamma!" wailed the child, "see, it has a beautiful head."

With one sweep of her round brown arm, Manuela administered a stinging cuff, snatched the stick from the child's thin little claws, and thrust it into the fire.

"You ungrateful brat, to sit there and play while I wear myself out washing for you! Bring in some wood, and if any of those lazy pigs of women speak to you, don't you dare answer."

Regina shrank past her with as wide a detour as the small kitchen would allow, and soon staggered in with a woman's load of wood. She put it on the floor and crept behind the stove again, where she fell to

twisting her leathery toes. Every few minutes she peeped shyly at her tyrant, glad to escape her notice, yet regarding her with bright-eyed admiration and dog-like affection as she rubbed the steaming clothes.

Manuela had an evil temper, violent and uncontrolled. She needed something to cuff and pound, to lash and revile, to abuse and terrify. The pity was that she could not have had a wooden doll or a rag baby. Regina served the purpose well enough, but it was hard on Regina. And yet Manuela loved the child with an affection as strong and fierce as her temper. This was not evident to the casual observer, because the pain she endured from the constant unwitting reproach of Regina's bent, shrinking little body and great mournful loving eyes found anomalous expression in fresh blows and heavier tasks. The neighbors, perceiving only the effects upon Regina, had been waxing more and more indignant for many weeks.

At the sound of cabalistic words in an unknown tongue, Manuela looked up from her washing and confronted a man in blue uniform who thrust a blue paper into her hand and was gone.

Don Antonio Gonzales, a fine, pathetic old figure sunning himself on the bench beneath the honeysuckle at his back door, took the blue document from Manuela's hand. Stripped of its legal flourishes, the general import seemed to be that Manuela Isalas was commanded to bring a certain infant named Regina into the presence of the Juvenile Court of the City and County of Los Angeles that same day at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Why?" demanded Manuela.

"The ways of the Gringo laws are not to be understood," responded Don Antonio, thinking bitterly on the land and water rights stripped from him some decades before.

The woman read the time of day by a glance at the scanty shadow of

the orange tree, huddled closely about its trunk as she hastened homeward. The cloud on her swarthy face fairly darkened the kitchen.

"What is it, mamma?" faltered Regina, looking up at her from the floor.

Manuela waved the blue subpoena in her face.

"You ungrateful little beast! Tell me what you have done that I am ordered to bring you to the police court."

"I—I don't know, mamma."

"You tell me, and quickly."

"Perhaps it's because I lost that money going to the butcher's."

"You little fool! As though they would care how you waste my money that I work myself dead to earn. It is something wicked, vile and abominable that you have done, and now you are hiding it from me."

"I—I—I can't think, mamma," gasped the child.

Manuela shook her savagely, flung her against the wall, and went out, leaving her to search her poor, stunted, child-brain for the cause of this fierce storm of calamity raging about her.

"My fine neighbors say with their lying tongues that they know nothing of this matter," snarled Manuela, returning from a fruitless round of the cabins. "Let them take that bone to another dog—of course they know. I'll find out at the police station, and then, Regina, I'll hang you to the orange tree until you dry up and turn into a scarecrow."

* * * *

There was a murmur of compassion in the courtroom when the little, dark, cowed creature was called forward with Manuela. The gray walking hat and the brown wool gown, almost hiding her bare feet, were youthful in comparison with the expression of her small, solemn face.

The first witness was an American lady whom Regina had some-

times seen chatting with the children who played about the orange tree. She was dark and slender, clear eyed and sweet of expression; yet her face was never without a certain sadness, as though she saw overmuch of life in its dreary and depressing phases. Her testimony was merely that she was Headworker in the College Settlement, and this had been reported to her as a case of extreme cruelty.

The women who gossiped about the hydrant were now called in turn, also the court interpreter. One had peeped in at Manuela's window and seen her hit the child over the head with a board; another in like manner had discovered her choking the girl until witness never expected her to breathe again.

Regina seemed to shrink together in a fresh accession of misery, dry misery without tear nor quiver. She believed that all these people had come to tell that stern man away up in the big chair how her mamma was obliged to punish her, which was another way of dilating on her terrible sinfulness.

Manuela understood better. Wouldn't she show those meddling pigs of neighbors that they needn't peek and pry about her windows! She saw herself giving Regina such a beating in front of her cabin door as would demonstrate whether or not she did as she pleased with her own. Now the judge was addressing her.

"Do you love your little girl?" he inquired through the interpreter.

"Si, Senor," she responded amiably.

"They why do you beat and choke her?"

Manuela did not answer.

"What have you to say in your own defense?" was the next question.

"It is all spite-work of my evil-minded neighbors," she answered promptly. "No word of it is true."

"It is the decision of the court

that the child be taken from you for the present and placed in an orphanage."

When this was translated to Manuela, her face darkened instead of paled with the retreat of blood from her swarthy skin.

"Why?" she gasped weakly.

"The case is concluded," declared the judge. The bailiff conducted the woman and child to seats on the side, and while the court was dealing with an incorrigible small boy, the Headworker made explanations in broken Spanish. The child clung to Manuela, crying now in a terrible, silent fashion she had been taught. Hanging to the orange tree until she dried up and turned into a scarecrow was preferable to this being snatched away into the unknown.

"I will be good," she moaned over and over, "I will be so very good, mamma, if they will let me stay with you."

The Headworker expected contention and a show of cheap, noisy grief, but Manuela, looking almost refined in her black gown, silently held the child close while the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she mopped her face and Regina's alternately with a red bandana. She was in the grasp of a power as much stronger than herself as she exceeded Regina and the lesson was most wholesome.

To her own great surprise the Headworker found herself saying:

"I can arrange to have you visit the child once a week at the orphanage. Come to the House when you are ready, and I will go with you the first time to show you the way."

* * * *

During the days that followed, Manuela went about her washing in a sullen rage. What she suffered from the elusive taunts of the women about the hydrant was less than the pain of the empty cabin.

"Abominable brat!" she would mutter. "If she walked in at the

door this minute I would beat her well."

But Regina did not walk in at the door, and the poison of Manuela's fury had to burn itself out in her own veins, a novel and purifying experience. The Headworker was rich in the sort of wisdom that inspired her to avoid the Gonzales Court, and a week elapsed before a civil, subdued Manuela awaited Regina in the reception room of the orphanage.

* * * *

Of course Regina should have been perfectly happy in a model orphanage, but she did not know it for a model orphanage or any sort of orphanage whatsoever; she supposed herself in jail for that terrible unknown offense. She wondered what sins the other children had committed, some of them babies in arms, and long vistas of infant depravity opened before her. Laboring under this misapprehension, isolated by not knowing an English word, her heart tendrils suddenly torn from their one poor support, every sense shrinking from the crowd of new impressions, she was probably as homesick a child as ever dampened orphanage pillow.

She entered the reception room, a dainty little figure in pink gingham, with a pink ribbon in her hair, and threw herself into Manuela's arms, sobbing audibly this time. In the first stress of emotion, Manuela came very near cuffing her soundly, but was restrained by the presence of the Headworker and the matron.

"Is it possible that the neighbors could have been mistaken or merely spiteful?" asked the matron.

The Headworker smiled, a sad, shadowy smile.

"Her past is black enough," she answered, "but God might make a real mother of her yet, though I must say I don't see much in her original composition that He could use."

One afternoon, about a year later, the Headworker appeared in the

Gonzales Court, attended by a cherubic small boy tugging at a child's rocking chair. Manuela was washing before her cabin door and the Headworker studied her keenly—the same fat, heavy face—perhaps she had made a mistake in advising that her child be returned to her.

"This chair," she felt her way slowly in the less familiar Spanish idiom, "belonged to a little girl who died. Her mother asked me to give it away. I have brought it for Regina when she comes home."

"When Regina comes home?" repeated Manuela stupidly.

"If you had the girl again, would you be good to her?"

"Senorita, it was all spite-work—my neighbors——"

"Drop that old lie and answer me."

Beneath the sullen scowl the Headworker saw some better mode of feeling struggling for expression in the dull, swarthy face. At last the scowl relaxed, the chin dropped, and tears rolled over the fat cheeks.

"I—I was a devil, Senorita. Regina is an angel. I would try to make it up to her."

"The Probation Officer will bring her here in an hour," the Headworker announced briefly, and turned away.

All the rest of the day the Headworker was haunted by her deed. Her only comfort lay in conjuring up Regina as she sometimes saw her at the orphanage—a well-fed, well-dressed Regina, but always wistful, always with the trembling protestation on her lips that she would be very good if they would only let her go home to her mamma. For the child's sake the experiment must be made.

At bedtime the Headworker slipped from the house alone and a few steps of familiar way brought her to the court, where a light still burned in Manuela's cabin. The little window was uncurtained, and standing without in the shadow of

the orange tree, she thought it no wrong to watch what went on within.

Regina was sitting up in bed dressed in the little white nightgown she had brought from the orphanage. Evidently she asked for water. It was also evident that nothing was too good for the restored child. Instead of turning to the kitchen cupboard, Manuela took a gaudy, flowered cup from a shelf of cheap ornaments before a little image of the Virgin, and brought the water in that. The treasured cup slipped through Regina's hands, and a muffled crash came to the watcher outside through the thin board walls

of the cabin. Breathlessly she beheld Manuela tower above the frightened child, saw the round arm ready to descend on those shrinking little shoulders, and then—the arm dropped limply back, and the woman threw herself on her knees before the image of the Virgin with upraised hands and moving lips. A few minutes later she rose and seated herself on the edge of the bed. Regina crept into her arms and they rocked back and forth together while Manuela crooned an old lullaby.

With a sob of joy, the Headworker turned homeward, whispering to herself: "God has made a real mother of her, after all!"

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

By Frank G. Martin

"**P**oor Dick!" said Mrs. Carlisle, "if I could only be as hopeful as he. I do believe he could find a silver lining to a cloud that blows up a cyclone."

Mrs. Carlisle had just finished reading a letter from her husband, couched in the most roseate expressions of hope, but alas, how many such missives had she received in the last four years, and the fortune which Dick Carlisle was just on the point of grasping was ever just a little farther ahead, the will-o-the-wisp of his life.

The Carlises were poor back East. Dick came of a poor, improvident family, but he was ambitious and longed for riches, not for the sake of being rich, but for the good he might do others, for Dick's heart was full of generous impulses.

When Mrs. Carlisle fell ill of pneumonia and her life hung by a thread for days—when she finally recovered, but with her health shat-

tered, it was decided in family council to come to California, and let the sunshine and the poor, invigorating air do what doctors' prescriptions had failed to do for Mrs. Carlisle.

On a little ranch, in a humble tent, they settled, near San Bernardino. Dick made a bare living for his family by driving an express wagon, for besides himself and his wife, there were two growing children, a boy and a girl to provide for. Dick Carlisle was not the man to be content to let his children grow up in poverty and ignorance. Himself denied the advantages of early education, he determined to make every sacrifice to educate his children and put them on the high road to better station in life than he had attained. Actuated by this overmastering determination, Dick had cut loose from his family, plunged into the fastnesses of the mountains, staked claim after claim far from

the beaten path of Mammon-worshipping adventurers, and concentrated all his hopes on the single ambition to "strike it rich." This accomplished he would maintain his wife in ease, and put his boy and girl on the same plane as the children of the affluent, by cultivating their naturally bright and receptive minds.

"Poor Dick," again sighed Mrs. Carlisle, "for four long years he has been working up there in those lonesome mountain gulches, with nothing to cheer him, digging his life away to no purpose, so far as I can see, and yet writing me every week to be of good cheer, that he's sure his pot full of gold is just a short way off. Well, I hope it's true, for I'm nearly worn out—I can't stand this work and privation much longer."

Pathetic indeed had been the experience of Mrs. Carlisle. Reared in comparative luxury, her delicate frame was not inured to toil, but since Dick went off fortune-hunting, she and the children were in such straits she had to take in washing to provide the barest necessities.

The daughter, Mabel, just turned fifteen, was as pretty, but as wild and uncultivated, as a desert rose. She had been forced by circumstances to help her mother—and she did it with good grace, be it said to her credit—and through this extreme poverty was denied both the education of schools and the culture which comes from contact with people of refinement.

She and Jimmy, aged twelve, were towers of strength to the weak little mother. Mabel helped do the washing and she and Jimmy delivered the clothes in a big basket.

Far up in the wilds of Lone Miner Gulch—so dubbed because Dick Carlisle was the only living soul who had prospected there—stood a rude hut, at the end of a narrow, precipitous trail. Thither wandered

one afternoon a man of dark and sinister aspect, whom even the birds seemed to mistrust, for they flitted far away at sound of his stealthy tread. He carried a gun, carelessly slung over his shoulder. He had gone far and to no purpose—he was tired, thirsty and hungry.

"Hello, stranger, could you help me out with a drink of water?" addressing Dick Carlisle, who stood by the door of his hut.

"Certainly," Dick replied.

His thirst slaked, the stranger stood at parade rest, and surveying the surroundings, exclaimed:

"What the devil you doin' up in this God-forsaken region? What's the offense that you've set this blasted, dreary penance on your precious soul for?"

The sneer in his tones left a bad impression on Dick Carlisle.

"I'm prospecting," Dick replied.

"Prospecting? What in bloomin' thunder do you expect to unearth up here, pard? A granite ledge? That's about all I can see any sign of in these parts. But if you've scented any pay dirt just spit it out. I've got as keen a scent for gold as a coyote for chickens." And his hoarse, guttural laugh cleared all the surrounding trees of feathered songsters.

Dick Carlisle's heart was troubled. He was passing through a crisis. Lead after lead he had followed faithfully, only to abandon them all. For four years he had immured himself from his family, and pursued his search for gold. Time after time had his hopes been dashed. But now, he confidently believed, the supreme moment had come. He had unmistakable evidences of pay dirt. But Fortune, always fickle, delights to taunt. Just as he was on the threshold of realizing his dreams, his supplies gave out. He could go no further until he procured these supplies. But he had no money, and nowhere could he get any. Almost overwhelmed by

the flood of hopes deferred and fortune withheld, Dick Carlisle grasped at the straw of chance. He would pour out his tale to this stranger, however much he distrusted and disliked him on first impression. Dick ended his tale of hope and disappointment, by this eager, appealing proposition:

"Stranger, could you help me out? Just fifty dollars cash stands between me and fortune. Lend me that much, and if I don't pay it back I'll turn this claim over to you as a forfeit."

A sinister look came into the stranger's eyes, the hungry gleam of avarice, matched only by the tiger's eye as it regards its prey.

"I ain't much on grub-stakin' or lendin' cold cash on hard luck promises, but dang my hide, if I don't take a fling at that sassy hussy you call fortune, but I call luck. I reckon I'll lend you the fifty."

Dick was profuse in his thanks, and invoked Heaven's blessing on his forbidding benefactor, but the latter stopped him.

"No thanks comin' to me, pard. I'm no good Samaritan, by a long shot."

The stranger gave his name as George Hogarth, but disclosed nothing about his past life. He decided to stay it out and see what came of Dick's golden hopes. Dick readily consented to share his rough quarters with Hogarth, who lolled idly about from day to day, watching Dick's every movement, but not deigning to do any work himself.

At last the triumphant hour came to Dick Carlisle. There is a majesty little short of divine in the supreme aspiration of the human soul—the bending of every consecrated power with which God has endowed us to the accomplishment of a noble, unselfish purpose. Dick Carlisle's way had been rough and rugged. He blazed his own trail through the trackless mountains of difficulty. At last he had struck it rich. No more

was his life to be hemmed in by barren mountains and lonely desert. This little shaft in which he had so patiently toiled was the golden door through which he and his were to enter a Beulah land. A precious bit of ore he secretly carried to the assayer, whom he had so often sought out to his sorrow before.

"You've struck it rich this time, Carlisle," came the welcome words. "I'm afraid to tell you just how rich; it might turn your head," said the kind-hearted assayer.

Dick hurried back to his hut. Every bird trilled notes of rapture for him. His heart overflowed with joy and thankfulness. Instinctively his thoughts flew to his wife and children and their wretched home. Dick's heart burned within him as he pictured how his wife's face would glow and how Mabel and Jimmy would shout and dance with glee at the long-hoped-for news. Almost running, he reached his hut out of breath, flung himself upon the rude box which served for a seat, drew up pen and paper and began. Oh, happy messages! How many have been penned since the flight of time began, and how many have been washed away in a flood of tears.

"Dearest Mollie," he wrote, "I've struck it at last. This last hole is a bonanza. Douglas, the assayer, says it is a rich lead. There is a vast ledge of ore. We are rich, Mollie. At last my dreams are realized. You shall have a good home and shall rest and stop worrying and get well and strong, and Mabel and Jimmy shall be educated and grow up to be a fine lady and gentleman, and oh, I'm so happy. I'll come home to you just as soon as I make all safe here. Get ready to leave that miserable tent forever."

His letter finished, Dick hastened to the nearest post-office, four miles away, and sent it on its mission of gladness.

When he returned, Hogarth was

stretched on the ground beside the shanty.

"Well, pard., how's the diggin's? Poor pickin' still?"

Dick's face was flushed with excitement, and his heart, too full for silence, overflowed, and the precious secret was out. He told Hogarth all about his lucky strike.

Hogarth's eyes were instantly ablaze, but he suppressed his diabolical emotions, grunted out his congratulations, and turning on his heel walked away. He returned in half an hour, his brow sullen and lowering.

"See here, Carlisle," he began, "I have been all-fired patient about that fifty I lent you. I can't wait forever. I've got to have that money to-day. I've got some bills to pay."

"You know I can't raise the money to-day," said Dick with some heat.

"Well, then, turn over the claim to me, as yer promised to do," hissed Hogarth, whose devilish purpose now stood revealed.

Dick flew into a rage.

"Hogarth, I never trusted you, but I did not imagine you were such a villain as to try to rob me and my family of this fortune, which, God knows, I've earned if ever a man did. I'll pay back your money with good interest if you'll give me a chance. But look here"—striking a defiant attitude—"don't you try to steal my claim by your Shylock methods. I'm desperate and I'll not stand for it."

"So you threaten me, my hearty? Well, I reckon my finger can pull a trigger if I have to defend myself."

Dick saw his temper had carried him too far—that he was giving a pretext for his undoing to this dangerous man.

"I beg your pardon, Hogarth," said Dick, in conciliatory tone. "I did not mean to threaten you in the way you take it. You surely can realize how desperate I feel after all these years of hard work, even to

think of the possibility of losing the fruit of my toil."

But Hogarth did not choose to be placated. He saw his advantage and meant to press it. He gnashed his teeth in feigned anger and sullenly strolled away, carrying his gun with him.

Dick soon forgot Hogarth in his preparations for leaving to carry the glad tidings in person to those dearer to him than life itself. The afternoon waned into twilight. Dick was just entering the door of the hut, cheerily whistling, when Hogarth, who had stealthily advanced and taken station behind a tree, raised his gun and fired. Dick fell a corpse, not a groan escaping him.

"Now, my hifalutin' friend, I reckon that fortune belongs to your humble servant—meanin' me. Dead men tell no tales. Nobody'll know but what George Hogarth struck this bonanza. Ye gods and little perches! To think that these kid-glove hands of mine should get credit for diggin' a shaft. Ha! Ha!" and the black-hearted wretch guffawed as he looked unmoved upon the flowing of the life-blood of his victim.

"Hey, there, I reckon you've done for him. What's the score?"

Hogarth, startled, turned and grasped his gun.

"No high-jinks with me, my lord. Hands up."

Hogarth looked into the muzzle of a rifle, and behind it was a steady, commanding face, which matched the voice.

Hogarth dropped his gun and threw up his hands.

"I had to do it," he muttered. "He was goin' after his gun to get me."

"Can't feed me on that chaff. I'm too old a bird," said his captor. "It's lucky I happened to chase up this way. If I hadn't you'd have saved your skin by that flannel-mouthed lie. You killed that man in cold

blood, and you're a measly coward."

Hogarth was trapped, and took this scoring in sullen silence. His captor proved to be a mountaineer who had wandered far out of his way in hunting, and came up just in time to see the tragedy and fix the crime on Hogarth.

Backing his prisoner into the hut, the hunter searched through Dick's papers, found out his name and where his family lived, dragged the lifeless body into the shanty, fastened the door, and addressing Hogarth, said:

"Now, you jackal, make tracks out of here. I'll sleep better when I can dream of you looking between iron bars."

The hunter delivered Hogarth up to the sheriff at San Bernardino, told of the tragedy he had witnessed and the murderer was locked up.

The mountaineer then started out to find the family of the murdered man, and break the sad news to them.

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There was joy in that humble tent which sheltered Mrs. Carlisle and her two children. The poor woman could scarcely believe her eyes when Dick's letter came. Mabel and Jimmy clapped their hands, whistled, sang, laughed and shouted in transports of happiness. At last they were to have a fine home and good clothes, and go to school and satisfy their thirst for knowledge. "Oh, if papa were just here, so I could hug and kiss him!" cried impetuous Mabel.

Outside the tent the uncouth mountaineer, bent on his sorrowful errand, had stopped at the sounds of gladness.

"Cuss me, this is bad business," he exclaimed; "I'd rather face a passel of grizzlies than tell them this tale."

What a narrow partition oft-times divides the chamber of gladness from the hall of mourning! The

mountaineer's message, delivered in the tenderest way he knew how, came like a crushing avalanche upon these hearts, which had just experienced so brief a foretaste of the delectable mountains of happiness attained. Laughter was changed into wailing, hope into despair in the twinkling of an eye.

"Dick Carlisle was shot down from behind like a dog by a sneakin' cuss named Hogarth. I've got him safe in jail," said the mountaineer.

At the door of the tent a youth, hot and dusty and thirsty from a long ride, had dismounted to ask for a drink of water. He caught the mountaineer's words as if they had been a dagger thrust into his breast.

"My God, is it possible?" exclaimed the youth, and remounting he dashed off toward the town. Inquiry at the sheriff's office confirmed the awful announcement. His father was a murderer.

George Hogarth had forsaken his wife and family back in Colorado and had wandered from camp to camp, seeking to come into a fortune by some foul means. His son Jack, a bright, manly boy, who had inherited good principles and high ideals from his mother, had set out to find his recreant father and persuade him to return home. He had traced him to San Bernardino, and had just returned from a long ride in search of him when he overheard the fateful words in the tent that put upon him the stigma of being a murderer's son.

Jack had not the heart to see his father, his hands steeped in innocent blood. He sought a lodging place, and in the still hours of the night resolved on a course of action. By inquiry he had learned of the circumstances of the Carlisle family, of the squalor in which the wife and children were living. Here his manliness asserted itself. He would seek out the family so sorely bereft by the foul deed of his own father and he would in a measure atone for the

deed by taking Dick Carlisle's place.

Jack went to the tent early the next day. The mother and children were heavy-eyed with weeping. Jack told who he was and what he wanted to do in a blunt and manly way that won Mrs. Carlisle's heart. She showed her gratitude and confidence by surrendering full charge of her affairs to Jack. Young Hogarth went to Lone Miner Gulch and there had the mortal remnant of Dick Carlisle buried near the rude shanty, where the mountain torrent and the sighing pines would sound a perpetual requiem for the brave heart at rest.

Jack put men to work in Carlisle's claim. It proved indeed to be rich. In a few weeks he had developed the lead and put it on a paying basis. Securing the claim for Mrs. Carlisle, and placing a trusty man in charge, Jack returned to San Bernardino. Mrs. Carlisle, from the proceeds of the mine, was enabled to take a comfortable cottage.

Jack's thoughtful, chivalric course had won her admiration as well as her gratitude, and this she warmly expressed. Another had also come to admire Jack—but silently. Mabel Carlisle had treasured in her heart all the fine traits she had seen in Jack. He fulfilled her ideal of a hero. While not educated, she had read some romance, and her youthful blood was stirred at sight of that fine youth and at the sound of his frank, kindly voice.

Mabel's wealth of curls and soft blue eyes had not escaped Jack's discriminating notice. Attracted first to this bereaved family by the circumstances which enmeshed him through his father's crime, Jack's interest now sprang from a more agreeable fountain. Mabel attracted him by her beauty and her goodness of heart, albeit she shocked him by her crude manners and lack of education.

"Mabel, I'm going home to look after mother, and I'll not see you

again for a long time," said Jack, as they strolled together by a fragrant orange grove. "Now I want you to go away and get an education and surprise me by your wealth of information and polished manners when I come back. Will you?" he asked, almost pleadingly.

"Sure, Jack, bein's it's just what I've wanted to do for years. I wouldn't do it just to please you, though—it's to please myself," and she tossed her curls coquettishly.

Those curls already had woven a chain about Jack's heart stronger than he was aware.

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George Hogarth was convicted of the unprovoked killing of Dick Carlisle, barely escaped the gallows and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He was stolid throughout the trial, and not a friendly hand was extended in sympathy as he was borne away to his living tomb.

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Two years work wonders in all our lives. The news of George Hogarth's crime trickled back through the channels of gossip to his old home in Colorado. Annoyed and humiliated by scandal-mongers, Mrs. Hogarth and Jack decided to seek a new home.

Why was Jack so eager to propose that they cast their lot in Southern California? It was the memory of those bewitching curls and dreamy blue eyes of Mabel Carlisle, but Jack would not admit it even to himself.

When Jack and his mother arrived in San Bernardino the former was not long in finding the home of the Carlises. They were in affluent circumstances now, and lived in a beautiful cottage, embowered in fragrant flowers and splendid shrubbery.

At the door to greet Jack stood Mabel—not the Mabel of two years ago, but a lovely being, just blossoming into young womanhood, womanly impulses stamped upon her beam-



ing countenance, her cheeks tinted with rose hues, her curls tossing merrily about her brow, and her face wreathed with smiles.

"Welcome, Jack," and she extended both hands in greeting. "I have come back from the seminary a marvel of learning—a very Minerva of wisdom," she laughingly declared.

"Mabel, I am proud of you," exclaimed Jack, and his looks corroborated his words.

The silvery bow had been drawn, Cupid's silent shaft had been hurled and Jack's heart was pierced through and through. He was head over heels in love with Mabel Carlisle.

Three months later winsome Mabel and stout-hearted Jack plighted their troth under a canopy of roses and orange blossoms.

Jack took charge of the mine in Lone Miner gulch. It continued to pan out well. Poor Dick Carlisle had prospected better than he knew. His family was richly provided for all its days. And Jack Hogarth, as a model husband and son-in-law, did all in his power to atone for and bind up the gaping wound in that home inflicted by the cowardly hand of his father. He gave his own life for the life which was thus ruthlessly taken.

Evening, Night and Morning

in a South Bulgarian Town

By Felix J. Koch

AFTER five long years spent in a three-horse droschky, threading the brigand land of Southern Bulgaria, where the proximity of the Macedonian frontier makes the traveler ever-fearsome that the next turn of road may reveal some brigand band waiting to take him across the border for ransom, about a quarter of four of an October afternoon two lone Americans crossed the muddy Drchermen into Dupnitztza, a town of nine thousand odd people, made famous as the home of Zandansky, the reputed leader of the band of outlaws who captured Miss Stone.

To be more correct, the travelers entered the outskirts of Dupnitztza, for these South Bulgarian towns consist of but one long main street of mud and ruts, along which the homes and stores are built.

Almost without exception the buildings are made up of lathes, filled in and coated over with the adobe, and where these exteriors are not left their natural brown, they are given a delicate wash of pink or blue. Little of the walls remains visible, every inch being covered with ropes of tobacco leaves stretched parallel with the street to dry—row on row, from foundation to roof—and between these alone are the bits of colored facade visible. In the heart of the village houses are of two stories, and there the upper floors project, the second story coated over with white plastering set between staunch wooden beams, as are the homes of old Nurnberg, and on this, too, the tobacco lies thick in the autumn sun. From upper floor to upper floor,

across the street grape vines are trailed on lattices of frame built just so high that one may pluck the juicy bunches as he rides through on his burro, while the sunlight, reflected off the browning strands above the arbor, falls through in patches on great hogsheads of the weed below.

Architecture throughout the town, in fact, seems to be made to meet the requirements of tobacco—this, despite the fact that over the country the people are not as great smokers as they are drinkers, and in this habit are rather moderate. Garden walls, originally built round the yards for safety's sake, are now erected everywhere, with little terracotta roofs, beneath which the leaves dry, and that no thefts occur in the tobacco line speaks well for the state of public morals in the neighborhood. Tobacco not being a government monopoly, though this is now contemplated, Bulgarian farmers sell, through Greek agents, to companies at Salonica and elsewhere, or to their agents direct, one of whom is stationed in New York, and these purchase the leaves in three different qualities, from the farmers, between January and April at an average price of forty cents the kilo, the metric system being employed throughout. At Dupnitztza alone from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 kilos are turned into their five great establishments for working up annually. Here some three hundred girls, ranging in age from 12 years upward, and earning from twenty cents to a dollar a day, sort and prepare the tobacco for export.

Next to tobacco one is struck most, in riding through these towns,

by the peppers—the great national dish of the Balkans—which dangle in thick bunches at the house-corners and from the eaves, flaring crimson in the sun-down.

On the upper floors, densely hung round by these tobacco strands and gay with peppers, is, at each two-story home, a little portico, where village Juliets sit to spin, while down below, at eventide, serenades the piper lover. Windows, too—many-parted, as in the olden time—break the dull brown of the tobacco.

Houses are of, but the depth of a single room, looking down upon an interior court-yard, surrounded by narrow sheds and out-buildings of thatch and adobe. On the street the lower floor is frequently given over to the great open bazaar, for this form of commerce alone obtains hereabouts to any extent. Shelving in the South Bulgarian bazaar is placed both outside and just within the window, in order that the passer-by may sweep the contents of the shop at a glance. Yellow pomegranates, sweeter than the scarlet Turkish variety; peaches worth a nickel apiece; great oblong grapes of dark purple color and containing a single seed; red, white and deep blue bunches of the same, still in the panniers in which the donkey trains brought them, mingle on the fruit bazaars. Nearby is a restaurant where hot sausages, highly flavored with sage, are served between rolls tasting strongly of mutton fat; neighboring this will be an exposition of brown and green native crockery, or a bakery with great, round, savory loaves. Settled among these a drug store, with modern door and window panes, seems strangely out of place.

Over these bazaars idle such of the people as are not lingering in their own house doors; picturesque Greek Catholic groups, bandit types every one of them, with here and there the exception in cheap Euro-

pean attire. Children, bare-legged, but wearing much-embroidered slippers, driving the heavily-pannied donkeys; Jews in still a different costume, and a single Unitarian, speaking a bit of English learned from the missionaries, mingle in the passing throngs, lazy, happy idlers all, for aside from an occasional shift in the neighboring coal mines or working the leather and the costumes, the bazaar alone gives the opportunity to "work."

Down this picturesque village street we rode, a quarter of an hour or more—that we might revel in the picture the longer, finally drawing up in the courtyard of an inn, where our driver, as usual on the stops, motioned us to dismount and then went his way. Believing it to be but a wayside halting, where Angelo would drink while the horses took rest, we remained lazily in the droschky, settling for just one more hour of riding, when Dupnitsa, according to the guide book, was due. It usually did not take Angelo long to finish his wine in the inns, but on this occasion we waited and waited. Finally, tiring, we began questioning the natives, who gathered to look over the strangers. Our knowledge of Bulgarian was limited, however, and theirs of other tongues equally so. At last a French-speaking peasant chanced by, and explained that Dupnitsa was indeed reached, and that we were in the courtyard of the Hotel Macedonie.

We dismounted, and went in search of the proprietor. Also, we took out the insect powder for which the guide book kindly forewarned us. Steps led up on the outside of the hotel to the second floor—convenient for some brigand to steal in in the night and carry off any hostages—when, we were advised, we might rest assured no one would think of coming to the rescue at our cries of help, but, instead, would close their shutters the tighter that they might not in any wise be sum-



The Belle of the village.

Peasants come to see a rare stranger.

The beautiful spinner.

By a donkey only can the trail be made.

moned as witnesses of the abduction, lest the brigands take subsequent revenge. The rooms were large enough, but are poorly plastered chambers, white washed and airy, and opening on a central open space. The doors were merely thin planks, and keys were unknown. Two iron beds, that had not been made since deserted by the last occupant, possibly weeks before, stood in each chamber. They offered us a room apiece, but under the circumstances we preferred the safety of numbers to the luxury of single apartments. Already, as we stopped to write some postals, the crowd of villagers surged in the door to look over the "Americanskies."

Then we started out to do our sight-seeing, trusting our chattels to the gods. The ruins of a mosque destroyed in the Russo-Turkish war; another ancient Turkish fane; the jail, a shanty besides the river, with two guards lounging at the door; and the Bulgar church, surrounded by an arcade of granite pillars, constituted the list of these. The latter alone proved interesting, with its six pillars upholding the dome, and between these high-armed, erect chairs to right and left and facing the white-painted, wood iconostas, where the little holy pictures, set in simple white framework, seemed the prettier for their setting. A carved, but unvarnished pulpit to one side, and a great crystal chandelier seemed to complete the visible furnishings.

Then we wandered on to the upper end of town, where the village hay stood in one great stack, as is the Balkan custom, that incendiaries may be guarded against by all, and, if local, that the culprit suffer in due proportion with his victim; a record of each man's contribution to the stack being kept by the village authorities. Beyond we found the Gipsy quarter, one-room huts, with the brown-skinned nomads squatting on the earthen floor about

the boiling kettle, or watching the lord of the hovel at his forge. Chickens and children of dirty faces, babies in white flannel caps, and coal mingled together in picturesque confusion at the valley-way, where two Gipsy soldiers played at marbles with a handful of English walnuts.

After supping on gulash, peppers and wine in one of the inns, I left Friend, who was traveling for pleasure alone, to experiment on the bazaars. He had some sewing to be done—a rip and two pockets mended for a dime, I believe; a shave that he needed, and it cost him the same sum, though, as he explained, the boy wiped the razor off on his hands in a manner decidedly unpleasant to view; and then he wanted a shine, and he got it, too, but the four cents would not include brushing the trouser legs, and so he had another altercation. Then, while the straps were being put on a water bottle he had purchased at Rila, he discovered some excellent plums and a brown, sugary cake that he first thought to be maple sugar, but afterward proved flavored with walnuts, and with these he contented himself for the time.

Meantime I looked up the druggist to chat about the case of Miss Stone, for the American missionary had frequently been here, stopping with the house-holders, and, in fact, would have passed through this place had she not been taken. As the druggist expressed it: "Miss Stone was on her way from Salonica to Basluka and Junaila. The first village beyond here is Kottarinovo, about three hours distance from Dupnitza, and from there it is but a kilometre to the Macedonian frontier, where a bridge crosses into Turkey. Arrived there, one is half way to Dbjoumaya or Paslog, where it is claimed that, against her will (for the people here scout the idea of her connivance, which story one hears further north in the Balkans),



Peppers hanging before a home.

The Inn.

The main street.

A mountain road.

she was taken." Then he went on to tell of the brigands and particularly the six or eight men who took Miss Stone; how they did this for the sake of the money alone, and not for patriotic reasons whatsoever; how Bulgaria regretted the deed, since it has lost her the sympathy of the world; how the Turkish papers were forbidden to discuss the affair at the time, and both countries guarded the border to prevent the brigands from re-entering—as they hoped—until finally the hour grew late and it was night. When finally I returned to the inn it was to find Friend in a state of terror. Again and again he had me kidnapped, and off in the mountains now, bowling along at the heels of brigand bands, while he would be here alone in an unfriendly Bulgarian village, left to mourn and get home by himself as he could. Then the door burst open, not to reveal the bearer of a demand for ransom, but myself and the druggist, who had come to save us from what was a most dangerous locality, and possibly the very fate that Friend had feared.

"Come on," he said, "there is no time to lose. You must get away from here at once, and to the other hotel."

Suiting the action to the word, he picked up the dress-suit case and the valise, dumped in our possessions, and proceeded down the steps to the inn-yard. The hotelier, of course, was off, idling in some tavern, and would never miss us until morning. By that time we would be gone—it was hoped.

Ensnconced in our new quarters, we then hunted up the English-speaking Unitarian, Toplinsky. He will linger in our memory for all time—"a village Hampden" doing all he may for his people. Toplinsky is the editor of a weekly, "The Balkan," which he prints in a little shop behind his home. Here, too, he translates and reprints, gratis, publications the churches in the States

may send him, and he is now at work translating into Bulgar a mammoth history of the world.

He has a fine, nervous face, pale and witness of much suffering; and when he raises his voice on the American hymns over his little cottage organ in the parlor of the home, where a coffin lid he has just finished decorating, that a peasant funeral may be made a bit the less sad, he hardly seems a thing of this earth, or rather of this land.

We spent the evening with him there, chatting, as we might, of the lands across the seas, to which he would come did he not feel that it would be deserting "his people," as he called his class of young folk in the village.

Then we turned in to our diaries by candle-light and bed, for we must be up and off betimes, before the roads became choked with traffic, and before our host of the "Macedon" missed us.

At half-past five the next morning with night still reigning out side and the sky overcast, we slipped into the court and over to the "Macedoine," where Angelo would be making ready with the wagon. No one had stirred yet at the other inn, and as there was but a common wash-basin for all the guests, we had not waked them by the use of it. We left our fee on the table at the door, and bid that place a fond adieu. In the dusk, with the moon still up and the sun just beginning to throw advance rays on the clouds—clouds that changed to pale roseate and then scarlet, and later to patches of pearl and black as we rode out—we strapped our possessions into the droschky and were off. The cocks crew and the lamps burned here and there in the village as our watches showed six; geese and a few dogs and a lazy ox, waking in its bed by the wagon-side, stirred at the sound of the horses' hoofs; the tobacco and the peppers swayed in the cool morning breeze,

and then we were again at the outskirts. Some women were bearing their brown water jugs to the town fountain, where a soldier was performing his ablutions, possibly a college man, needing to serve but one year and having been quartered in a house where, as with us, the pump was preferable to the wash-

basin; there was a passer or two, and at the outskirts a baker's bazaar, where we might purchase some rolls for the journey.

Then Angelo, munching a roll and whistling a bit of national ballad, gave the horses the whip, and we dashed on down the pike into brigand land.

CALIFORNIA

By Mrs. Jessie Crow

A strange and passionate land of bloom—
 That land by the sunset sea;
 The incense of the Orient
 Is with its pine aroma blent,
 And through some occult instinct sent
 In drifting dreams to me.

With ceaseless roll the billows wash
 The rocks by the summer sea;
 And the subtle charm of that mystic clime
 Is set to music and kept in time;
 Like the measured march of a mighty rhyme,
 By the beat of the breaking sea.

Child of that ocean current, born
 Of some warm, alien sea,
 What mystery is hidden, where
 Thy strange stone forests sphinx-like stare,
 And in their solemn silence share
 The secrets of the sea?

With steadfast eyes, the mountains
 Keep their watch beside the sea;
 Stern, silent sentinels that stand,
 Flung from the all-creative hand,
 To guard that golden-gated land
 From the encroaching sea.

O thou glad, dream-sown wonderland!
 Bride of the quickening sea,
 I scent the breeze from thy spume-swathed shore,
 Let me steep my soul in its tang to the core,
 Let me die within sound of the solemn roar
 Of the anthem-chanting sea.

THE MAN OF GOD

By Julien Josephson

WHEN the man regained consciousness, it was early morning. The storm had long since spent itself, and out of a sky of placid blue the first sunlight of the new day came sifting down through the scattering tufts of the ragged bull-pines and sprinkled the half-awakened man with little blotches of silver.

He blinked about him in bewilderment. The place seemed utterly strange. He wondered vaguely why the rumble and clack of the car wheels and the crackling of powdered granite on the wet rails no longer dinned in his ears. He marveled that the tiny, jagged pieces of rock no longer stung his face and flew into his eyes, and that the incessant squeaking and groaning of the brakes were no more. Then in one vivid flash of memory it all came back. As in a dream he could see himself crouching in the meagre shadows of the Gold Hill round-house, waiting for the car-inspector to pass—then darting under the south-bound Oregon express. Hour after hour he clung to the brake-beam, huddled and shivering, while the tireless wheels clicked off the miles. Suddenly a great, unseen hand seemed to tear the slippery rods out of his grasp, and crush out his senses. Then he had lost consciousness.

Unbuttoning his water-soaked overcoat the man rose painfully to his feet. With a sense of deep enjoyment he stretched his long, bony arms far above his head and drew in great breaths of the pine-scented air. A flush of color came to the pale cheeks. The thin, straight lips parted, almost wistfully, and the gray eyes lighted up as if with the hope of a new life. With one great,

hairy hand shading his eyes, he gazed off towards the west. Frenchman's Mountain, speckled with sage brush and charred stumps, sloped gently upward almost from his very feet, cutting the sky line with its bald top some two miles away. In the distance the man could hear the puffing of a heavy engine and the thunderous pounding of a hundred stamps working in mighty unison. He drew a long breath. Then with an immense, swinging stride that sent the skirts of his clerical frock fluttering about his thin legs, he struck swiftly up the steep trail and soon disappeared over the top of the mountain.

* * * *

There was a light knock at the door of the superintendent's private office. The superintendent of the Gold Hill Mining Company, a short, bull-necked man red of face and brisk of movement, dropped his pen and whirled about belligerently in his desk chair.

"Come in," he rumbled, crossly.

The door opened slowly, disclosing a tall, gaunt figure in a threadbare black suit of clerical cut. The stranger bowed with old-fashioned elaborateness, holding his broad-brimmed hat awkwardly in both hands.

"Have I the honor to address the superintendent of the Gold Hill Company?" he asked.

"That's me!" replied the superintendent, with brisk good humor, as he swept the stranger from head to foot with one darting glance. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for work."

The superintendent folded his stubby hands across the last button of his generous waistcoat and shook his head dubiously.

"Frankly, parson, this is about the last place on earth for a man of God. Not that the boys are bad—there never was a better-hearted set of lads. What I mean is: they do not take much stock in church religion. That's how the case stands."

The stranger smiled gravely. "I do not mean preaching—I meant work in the mines."

The superintendent glanced at the man in astonishment. He had seen something of life, and of men in his time, and this request struck him as very strange. But he only said: "I'm sorry, but the shifts are all full. Have you had any experience?"

"I ran a diamond drill for four years in the Bald Eagle."

The superintendent became suddenly interested. "Why, that's my old layout! I was foreman there in '92. Who was your foreman?"

"Tom Moran."

"Bull Moran?" shouted the superintendent, jumping up excitedly, and walking over to the stranger. "Why, Bull was my old team mate! Well, that puts a different face on matters. Any one that's worked under Bull knows his business. Let's see—I guess they can stand an extra man on Ryan's shift. You can start to-night."

The stranger seemed rocked by strong emotion. He started to speak, but the superintendent cut him short.

"That's all right," he said, heartily. "Report at Shed 9 any time before three o'clock, and they'll give you some working clothes. Good-day."

When the stranger was gone, the superintendent bent once more over his heap of papers, and for some moments his pen scratched furiously. All at once he stopped and stared fixedly into an empty pigeon hole.

"I wonder what the devil drove him to it?" he mused. "Preacher, too—I'll stake my life on it. Woman

in the case? Maybe." The superintendent sighed, shook his bullet-head hopelessly, and returned to his figures.

* * * *

A few moments before five o'clock the stranger presented himself at the bunk-house where Ryan's shift was accustomed to lounge about and smoke a pipe or two before going down into the mine. Old Ryan smiled complacently and tipped the wink to the other men. As if at a preconcerted signal every man in the bunk-house took his pipe from his mouth and stared at the newcomer. And in truth he was a man of extraordinary appearance. Immensely tall, his short blouse and tight-fitting overalls made his height seem gigantic, while it accentuated the natural sparseness of his frame until he looked gaunt to emaciation.

"D'ye git an t' the build of him?" whispered old Ryan to the man beside him. "He'll lasht abote foive minnits!"

"Sure, an' he ain't got na moor moosle 'n a muskaytur!"

"Begorry, ef I don't belave he's a praichur!" whispered old Ryan with the air of a man who has made a startling discovery.

The stranger noted the inquiring glances as he stood there awkwardly in the doorway. "The superintendent put me on Ryan's shift," he said. "Is this the right place?"

Old Ryan got up from his seat. "Sure, an' it is," he replied jovially. "Me name's Ryan—Seumas Ryan. An' what may yer own be?"

"Carroll."

"A foine ould Irish name, too. Byes, this is Mister Caarroll!"

The men nodded gravely. "How are 'ee, parson?" some one called out in broad Cornish. The gang burst into a roar.

The stranger smiled, too. "I'm glad to know you all!"

The men lazily resumed their smoking, and there was a short silence. Old Ryan suddenly pulled

out his watch. "Pick oop yer tools an' stip loively, byes!" he called out. "We've ounly got foive minutes!"

The men laid down their pipes, took up their picks, and with old Ryan in the lead, struck swiftly across the hill. Four minutes later the bell on the third level rang out tremblingly through the damp silence. "All riddy!" called out old Ryan, and swung his pick against the wall of stubborn rock. A dozen picks swung in response to his call, and the little chamber was filled with the crunching sound of sharp steel biting into rock.

Ryan's gang, as night shift number seven, was familiarly termed, had the reputation of being the hardest workers on their level. Old Ryan himself was a tireless worker with muscles of iron, and as he always set the pace, any weaklings or slugs that happened to get on the shift were speedily weeded out by natural selection. Only men of unusual strength and endurance worked for any length of time under Seumas Ryan. That is why Ryan and his men had indulged in disparaging comments on the stranger's physique when he appeared at the bunkhouse. And yet it is possible that they judged too hastily. At first glance the Parson did seem to be nothing more than a gaunt, flat-chested, somewhat stooped man of extraordinary height. Apparently the man had no muscular development whatever. And yet there was something about his great, rambling frame which hinted vaguely at a natural strength like that of a gorilla, while those great, hairy hands seemed incompatible with anything but sinews of steel.

The chamber where Ryan's shift was working lay in the extreme east wing of the mine, and was nothing more than a great cavity hewn in the rocky wall, and shaped like an inverted bowl. Its only exit was a broad opening into the main east corridor. It had been worked longer

than any other part of the mine, and of late it had been whispered more than once among the men that the arch over the opening into the corridor was settling. The chief engineer, however, declared it perfectly safe, and it was his business to know.

When the shift had been working steadily for nearly two hours, old Ryan glanced slyly at the Parson. According to his calculations it was now just about time for the Parson to show signs of marked distress. But to old Ryan's astonishment he did not evince the slightest trace of fatigue. With every stroke his pick seemed to gather energy and bite deeper into the rock.

"Grady sez skinny min er the strongest min in the wurruld," he muttered to himself. "Mebbe he's roight." He whirled his pick and brought it with great force against the rock, as if giving vent to his resentment at having been so completely deceived in the Parson. The stroke in spite of its vigor sounded strangely hollow. Old Ryan started. "By God!" he called out excitedly. "They ain't two foot o' wall lift oover here!"

The men rested on their picks and looked at old Ryan with blank faces. Then almost with one accord they glanced up at the arch. "D'yee think it's safe?" asked the man with the Cornish brogue.

"Sure. We will cut it right t'rough."

"I mean the arch, mon—the arch."

Old Ryan turned pale. "God save us, no!" he replied, trying to speak calmly. "Git yer picks an' we'll git out o' this."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the arch, with a dull, rending sound, burst and came roaring down into the chamber in an avalanche of rocks and stifling dust. Helpless—unable to see, choked by the dust and cut by the flying rocks—the men huddled

against the thin wall of the chamber and prayed that death might be sudden. It was all over in an instant. When the dust finally cleared the men who were still alive looked at each other with white faces—then at the wall of dirt and rock that now shut out all light and air. One of the men who in his excitement had clutched a lantern tightly in his hand, fished a match out of his pocket and lighted it. Old Ryan lay on the rocky floor senseless, with a jagged hole in his forehead. Four of the men lay propped against the wall, groaning piteously. The three who had been standing near the opening when the arch burst were hidden under tons of rock. Only three of the men had escaped without serious injury, and one of these was the Parson. Lantern in hand, he stood there pale and motionless like a man in a trance.

For a moment there was no sound save the shifting and groaning of the injured men. Then one of the men began to pray. The others, too, began to mumble half to themselves.

Their cries seemed to rouse the Parson from his trance. "Save your breath," he ordered almost roughly. "No man can hear you through this rock, and God——" A bitter word was on his tongue, but he checked himself, and went on: "There's only one way to get out—and that's to cut our way out. The wall's only a couple of feet thick, and we may be able to cut an air hole. Get your picks and pray God for strength."

The two uninjured men sprang to their feet with the energy of new hope, and taking their place beside the Parson, attacked the wall with desperate vigor. The wounded men watched them in silence. For half an hour the men hacked at the stubborn rock. The dust-laden air was becoming almost unbearably heavy, while at every stroke of the pick the rock seemed to grow tougher. The man on the Parson's

left suddenly dropped his pick and fell back fainting. His companion was almost as far gone.

"Don't give up," the Parson pleaded. "We'll have an air-hole in twenty minutes."

The man gritted his teeth and tried hard to put force into his strokes. But his pick scarcely chipped the rock.

"God help my babies!" he groaned, and sank to the ground.

The Parson glanced about him. Every other man in the chamber had lapsed into unconsciousness. He felt a strange drowsiness stealing over him. With a long, shivering sigh he shot the foul air out of his lungs. His great, bony frame wobbled weakly. But he shut his lips tightly and fought the wall of rock with the spasmodic strength of a madman. Suddenly a tiny chink of light showed in the rock. It seemed to give the Parson new strength, for his strokes gathered fresh energy. Now the hole was as large as a dollar. But the Parson felt his senses beginning to deaden. With fast-weakening strokes he hacked at the hole in the rock. His eyes began to grow weary and dim. The wall of rock had suddenly become a great dull blur with a tiny light darting about in it like a will o' the wisp. He tried to strike it, but it always darted away like lightning from under his pick. Then all at once, as if he had been dashed in the face with cold water, his brain and eye became clear. A foot above the chink of light he saw a jagged seam in the rock. Concentrating every ounce of his fast-waning strength into one desperate effort, he whirled the pick over his head and drove it with terrific force into the seam.

The keen point sank deep into the narrow fissure. The handle stood out straight from the rock and throbbed like a gripman's lever. The Parson groaned. Then he dashed his great body against the quivering handle, and bore it to the ground.



There was a ripping sound, and a bulky chunk of rock began to tear loose from the wall. The Parson lay on the ground, too weak to move a finger.

A jagged mouth of light opened suddenly in the rock. A torrent of cold air rushed into the chamber and stung the Parson in the face. "Help! Help!" he shouted in a sudden flash of consciousness. The boulder struck him—and stopped.

* * * *

Old Ryan sat on the steps of the bunk-house and puffed his pipe moodily. His usually red face was pale and troubled, and his forehead was hidden by a bandage of soiled muslin. The other men look-

ed very grave and smoked in silence.

Old Ryan took his pipe suddenly from his mouth.

"I guess it's all over," he said huskily. "Here comes Tiddy Frazer on the run."

The men looked very solemn. But at this moment Frazer rushed up to the bunk-house, waving his hat wildly above his head.

"The Parson's pulled through!" he shouted.

Old Ryan's lips twitched. "God bliss the broth av a bye!" he muttered with a queer rasp in his voice.

Shaughnessy plunged into his bunk and got out his fiddle.

Old Ryan was watching him. "Shaughnessy, lad!" he called out softly, "Home, Swate Home."

THE TAMING OF OLD JIM

A STAGE DRIVER'S STORY

By Jack Hamilton

MANY years ago, long before a coast line of railroad was ever hoped for or even dreamed of, I was driving stage between Santa Barbara and Los Alamos, which was then the southern terminus of the broad-gauge railroad from Port Harford.

The road from Los Alamos southward wound through Los Alamos and Santa Ynez Valleys, and after crossing Santa Ynez River, led up over the rugged Santa Ynez range of mountains. Just back of the city of Santa Barbara, this range rises abruptly to the height of four thousand feet, and forms a picturesque background for the city, the waters of Santa Barbara Channel sparkling almost at its feet, and the Channel Islands showing in the distance. In places the grade over the mountains was very steep, especially on the Santa Barbara side of the range; at one point, where the descent was one foot in five, the bare rock was exposed for a distance of about fifty feet. Grooves for the wheels had been cut in the rock, and creases had been chiseled across the road at every foot to keep the horses' feet from slipping. I tell you it took careful driving to get over this spot in safety with a four-horse stage filled with passengers. Those who were familiar with the road preferred walking down this steep descent.

It was about sixty miles from Santa Barbara to Los Alamos, and it usually took from six o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening to make the trip. We drove four horses, and there were two stations on the road where we took fresh teams, one just after we

got down the first steep pitch on the north side of the range about twenty miles from Santa Barbara, and the other at Santa Ynez about twenty miles further north.

One morning, early in the fall of 18—, I pulled out of Santa Barbara with a load of passengers. It was a beautiful morning, clear and cool, and the passengers, as well as myself, seemed to be in a frame of mind suited to enjoy the trip. On the seat was a gentleman whom I shall call Mr. Nieman. I had known him for a number of years, and as we rode along, he told me that he was on his way to attend the wedding of his nephew, who was overseer on a large ranch in Santa Maria Valley, twenty miles northwest of Los Alamos. He asked me if it were possible to reach Los Alamos a little ahead of time, as he expected a team to meet him there to take him to his nephew's ranch, which he wished to reach with as little delay as possible. He added that he would make it something worth my while if I got to Los Alamos earlier than usual.

Replying to his question, I told him that while I would like very much to accommodate him, the stage company had a regular schedule which drivers were expected to carry out. However, I promised him that I would be as much ahead of time as I dared.

The team that I was driving consisted of four large horses, all well broken and reliable, except the near wheeler, a big, powerful sorrel. Old Jim, as he was called, was a terror. When things went wrong with him he usually fell to kicking, and kept it up until something gave way. A



Santa Barbara.

few months before the time I am speaking of, Jim started kicking on one of the worst parts of the grade and the driver being unable to control him, Jim had forced the stage off the grade, piling passengers, driver, stage and horses in a heap down in the canyon below.

Fortunately none of the passengers was killed, but many were so seriously injured that the company had to pay several thousand dollars in damages. The driver escaped with a few bruises. Of the horses, old Jim was the sole survivor, two others having been killed outright, and the third so badly crippled that he had to be shot. As some one remarked: "Jim was too mean to die."

As soon as Jim was able to travel he had been put back upon the road, but had so far behaved himself. Although I had been driving on the route for some time, I had never driven old Jim before; but knowing him by reputation, I determined to keep my eye on him and avoid trouble if I could.

All went well on the Santa Barbara side, and we made the ascent of the mountain without any inci-

dent worthy of note. We began the descent, and after traveling about two miles, we struck the long grade leading down to Cold Spring. On our left arose the precipitous sides of the mountains; on our right the ground, equally steep, sloped away so sharply that we could look into the tops of the live oaks growing below us and distinguish the individual leaves on them.

Suddenly, without an instant's warning, Jim put down his head and began kicking as if his life depended upon the rapidity of his movements and the height to which he could elevate his heels. I had been warned, by those that were familiar with Jim's tricks, that he had an ugly habit, while engaged in his favorite pastime, of throwing and twisting his head under and over the lines until he had them hopelessly entangled, thus rendering all control of the team impossible. I also knew that, a few hundred feet below us, the road had been cut into the living rock around a ridge, and swung sharply to the left. Realizing at once that, if we reached the turn with an uncontrollable team

we would be hurled into the canyon five hundred feet below, and knowing that the safety of myself, passengers and the team depended upon my keeping cool and acting promptly, I determined upon a desperate expedient.

Rising in my place, I spoke sharply to my off-leader, at the same time striking him a stinging blow with the whip and pulling him with all my might toward the bank. This brought the tongue of the stage against Jim's legs so suddenly and so violently that the aforesaid legs were knocked completely from under him, and he landed on his back all heels up, on the other side of the tongue, between it and the off-wheeler, stopping the stage with a jerk that shook us almost from our seats.

The passengers got hastily out of the stage. Mr. Nieman kept his seat by my side, but gazing down on the fallen horse with a look of

dismay, asked: "Well, what is to be done now?"

"Mr. Nieman," I replied, "you are a horseman and you can see that no serious damage has been done so far. If you will help me we will soon get things straightened out."

"I'll help all I can," said Mr. Nieman.

"All right," I replied; "get down, unhook the leaders, and take them down the road a bit. Let one of the passengers hold them, and then come back and unhitch the off-wheeler."

Mr. Nieman at once obeyed my instructions, old Jim in the meantime lying quietly just as he had fallen. By the time Mr. Nieman came back to unhitch the off-wheeler I was down and had old Jim by the head. After unhitching the off-wheeler and putting him in charge of another passenger, Mr. Nieman came to my assistance, and together we got Jim free from the stage.



Road above cold spring.

When he got to his feet, Jim shook himself and then commenced kicking, lashing out viciously with his hind feet. I have never seen a horse kick so long and so savagely as he did. It seemed to me that he kept it up for fifteen minutes. I let him alone, thinking that he would quit when he got enough.

In the meantime, knowing that I must reach the station six miles below with safety to myself and the passengers, and that I must work Jim in order to get there, I was planning how I could accomplish this and at the same time give Jim the lesson of his life.

When the old fellow had quieted down and we had the team all hitched up again, I spoke to the passengers, telling them what I had decided upon, and asking them not to be alarmed if at times the pace down the mountain was unusually rapid, as I would promise to get them down safely. They all declared their perfect confidence in a man who had shown himself master of the situation so far.

With this understanding we started. It was a wild ride down the mountain, for every time Jim showed any symptoms of kicking I lashed the horses to a gallop, knowing full well that Jim could not kick while going at full speed.

When we reached the station, the keeper led out four fresh horses. I ordered him to take one back and "hook up" old Jim in his place. He asked the reason for such a proceeding, but I told him to ask no questions, but obey orders, and he would be all right.

When we got to Santa Ynez I gave similar orders, and thus old Jim made the entire trip of sixty miles from Santa Barbara to Los Alamos, at times trotting along as quietly as any well behaved horse, again scampering along at full gallop to keep him from kicking. By the time we reached our journey's end he was tame enough.

Having arrived an hour and a half ahead of schedule time, Mr. Nieman was delighted, especially when he saw the team from his nephew's ranch waiting to take him to Santa Maria. He handed me five dollars for landing him in Los Alamos in such good season, though I protested that it was not altogether intentional on my part.

The proprietor of the hotel, who was also the local stage agent, looked grave when he saw old Jim covered with foam and noted the fact that I was so much ahead of time.

I put my team away, blanketed old Jim, and paid a boy a dollar to lead him up and down and give him an occasional sip of water until he had cooled off. When I went to the office to report, the agent said: "How shall I report the time?"

"Report it just as it is," was my reply. "I have nothing to conceal."

Worn out with my day's work, I went to bed early, but was awakened about four o'clock in the morn-



On the grade above gold spring.

ing by Mr. Thomas, the division agent, who had ridden all the way from San Luis Obispo to inquire into the report that I had driven one horse sixty miles and had arrived an hour and a half ahead of schedule time.

I frankly recounted the whole of the previous days' events, telling of my determination to make a decent horse of old Jim, if possible.

Mr. Thomas listened patiently and silently to the story, thanked me for my promptness in meeting a desperate situation, and told me that I had served old Jim just right, adding that I should have an opportunity to conquer old Jim if I had to kill him.

"The old imp," said he, "has cost the company ten thousand dollars already. Work him if you have to kill him, and when you kill him, hang his hide on the fence, take me to see it, and I will pay you for your trouble."

We had talked for nearly an hour, and it was now time for me to get up and prepare for my return trip. Mr. Thomas invited me to have breakfast with him, and in due time we sat down to the finest breakfast the hotel afforded.

I left Los Alamos on schedule time with old Jim in his usual place, and I may add that I had no further trouble with him while I drove him.

Some months after my adventure with Jim, as I was driving down the grade on the Santa Barbara side of the range, the brake suddenly gave way. Realizing that all I could do was to keep the team out of the way of the stage, I called to the passengers, telling them what had happened, cautioning them to remain in the stage, and promising to get them safely down the grade. I then lashed the horses to a gallop and we fairly flew down the mountain.

My whole attention was given to keeping the horses in the road and making the turns in safety. At times it seemed that we must surely overturn at some of the sharp turns of the road, but I kept my head, and at last, to my infinite relief, we reached a long, level stretch, where I slowed the team down and got them stopped.

When the passengers got out two drummers approached me, one of whom addressed me, saying:

"I told my partner here that you were all right, and would get us down safely, because I had seen you conquer old Jim when he had his kicking spree."

With the aid of some willow poles and some bale-rope, I patched the brake up, and we reached Santa Barbara without any further incident.



The Summer Surveying Class of the University of California

By Charles S. Haley

AT the technical colleges of the day much cavil is frequently directed by the practical-minded, self-made engineer. This is largely on account of the inexperienced bunch of self-sufficient, theoretically bent, soft-handed raw material which is yearly dumped upon the engineering market branded with the B. S. of each particular branch.

And there is no question but what there is good reason so to cavil, for the atmosphere of a college must, of necessity, from its very nature, be more or less theoretical. A professor of any branch of science, say physics, chemistry or mathematics, has of course spent the best years of his life in study, apart from the practical world. It is, however, due to the efforts of such theoretical minds that all discoveries of great practical value have been unearthed. But among the technical colleges, this tendency must, to a greater or less degree, be overcome, or at least directed in practical channels, by strictly practical work.

Where the Santa Cruz Mountains come down to the Pacific, every year there is taking place an event which illustrates as perhaps nothing else can, the strongly practical trend of Western educational methods. This event is the annual establishment of the summer class in surveying of the University of California—an undertaking whose magnitude can perhaps better be comprehended when it is said that this year the total number of students enrolled in the first section alone was over one hundred and fifty; those in the second section, made necessary this

year by a change in the curriculum, bringing the total number well toward three hundred.

The tenting and management of such a camp as this is necessarily an undertaking which demands the putting forth of the best energies of those in charge of the work. The chief difficulties with which they had to cope were: First, the transportation of the class, together with all necessary baggage, such as instruments, rods, etc., in a systematic and rapid manner; next, the establishment and maintenance of a fitting commissary department; also, maintenance of sanitary and wholesome conditions about the camp. Then the handling of the entire camp, the apportioning of the work each day in such a manner as to avoid conflict, a task rendered difficult by the limited number of instruments in use. Yet the entire class had to be kept busy at the work.

During the present year Professor Prouty has had the supervision of the camp. With the able assistance of the instructors in surveying the work was carried on admirably. All in all, great credit must be given to the department for the eminently satisfactory conduct of the camp this year. The commissary was good, better than that found in most camps. There was no case of serious illness; in short, all went well. The camp was located at the mouth of a canyon on the bank of Liddell Creek, about eleven and one-half miles north of Santa Cruz, on the Pescadero road. The nearest town of any size at all was Santa Cruz—

a point in favor of the location, probably.

Beyond the camp the creek wound down to the beach, emptying into the ocean on a broad beach of yellow sand, bordered on both sides by the steep bluffs for which the country is noted. Here the finest kind of surf bathing could be enjoyed, a fact of which the crowd soon learned to take advantage. From the road the camp could not be seen until directly in front of it; beyond it, again, a bend of the road around the hill hid it from view.

The work was divided into two sections; for upper classmen the accomplishment and mapping of a location survey of an imaginary railroad running from a pier on the ocean to a point back in the hills. The work is done according to modern railway methods, and is most instructive.

For lower classmen, who far exceed the others in number, the work is of a more general character. It is of such a nature as to render the student of surveying familiar with the handling of instruments in ordinary topographical work. For convenience the entire crowd is divided into parties of three, who do their work together. The work for these consists of leveling, chaining with both tape and chain, sun and Polaris observations, with sextant and transit, a topographical plane table survey, a transit and stadia topographical survey, the mapping of the same, triangulation and computation of angles and sides, a problem in government land survey, also a mining problem. All in all it is a fairly extensive course.

The chief value of the work lies in the familiarizing of the student with the use and care of instruments. Work at college is more or less totally theoretical, owing to restrictions imposed by limitations of time and space. But here in actual camp one quickly familiarizes one's self with ordinary methods in a way

which any amount of theoretical training would never accomplish.

The day in the camp begins at five in the morning, with the call of the bugle. By five-thirty the entire camp, washed and dressed, is hungrily watching the table, upon which they quickly make assault at the given signal. A few moments before six the line is formed before the instrument room, and work is begun immediately upon receiving the instrument. First, it must be adjusted, and with some of the older instruments a sorry task this is, but one full of profit to the beginner. Then off to the work in hand for the day, which has been assigned by the instructor in charge. Work progresses until eleven o'clock, when all come in from every quarter of the compass for the noon meal. At twelve o'clock work is begun again, to continue until three. This is necessarily the close of the day, owing to the violence of the wind, which ordinarily prevents the use of rods at that hour.

The rest of the day, until five o'clock, when the evening meal is served, is spent in recreation. This may be obtained in various ways—playing baseball or going in swimming, for the beach is close at hand, where the ocean surf may be enjoyed to the fullest extent; or else there are various odds and ends to attend to, such as washing, cleaning tents, etc.

After supper—well, of that more later. Many are the devices invented to assassinate old Father Time.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday work is suspended, and many are the ways of passing time enjoyably. Long walks are taken to objects of interest in the neighboring country, such as the calcite plant and lime kiln, abalone beach and even to Santa Cruz and Ben Lomond, where there is always "something doing."

On one of these excursions during the past session, much amusement

was caused in the camp by the sensational report of a short walk taken on the rocks at low tide by a few members of the class, wherein they used a few boards to get from one rock to another. One would think it required a college education to learn to use common sense.

An occasional friendly rough-house occurs, such as happens in any place where soph and freshmen meet, whereby a few people are given a wholesome wetting and a great many others are vastly amused.

At the end of the session the crowd is more or less of a disheveled bunch; beards allowed to grow, hair uncombed, old clothes rampant, big boots and accessories—all in all a rough-looking crowd, but better in every way, physically as well as mentally, for the month of out-door life and instruction.

During the week, at every noon, immediately following dinner, there is an eager line up of the crowd awaiting the mail man. Happy is the man who draws down a letter from home; or maybe two or three. The daily newspapers, one or two days late, are read with avidity. Magazines are passed from tent to tent, equally appreciated wherever they go.

At night, the camp is a long row

of white light, where the candles shine through the canvas. From one tent come the strains of a banjo, with a chorus of ready voices; from another the low, monotonous tones of a party calculating side shots—or are those side shots? If so, why should we hear above the drone an occasional "What d'ye want?" "Three." "What you got?" "Jacks full on aces," and other remarks of a similar nature. In yet another tent is heard the deliberations of a committee of sophs, bent on consideration of freshman duty and the enforcement thereof. An occasional pistol shot, which means death to some intrepid rat is heard.

Along towards ten o'clock the tents begin to darken. The singing ceases, the reader of side-shots puts away his slide rule and turns in; the sophs have written out their resolutions. By the improvised torches those working on Polaris observe the culmination; at two in the morning they must rouse themselves again for the elongated, disturbing both themselves and every one who were located in the same neighborhood.

Gradually we see the lights go out and in another hour's time the whole camp is plunged deep in that refreshing slumber which comes from living close to nature.



WITH THE OVERLAND MONTHLY'S CONTRIBUTORS

THE Overland Monthly has pleasure in giving these "counterfeit presentments" of a few of its regular contributors—

men and women who have achieved distinction in the world of literature.

Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke are not strangers to



Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

readers of the Overland Monthly. But they are writers of books rather than of magazine articles. "Return," their latest joint production, has received high favor in Europe as well as in America.



Clarence Hawkes, the blind author.

Clarence Hawkes is essentially a writer of nature stories, though he is equally brilliant in fiction. Though blind, Mr. Hawkes sees with the eyes of an imagination that suggests soul memories of the years ago.



Jane M. Acheson.

Miss Jane M. Acheson is well known as a writer of mining stories. Her power of description of the rugged life of mining is a gift that few possess.

Miss Mabel Porter Pitts' verses are always welcome in the columns of the standard magazines.



Mabel Porter Pitts, a poet who has succeeded.

Mr. Calhoun Duff is a fiction writer of the weird school, which comes from a native ability and culture from roaming in the fields of psychological research.



Mr. Calhoun Duff, a writer of the weird.

Miss Frances Charles is "known of all men," through her great and forceful "Tex.'s Little Lad," a serial which the Overland Monthly was



Frances Charles

glad to print. Miss Charles has written other charming stories.



Miss Grace Helen Bailey, a rising dramatist

Miss Grace Helen Bailey is not only a charming writer of fiction and verse, but she has achieved distinction as a playwright.

Miss May-Ethelyn Bourne of Esmeralda, is a writer of fiction and verse into which are woven the best



May-Ethelyn Bourne of Esmeralda.

threads of the human heart. She writes because of the opportunity it gives to throw sunshine into the lives of human kind.

John G. Neihardt is at home with the Indian, and he roams the plains with them in close friendship. His stories are full of thrilling interest.



John G. Neihardt, writer of poetry and prose.

and fiction. Her tales breathe a spirit of the wide outdoors. She is also known as a translator of stories and articles from the French and Spanish.



Mabel Houghton Brown.

Mabel Houghton Brown, a Stanford graduate, is a writer of verse



Adriana Spadoni.

Miss Adriana Spadoni has made a specialty of the quaint life of the Latin Quarter, and of the cosmopolitan population of San Francisco.



THE NEMESIS OF BERNARD SHAW

By Austin Lewis

“**I** CLING to my waning folly as a corrective to my waxing good sense as anxiously as I once nursed my good sense to defend myself against my folly.” So wrote Mr. G. B. Shaw in 1896. In this sentence lies the explanation of “Man and Superman,” which marks at one and the same time his climax as a writer and the probable conclusion of his influence as a moulder of opinion.

Mr. Shaw, as far as his own ambitions are concerned, has undoubtedly been more desirous of impressing the public than of that reputation for artistic work and artistic criticism to which his undoubted genius and surpassing talents entitle him. He longs to be a leader. Though he would scoff at the suggestion, he burns, in fact, with the desire of impressing the people with his formulae, and he would have no objection to making still further additions to the enormous amount of very clever and original advertising which he has put forth with that end in view.

But to lead is precisely the one thing of which he is incapable. Men will have none of his leadership; they think him too good a joke to lose. They laugh at him, applaud him, pat him on the back, shout to him to turn another somersault, and when he has anticked, look at one another, wink solemnly and whisper, “Punchinello.” They, those hard-headed Englishmen whose good opinion he values, in spite of all his satire, above everything do not believe in his capacity to lead. Moreover, they are quite right. Still, there was a time when Mr. Shaw might have become an actual force; the explanation of his failure may be found in the words quoted at the opening of this article.

Of the fact of the failure there can be no possible doubt for the opinion of his fellow-citizens with regard to his capacity for leadership is evident enough in the fact that they refused to give him a second term in the humble position of Borough Councillor, for having once tried him, they do not care about repeating the experiment.

In spite of all his apparent cynicism, perhaps, indeed, because of it, Mr. Shaw is at the bottom a very altruistic person. He wants to see the race progress, and he would be willing to make almost any personal sacrifice to push it forward even a little. In fact, in his “Man and Superman,” he shows an entire willingness to sacrifice humanity for the sake of a future humanity, always provided, however, that such a future evolution of the race should correspond with the ideas of Mr. Shaw, as they happen to be to-day.

But, unfortunately, he has learned to despise humanity. His ambitions for the race are so high that men and women appear to him to be very crude instruments for the accomplishment of human betterment. Yet he is as well aware as the rest of us that men must accomplish the destiny of Man, and that no *deus ex machina* can be counted on to perform the work. He says: “All human progress involves, as its first condition, the willingness of the pioneer to make a fool of himself. The sensible man is the man who adapts himself to conditions; the fool is the man who persists in trying to adapt the conditions to himself.” This view puts him at odds with a contradiction which must necessarily have destroyed him and which, as a matter of fact, has done so.

His position is, in fact, so peculiar as to be impossible. He sets out to show by an analysis of present day society that it is diseased and a detriment to the development of Man. So far he will receive the approbation of large numbers of people whose notions are precisely similar. Such people, however, when they come to the point where they undertake to improve matters must, according to Mr. Shaw, make fools of themselves. Men in the mass, too, according to our philosopher, are not only fools—they are also "scoundrels." Hence in Mr. Shaw we have a would-be reformer who must carry on his work with the aid of potential fools and actual scoundrels. It is not wonderful that with these limitations he exclaims that all reform is a delusion, and says: "So we arrive at the end of the socialist's dream of the 'socialization of the means of production and exchange,' of the Positivist's dream of moralizing the capitalist, and of the ethical professor's, legislator's, educator's dream of putting commandments and codes and lessons and examination marks on a man as harness is put on a horse, ermine on a judge, pipe-clay on a soldier, or a wig on an orator, and pretending that his nature is changed. The only fundamental and possible socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of Man."

But if the present race of men by reason of its stupidity and innate scoundrelism is unable to achieve any reforms worth while, why should Mr. Shaw argue that it is capable of producing a race free from such natural deficiencies and able to administer society more satisfactorily? Either he protests too much or his Superman is doomed from the beginning for the same reason his socialism is impossible, this reason being the inadequateness of the human and the inability of Man to produce anything of value.

The opening here offered by the

philosophic dramatist was too wide for a critic of the power and pungency of G. K. Chesterton not to seize upon, and in the Daily News that censor thus delivers himself: "I feel that in this fascinating and delightful play Mr. Shaw has betrayed and embodied at last his one mistake. He has always prided himself on seeing men and things as they are. He has never really done so, as one might have guessed from his not admiring them. The truth is, that he has always been comparing humanity with something that was not human, with a monster from Mars, with the Wise Man of the Stoics, with Julius Caesar, with Siegfried, with the Superman. Mr. Shaw in the tone of the play falls in some degree at least into the great weakness of his master, Nietzsche, which was the strange notion that the greater and stronger a man was the more he would scorn common men."

All the brilliancy of the play, and the literary skill of which he is so pronounced a master, are nothing which cannot successfully hide a complete philosophic failure. For if man is the fool and scoundrel which Mr. Shaw implies, then all dreams of improving conditions are waste, since the Human is incapable of bettering himself alike on intellectual and moral grounds.

"The waxing good sense" of which Mr. Shaw was so proud eight years ago has now become a monster which bids fair to devour him. It is very evident that he has no logical path of escape from the jaws of the dragon created by his own infernal cleverness. His state of mind is not unnatural, it is not even unusual. It is the condition of most men who in their dreams of social amelioration are confronted by human stupidity. The complaint of this stupidity is the unvarying burden of the song of every one who has work to do in which he must employ the services and assistance

of other men. But Mr. Shaw has ceased to do the work and is confining his activities to teasing and abusing those who must, after all, struggle toward the accomplishment of that which he has given up. He is just a workman quarreling with his tools. He bewails the pass to which things have come and has given utterance to his complaints in an address published in the "Daily News" as "The Lost Faiths," a title which provoked Mr. George Jacob Holyoake to the sufficiently obvious retort that it was a subject upon which Mr. Shaw was in no sense entitled to speak, as he had never had any faiths to lose.

Such an accusation is, however, manifestly unfair, for no man would have made the sacrifices and put himself to the personal trouble and inconvenience, to say nothing of actual loss, to which Mr. Shaw has subjected himself, without well defined convictions, strong enough indeed to be called "faiths." But a too keen sense of humor and a too eager desire to provoke laughter, at any cost, even at the expense of his own dignity, have been too much for a character never over robust, and have brought it about that Herr Bebel is fully justified in his scornful remark to the effect that Mr. Shaw is "the clown of English socialism."

All this has had the effect of destroying his literary work, a deplorable fact when we consider of what he is really capable, or rather of what he has promised to be capable, for it is true that he has never yet gone beyond the stage of brilliant promise. Apart from brilliant epigrams and witty sayings, which have never tasted so well as they did in the days of Wilde, and which are in fact in many instances but examples of clever fooling, what has "Man and Superman" to offer us? An inversion of ordinary ideas on the marriage question, an inversion of extraordinary ideas on the

subject of heaven and hell, an analysis of the opinions of certain political and social types, never true to nature, always slightly distorted, adding no wit to the knowledge which the ordinary student possesses of these types, these with "The Revolutionist's Handbook" constitute the whole of Mr. Shaw's contribution. "The Revolutionist's Handbook," brilliant as it is, and daring as it professes to be, is actually not new—for the most part it is not original. It simply reiterates the complaint of the rebel, not always of the intelligent rebel, frequently a growl of the Max Nordau variety, whose "Conventional Lies" and "Paradoxes" could have furnished much of the thought, and it too often reproduces the incoherent anger of the baser sort of anarchist, so that Mr. Herbert Burrows in a critical essay says bluntly: "Mr. Shaw is really an anarchist of a chaotic type, as his latest master, Nietzsche, really is, and the principle or want of principle of life of both of them is disintegration."

Mr. Shaw, by his ostentatious elimination of emotion, has placed himself in a position from which extrication must be difficult, if not impossible. A philosopher may be superior to emotions, or inferior, which is perhaps nearer the truth, but an artist can never be so, and Mr. Shaw chooses to appeal to us as an artist. He is thus driven, perforce, to that most barren of fields, literary art for the sake of literary art. But Mr. Shaw does not really want to be a literary artist—he uses the art medium as a means of dosing us with philosophy, and that is all. He despises art and artists, and gives his grounds in a fashion which makes dissent from him difficult. What, then, is left to him, except to continue his lamentations over the weakness and folly of his fellowmen, and to long, artistically, but in the very nature of things, vainly, for the Superman?

WITH THE NEW BOOKS

By Armond

Perhaps the clearest intimation of the object and purpose of "The Freedom of Authority," by J. Macbride Sterrett, D. D., of the George Washington University, is given by the author himself when he says: "This volume is a series of Studies, rather than a sustained thesis. Yet there runs through them all the contention that nature and man are known truly, only when they are viewed as a process of objective Mind, realizing itself afresh in and through empirical conditions. Its fundamental object is to maintain the reasonableness of a man of modern culture frankly and earnestly worshipping in some form of authoritative religion—in any form rather than in no form."

The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

In "The Home Life of Wild Birds" the author, Francis Hobart Herrick, has given the world its most interesting work on wild birds, their customs and home life. It is a masterpiece in bird studies, and is just as interesting to children as to the profound student. The illustrations, 160 in number, are taken from nature by the author himself. By way of a digression, the reviewer would suggest that there are very many families that would be vastly improved in manners, behavior, appreciation of the ties of consanguinity, as well as in neighborly kindness, by reading Mr. Herrick's great work on bird life.

G. P. Putnam Sons, New York and London.

John Philip Sousa, the popular bandmaster, has entered the field of fiction, and his effort rejoices in the rather homely name of "Pipitoun

Sandy." It is a lively story, with enough sentimentalism to cause it to be ranked as a "love affair." It is interesting in a way. But Sousa the almost illustrious musician, and Sousa the fiction writer—well, the former is upon the heights and the latter is in the canyon below. Illustrations are by Chas. Louis Hinton, and they are fine.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"John Gilley," by Charles W. Eliot, is the first of a series of books to be called "True American Types." If "John Gilley" is a fair sample of the books of the series that are to follow, the library of character sketches of the true and real American manhood will be greatly enriched. "John Gilley" was a sturdy, honest Maine farmer and fisherman who was too great in character and too strong in rugged virtue to be moved from what he deemed his path of duty. No one could read the book without feeling stronger to keep in the course of sterling integrity and moral worth.

American Unitarian Association, Boston.

"The Log of the Water Wagon" is by Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson, illustrations by L. M. Glackens, with the W. C. T. U. as the power behind the throne. The book is intended to recite the incidents on a cruise of a water cart, but of course the purpose of it all is to preach a sermon on temperance. The little "Log of the Water Wagon" is full to overflowing with wit and humor delightfully and attractively wrapped up in a loving message to all who look upon strong drink longingly to try the sparkling

drink which the "water wagon" furnishes free of charge.

H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston.

Marshall P. Wilder has sent forth a book of 360 pages in which graphic pen pictures are given of "the sunny side of the street," and in which the sunny and lovable side of many well known people are presented in a way that one is compelled to believe there is an immense amount of genuine sunshine in the souls of men whom the world thinks are all the time morose and cold because of the burdens of State and commerce they have to bear. All the world should thank Mr. Wilder for "The Sunny Side of the Street."

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

"Reform" is the title of an essay on the political and financial and social condition of the United States, showing its dangers, defects and remedies, by Colonel Ralph de Clairmont. Col. Clairmont learnedly discusses this question, the science of Government, including finance, religion, education, the press, legislation, law and justice and kindred subjects. Naturally the purpose and mission of the book is to urge the people to take a deeper personal interest in the public affairs of their country, and to institute reforms.

Richard G. Baker, Boston.

"Letters of a Self-Made President," by James J. Neville, is a mystery. If it was intended to be 180 pages of wit it is an utter failure. If it was intended to be 180 pages of an idiotic effort to belittle the President, it is worse than a failure. Therefore the mystery lies in the fact that a reputable publisher could be found to print such stuff. However, it is the business of a publisher to publish, and the presumption is that the author paid cash to have it printed as a "job

lot" at a low price, while the presses were taking things easy. The book is made up of a series of letters dated at the White House and signed "The President." A quotation or two will be enough to disgust the average man beyond the possibility of his investing in the thing: "This morning I ordered the pictures of Jefferson and Washington removed from the Blue Room and hung in the servants' quarter. I shall replace them with some fine hunting scenes." Again: "Dear Booker—My entertaining you at dinner in the White House has raised a storm of protest, especially from the South. Let them storm and rage—I care not. I am privileged to choose my own associates at dinner. I have already noted one good effect of your dining with me last week. It is that I am sure of a solid colored vote in the next national convention." One hundred and eighty pages of such vulgarity!

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York.

James Clarence Harvey's "In Bohemia" is brimful of what "I'd rather be poor in Bohemia than rich in a palace grand" means, or could be stretched to mean. Bohemia is, as Harvey says, an atmosphere and not a place. Bohemia does not mean coarseness, rudeness or boorishness. It means an atmosphere surcharged with those things, even the fragrance of the thought of which maketh the heart glad and the whole man to rejoice that he is in this beautiful world where the joys of comradeship cannot be had for cash—in Bohemia.

H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

"The Land of the Rising Sun," by Gregoire De Wallant, is a Russian's review of Japan's beginnings, growth and political evolution. The wonder is how the author managed to crowd so much into 400 pages.

His book is a library of Nipponese history, religions, philosophy, literature and art, and all in a clear, concise and comprehensive narrative. And although Japan is seen through Russian eyes and analyzed by Russian thought, there is no indication of prejudice. On the other hand, while their weaknesses are exposed, the Japanese are given credit for all that is due them and in a spirit of admiration for their energy and patriotism. The old Samurai military spirit still prevails, which is contempt for death and readiness to sacrifice one's self in the name of duty. The present military spirit and devotion to the flag is accounted for, De Wallant says, in the following dialogue which is in every school primer, which every child is required to commit to memory:

A.—Who is your chief?

B.—The Emperor.

A.—In what consists the military spirit?

B.—In obedience and readiness to sacrifice one's life.

A.—What is the highest virtue?

B.—Never to look at the number of the enemy, but go forward.

This Samurai spirit, and the other characteristics of the Japanese, "the Land of the Rising Sun," sets forth in a most entertaining way. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

One of the very best books of the season is "Brothers," by Horace A. Vachell, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The beginning of the theme of "Brothers" is in England, and most graphically has the author described English country life as lived by the nobility. Evidently the purpose the author had in mind was to give hope to the despairing, strength to the hesitating, and comfort to those who dwell in the gloom of ill-health. The characters are made strong and forceful, with all playing the game of life

naturally. But it is the wholesomeness of the story that most commends the book. Certainly there are intrigues and deception, but they only serve for comparison. "Brothers" is a masterly conception.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have issued a remarkable book, "The Master Mummer," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. The book just escapes the ultra sensational, but all through its journey over the tempestuous seas of high social circles, it has dangerous winds. Its centre is a social scandal, which is what would be expected from a royal social favorite eloping with a handsome man of a much lower level—an actor, and to make matters worse she insists upon the right of a woman to consult her own inclinations, though in doing so she tear caste conventions and social distinction into tatters. The theme really is of a "head-long, head-strong, down-right she," who insisted upon loving and being loved according to her own self-enacted code of ethics. The illustrations are numerous and striking.

"The Fountain of Youth," by Grace P. Murray, M. D., claims to be a practical and common-sense treatise on personal hygiene, and on the preservation of health and beauty through careful attention to the daily needs of the body. Dr. Murray has devoted many years to the study and practice of her specialty, and no doubt her theories are based upon the science of hygiene.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y.

Perhaps the best review of "Causes and Consequences," by John Jay Chapman, would be the author's preface. He says: "The idea that man is an unselfish animal has gradually been forced upon me by the course of reflection which I give in the following chapters, in

the order in which it occurred to me. The chapters are little more than presentations from different points of view of this one idea. The chapters on Politics and Society seem to show that our political corruptions and social inferiorities can be traced to the same source—namely, temporary distortion of human character by the forces of commerce. The chapter on Education is a study on the law of intellectual growth, and shows that a normal and rounded development can only come from a use of the faculties very different from that practiced by the average American since the discovery of the cotton gin. The chapter on Democracy is a review of that subject by the light of the conclusions as to the Nature of Man, arrived at in the Essay on Education; and it is seen that our frame of government is in accord with sound philosophy, and is a constant influence tending to correct the distortions described in the first two chapters.”

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Esther and Lucia Chamberlain have given to the public from the press of the Century Company, New York, a delightful love story, under the title of “Mrs. Essington.” The story has to do not with the “smart set,” but with distinctly smart folk. A young, handsome and dashing widow and a sweet but athletic girl are rivals for the “tender notice” of a youthful composer. That is all that should be said about the book in a review, for so graceful, so beautiful and so wholesome a story of the heart must be read to enjoy its splendid colorings.

“A Courier of Fortune,” by Arthur W. Marchmont, is a charming French story into which love, passion, intrigue, plots and counterplots and all sorts of dangers are woven by a master weaver of fiction.

The underlying theme is so delightful that the liberal social conventions of Old France are sufficiently glossed over to prevent them doing injury to the main thread of the story. It is the kind of fiction that holds the reader in “breathless interest.”

Frederick A. Stokes & Company, New York.

“Parisians Out of Doors,” by F. Berkeley Smith, and profusely illustrated by the author, is not “rich and racy,” but a careful study of the customs and conventions of Parisians when outing. The almost excessive politeness of the French people is carried into their out-door life. Their intensity while gathering pleasures in the open is so unlike the severely dignified Anglo-Saxon, and the difference so graphically presented by the author, that one feels as if one were participating in their gayeties.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London.

The old Greek Press of Chicago has issued a most interesting addition to the Nut Shell Library by Sherwin Cody. “How to Read and What to Read” is the name of the book, and its value lies mostly in Mr. Cody's estimate of the leading modern authors, which is a wonderful help in making comparisons. The book-worm, as well as the occasional novel reader, will find “How to Read and What to Read” a very friendly companion.

The latest issue of “Enchantment”—the Pocket-Book—by Harold MacGrath, contains five interesting stories which have the merit of knowing how to entertain and when to stop. All the books of the Pocket-Book series are necessary to every library that would be complete in stories.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A NIGHT IN OLD SPAIN

Englished by Beatrice Hastings

AS a mere baby, I had loved pictures, and a family tradition ran that the view of a pretty landscape had often stopped the flow of childish tears.

I entered the art school early, and being somewhat of a dreamer, I selected as my especial study the poetical land of old Spain, with its perfect blue sky, its white Sierras, romantic gardens, and picturesque ruins, and my first impulse on leaving the art school in Paris and striking out for myself was a journey, with sketch-book in hand, through the flowery land of Andalusia.

The splendors of Granada and Seville dazzled me with their gorgeous alhambras and stately alcazars—indeed they even surpassed in enchantment the wildest dreams of my fancy, however, listening to the persuasions of the gitanos, who declared that I would find, near the little, ruined town of Corduba an antique Moorish palace marvelously well preserved, but usually shunned by guides and tourists, on account of the wretched roads leading to it, and the poverty of the neighboring inns. I turned away from the splendors of the two historic cities, and seating myself on my mule, launched boldly out for the mountains, determined to visit it.

The gitanos had only partially lied. To be sure, the road was quite bad enough to break one's neck, but the little, solitary, green-plastered inn of Corduba, with its balustrades in open-work and its picturesque garden of riotous bloom at once captivated me.

Scarcely had I dismounted, when the inn-keeper's wife, a young, sprightly woman with the soft, dark eyes of Andalusia, came to greet me. She was closely followed by her hus-

band, a strapping, handsome fellow of superb physique; their welcome was most cordial, and the extreme warmth of my reception testified very plainly to the rarity of tourists in that locality.

"Si, Senor," said the woman in response to my query: "The ruins are most beautiful and barely a stone's throw from here. There is the little road on the left," she added, pointing to a pathway lying beyond the garden enclosure. "Follow that, and Senor will find the old ruins of the Moorish palace."

Though half-famished and greatly fatigued from the rough jolting of my mule, I started off at once in search of it.

Ah! how strikingly romantic it was, with its long galleries, vast halls and deserted courts; with its high arches of fairy lace-work, its magnificent columns, reaching upward in a carved tangle of vines, wreaths and scrolls blossoming out above into flowers and festoons of marble, porphyry and alabaster, with not a sound to break the death-like stillness around, but the twittering of birds. Throwing myself on a grassy mound in the deserted court, I took out my book, and began to sketch, and here I sat until the bright June sun began to wane and the tinkling of the Angelus bell warned me to return to the inn.

Although the only guest at the long inn-table, my host and hostess bustled about as though they were serving a small army of men.

"Senor found the ruins most beautiful, I suppose?" asked the graceful hostess, as she placed before me a savory, hot dish, and filled my glass with sparkling Spanish wine.

"Entrancingly beautiful," I replied enthusiastically.

"Ah! Pepita," said my host, turning towards his wife, "the Senor has the true artistic nature."

I smiled audibly at the compliment, allowing myself to be filled with wine, praise and adulation, in consequence of which I arose from the table in joyous mood with my head a trifle giddy from the sparkling Spanish wine.

The fresh June breeze, laden with the fragrance of roses, swept through the low-ceiling room from the open window, where I sat admiring the quiet beauty of the landscape without, and incidentally watching my host and hostess, as they stood engaged in animated conversation a little beyond the threshold of the door. At last they both turned abruptly, and entering the room, came towards me.

"Will the Senor return to the ruins this evening?" asked Pedro.

"Most assuredly," I answered. "I must revel in its beauties; beneath the magic touch of moonlight it will evoke more readily the full poetic impressions of the fabled past. Besides, who knows?" I added laughingly, "but that I may even encounter the pale, diaphanous form of some lovely dead-and-gone sultana?"

Pepita's bright eyes sparkled, as she listened; the roses sprang into her cheeks.

"Do you hear, Pedro?" she said excitedly, turning towards her husband. "The Senor must have a lovely sultana with his palace."

"Indeed, yes," I answered, jokingly, "a veiled and languorous one, a graceful, voluptuous beauty, who would advance toward me indolently, as though moving to the rhythm of some far-distant, mysterious music, and then imperceptibly fade away, so as not to cause me a too abrupt awakening from a blissful dream."

"Ah, how charming!" cried Pepita. "The real dream of a poet!" exclaimed Pedro enthusiastically.

"Buena noche," I said in my best Spanish, as I bowed and passed under the low arched door out into the lovely summer night.

I proceeded at once through the sweet-scented pathway to the Palace of Sleep, and after descending the three steps of its portal, I lost myself in its windings, as one loses one's self in the mazy realms of dream-land. After wandering about, I came out suddenly under an archway, supported by wonderfully-carved pillars, into a patio, flagged with mosaics, in the center of which arose a stately fountain of pink granite, its alabaster basin, upheld by the outstretched wings of seven porphyry griffins and surrounded by a riotous bloom of orange flowers, myrtles, roses and jasmine. I paused to admire it, it was so entrancingly beautiful, when to my surprise a slender stream of water shot up into the air, cooling the atmosphere and falling back again into the alabaster basin in a shower of opals and amethysts. The moonlight, stealing through the fretted arches and casements, gave its magic touch to the scene, and drew arabesques of gold and silvered foliage over the time-stained tints of the old majolicas.

I grew languid from the delicious sensations which arose within me, and intoxicated by the fleeting perfumes of tuberose, sandalwood and aloes, I sank on a mossy cushion of stones, when all at once I was startled by a soft, light foot-step and the sound of trailing gauze along the smooth-tiled corridors. I started to my feet and looked about me. At first I could discern absolutely nothing—then, on looking closer, I saw in the vista of shadowy columns at the far end of the opposite gallery, the dim white outline of a tall figure, which seemed to be advancing slowly toward me; as the apparition neared, it gradually took the semblance of a woman, and I could plainly see the supreme indolence

and grace of its every movement, as it passed in and out among the sculptured pillars, at times spreading wide its misty draperies in the full glory of the moonlight, then suddenly melting away into the deep gloom of an arch, but always steadily advancing towards me, and caressing my ear with its soft, light step and the swish of its trailing gauze.

I stood and watched it, entranced, and so perfectly did the sylph-like form fit into the enthralling mystery and loveliness of the surroundings and so surpassingly did it complete my ideal of what was needed to give the master-touch to the rare witchery of the hour and place that I involuntarily pressed my hand to my heart to still its beating, lest it disturb the capricious wanderings of this dreamy sultana.

For a moment I concealed myself in the shadow of an arch, and as I withdrew, the sultana glided softly to the pink, granite fountain, bending low her veiled face over its alabaster bowl and leaning languidly against the outstretched wing of one of the supporting griffins; then suddenly she drew her supple form to its full height and raised her slender, graceful arms above her head, as though to dissipate her languor in the full glory of the summer night. At that moment I heard the distant sound of a mandolin. The sultana leaned forward, she appeared to listen, the music seemed to sooth her, and placing her hands on her breast she remained in a pose of absolute immobility, then all at once she gave a sigh so long-drawn-out that it seemed to echo through the silent corridors.

I walked toward her, but just then the falling of a myrtle leaf into the waters of the fountain appeared to break the spell, for she started forward, hesitated a second, then flitted from the moon-illuminated court into the purple gloom beyond.

I stood and watched her until she was lost to view in the empty aisles of the forest of marble columns.

Disconsolate, I turned away; the waters of the fountain gave a little farewell splash, the sweet notes of the mandolin died out on the stillness of the summer night; only the fragrance of the flowers remained.

* * * *

The next morning it was quite late when I awoke in my little inn chamber, with its high-colored picture of the Madonna, and its stiff white curtains. I dressed quickly, and after enjoying my breakfast, served graciously by Pepita and Pedro, ordered my mule to be saddled and requested my bill.

When the bill was presented, I was astonished at the exorbitant rate at which I had been charged, and immediately demanded an itemized statement.

Pedro, with provoking coolness, begged me to pay the bill without seeking to know the items which composed it. However, as I refused to do so, he reluctantly took from his pocket a second bill duly itemized, which ran: Perfumes burned, 6 pesetas; apparition, 30 pesetas; mandolin, 14 pesetas; water for fountain, 6 pesetas.

Bewildered, I looked first at Pepita, then at Pedro. Finally, Pepita with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, said faintly: "Senor, I was the sultana of your dreams."

"And I," said Pedro, bursting into a hearty laugh, "drew the water, burned the perfumes, and played the mandolin. See, Senor, my fingers are quite ruined from it."

Their good humor was quite infectious, and feeling that I had allowed myself to be jollied, I paid the bill without further protest, and leaping on my sturdy mule, launched back over the mountains in gay mood and devoutly grateful that I had not been charged for the moonlight.

BIRDS OF THE HIGH SIERRAS

By Virginia Garland

WITHIN the magic boundaries of California all climes find a place. Many birds of Alaska and tropic Mexico seek here a congenial habitat the year around, merely migrating vertically up and down from valleys to heights. Not all balmy lands, unfading bloom, palms and azure skies are here. Bitter and more pitiless than the Sahara are California's deserts. About her vast, fertile stretches sometimes the scars show deep. In the midst of her apparent barrenness she may blossom like a rose; she is all lands to all peoples—and birds.

Up from her warm, low-lying, over-flowing valleys loom the Sierras. Beginning in lazy, rising, plushy slopes; rolling, mellow foothills; dimpling canyons; highland pastures, cool and rich. Gradually primeval forests, terraced in purpling range above range. Crystal lakes, mountain torrents. Sterner and sterner they rise, with a slow, upward movement, too far reaching and ponderous to be viewed in a day. Jagged, appalling, precipitous, glacial, still they rise, dim and terrible in their icy fastnesses. But the birds find nothing terrible in their heights; it remains for human souls to be so crushed and lost under their awful beauty.

On the deserts of the hot and arid basin lands you will find strange winged life, partaking of its subtle, veiled color; tinged by its fierce ardor, its fiery glamour; but on the cold, white crags of the Sierras a more exalted passion speaks in the wild storm's voice, the roaring, swaying forest, the crashing avalanche, the breath of an Alpine lily, or the trilling of a mountain bird.

Lyrist there are who love the

highest Sierras; love the swirling storms, wherein it would seem bird's wings would be beaten to a pulp; love the barren, frozen stretches so well that the lower slopes and valleys know them not. Just a bit they flit down to the shelter of fir forests when the grip of deepest winter is fastened on the peaks. At the first summons of spring they are back on the craggy heights, finding an ample warmth, that we know not of, in the frozen sunlight. Here, in places, empty of the disturbing sounds of man, they live and love and sing; small sparks of vitality which the cold cannot harm. Singing, understanding hearts, unchilled by the bluster of storms. Bits of electric life which the big giant cold is too clumsy to catch, is pleased to overlook. They are all touched with a happy awe of the silent places—all, in feather or manner or song, show the influence of towering white space. The rending boom of the avalanche; the mighty fingering of the winds in the great forests; the heavy, heavy, unceasing, unrelenting quiet of the snow-fall has laid its inspiration upon them all.

There is nothing quite so still as the silence of the snow-fall. Here is motion, quick coming, oscillating, quivering, constant, which makes no sound entrance into the silence. A trained ear may perceive sound when close to the flutter of a butterfly's wing, but a snowflake's fall past the ear of the keenest listener gives no audibility. Far above, deep into the gray sky, is motion, unceasing, thick, jostling, palpitating, and the surprise of silence. Even in rasping, noisy, unbeautiful places the hush of a snow storm is compelling. What must it be, framed in the listening glory of the

highest Sierras! Few but the birds and the wild ones know.

* * * *

Over the grim, glistening crags a great white horned owl glides, in oily, loose-feathered flight; its breast suffused with a pink glow, like the aftermath on the white breast of an alpine slope, but which fades entirely away in the dead bird. A strange, solemn, sombre mountain jay, forswearing the blue feathers of his kind, flies in black and white and dusky gray. The Clark's crow has dropped his proverbial black garb, and goes clad in the soft grey of the snow shadows he dwells among. Without sound, the white-headed woodpecker pries around the bark of the pines. He does not strike into these serene high places with noisy hammering and tapping. Far above timber line, the grey crowned leucostictes, the little dun-headed sparrows of Muir, whirl in flocks. Man has not become a menace to them; they follow the lonely mountaineer with cheery bird talk. There are no birds on the heights brilliantly colored. In watching these sombre wings against the dead, frozen white, the bright burnished, glaring white; the black-gashed jetty shadows; the soft blue-grey, smoldering shadows, you only feel the intense vividness of suppressed color; the outlined flame of rioting prisms that burn in this colorless snow world. Farther down the slope, where color is set free, any eyes may see the brilliancy of the Redheaded Louisiana Tanager against the blue, or the brightness of the mountain blue-bird, turquoise blue, fluttering over a bed of meadow-sweet. But for the eyes that see in these white stretches, in these dull wings against the dull of a leaden sky, a challenge of glowing, hidden hues, for them not in vain is the pageantry of the Sierras upheaved.

The song of the varied robin wafts out over the dark spruce forests,

lonely, tranquil, aloof; mingled undefinably with the balsamic breath of the trees; a song so strangely etherial you cannot call it a song, but rather a wave of harmonic vibration, which comes perhaps from the forest, perhaps from the bird.

The water ouzel follows the mountain streams with his waterfall song as far upward as the river's life is flowing. With the torrent's voice, his song swells with the flood and ebbs with the water's flow. Each stream has its ouzel, singing alone, apart from his kin, bird song and cascade song running inseparably together. Not only does he give his passion and his singing to his mate in the love month; the life of the river is ever his beloved inspiration.

The California pine grosbeak is another singer faithful to the rigors of the Northland. The winds bring him seeds, the snows whirl up to him frozen insects. He is in frolic and fine mettle the harder the storm rack hurries on.

And here, in a higher world, trills that peerless Sierra singer, Townsend's solitaire, which only the striving hear. High in the air, swinging and circling, he sings, a strain which transcends other bird songs. From this small, ash-gray throat swells peal after peal of ringing melody, the heart cannot but melt to and kneel. You may know the voice of the far-famed nightingale, may have every turn and pleasing ripple of the mockingbird's song in your ears; they come to you—but you must go seeking the solitaire thrush if you would know the fullness of his unrivaled strains. Into a rarer atmosphere, into his country you must climb. Stand once in the searching, sweeping cold of the mountains; your heart, as is his, warmer than the wan sunlight, throbbing with the same undefiled love of Nature, and listen. You will hear music which will thereafter make other music lesser.

These far-silences, so filled with

music, are yours for the seeking. These birds, and more, you may know for the striving; but to man's habitation they will not come; they are a little nearer heaven. Their

music is a part of the music of the Higher Sierras. The rugged heart, the deep breath, the fine enthusiasm, the will to endure, the soul to perceive, must take you to them.

To A CHILD.

BY
MABEL HAUGHTON BROWN



PLUCK THE BLUE-BELLS, LITTLE BOY
ROMPING 'MONGST THE FLOWERS WILD--
ALL THE WORLD IS WONDROUS FAIR
TO A LITTLE CHILD.

WATCH THE RACE OF CLOUD WITH CLOUD
O'er A FIELD BEYOND COMPARE--
CAN YOU PICTURE NEAR THEIR GOAL
CASTLES IN THE AIR?
CHASE THE DAINTY BUTTERFLY
SEEK IT WILL A LESSON TEACH
THAT THE FAIREST THINGS OF LIFE
OFT ARE OUT OF REACH
HAVE YOU CAUGHT IT, LITTLE ONE?
PRETTY, WOUNDED, BRILLIANT FLY!--
YOU HAVE CLASPED IT IN YOUR HAND
JUST TO SEE IT DIE.

DO NOT MIND THIS PETTY GRIEF
ROMP WITH PLEASURE WHILE YOU MAY
PROBLEMS OF LIFE'S DISCONTENT
ARE NOT YOURS TO-DAY.
NAY, LIFE'S DEEPEST FAITH IS YOURS--
HOPES ARE REAL AND FANCIES TRUE--
KINGS MIGHT BARTER CROWN AND GOLD
JUST TO BE AS YOU!

DAVIE

By Grace Helen Bailey

I.

The House of Love.

LOOKING up from his corner on the sofa, Davie often wondered if the books would not topple down and smother him. The shelves grew and grew until they reached the ceiling; the great cases seemed dancing and swaying from beneath the gloomy cornices, until he firmly expected the laden walls to crash down some day, and bury his struggling little body under the debris of so much learning.

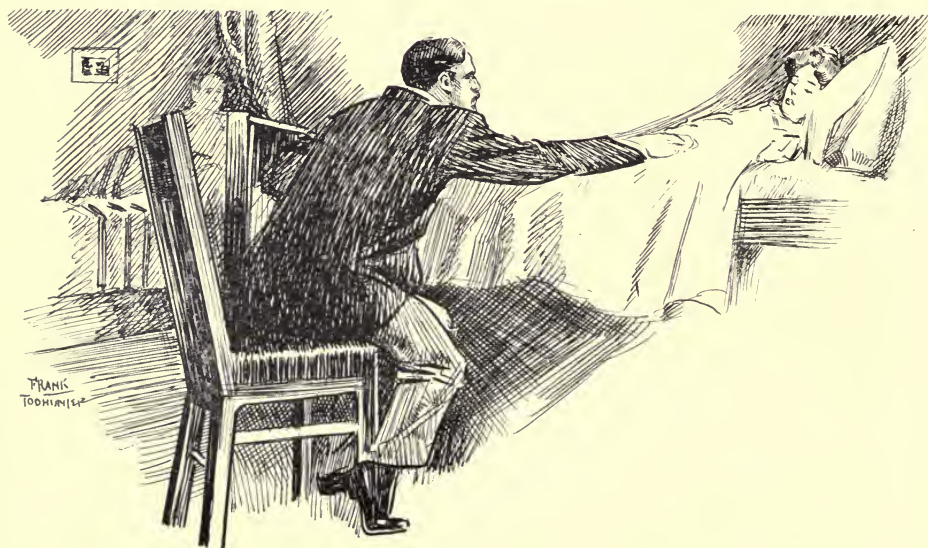
In the lamp-light the dark tomes were ominous; the Morocco volumes, splashes of blood; and the great genie of the last fairy-tale seemed about to settle in this very room and fill all the hollows with his baleful breath. Shivering, Davie hid his head in the cushions. Nearer and nearer came the giant. A voice, soft, exhausted, dispelled the terror

by a miracle, and growing braver, Davie peeped from his refuge in time to catch glimpses of a pale, sweet face turned toward the sofa. "Our boy is sleeping! Please come and sit by me, David."

A chair was dragged over the polished floor, and silk rustled as it was drawn close, so that the occupant might come nearer. Davie laid his face on the cushions once more, but he was no longer afraid—his ears were open. There was silence in the room, but Davie knew that the mother's delicate hand was lying under the father's, as it always was when they sat thus.

"You will take our boy to the Hall, and to Levina, dear?"

It was a hesitating inquiry, spoken softly, as though to withhold the sting. There was no answer, but the pressure on the slight fingers increased and the tremulous voice continued: "She will be good to our



"It was a hesitating enquiry, spoken softly."

boy, stern but just—yet— Oh, David, I dread the thought of the Hall after our home of love.”

The sentence broke off in a sob. Then the tones became full, and the words flowed earnestly; the voice lost its tears in the expression of things to be. Supporting herself on her elbow, the mother faced the man by her side, sitting with his head sunk low in anguish. She pointed to the books, continuing:

“These good friends have filled his elf-brain with strange fancies, creations, that Levina could never understand. And when I am gone,” there was a pause, “and you have left for the Cape, our boy will have no one to take his part. He is such an odd, wee chap. His brothers and sisters have been little loves and fairies, and he will have to unlearn their lessons at the Hall.”

“Dearest,” big David’s voice was rough with misery and tenderness, “you are not going to leave us. Have we not faced the world and your people’s scorn—we three—you and I and our boy?” The clasp grew tighter. “When the poor scholar’s pen grew laggard, love drove the quill, and your dear face gave each heart-beat fresh impetus. And now you speak as though all things were over, as though you were ready for a journey. Dearest, you are my very life; your spirit turns every page of these old books; without you they are closed forever.”

He caught up the slight figure, resting her on his knees and over his breast. With his strong hand he tilted her brown head back, and his glance went deep into the sweet eyes wet and shining. The seven years of Davie’s little life were relived by each in that moment of prophetic parting. And then, her mind went on to the austerity of her girlhood home, the anger, the bitterness and the long silence, when death lowered the proud spirit at the Hall. They were all gone, she

was going, and remaining there were but David and Davie.

The mother smiled sadly with the infinite, unsatisfying yearning of the loved and loving. About her was the reluctance of one compelled to obey a summons heard in solitude, in prayer.

Davie’s gnome face peered from the cushions, flushed with the questioning of childhood. He could see his father’s heavy black hair and the beard, streaked with gray, pressed against his mother’s delicate cheek; and as he stood behind the two, so lost in each other, he felt little and lonely and old. He did not know that he was love personified, one of the Divine Trinity. And then the mother stretched out her hand, as though she expected him to be there, and drew him up close to her bosom. In the warmth and comfort of her nearness, Davie went to sleep with a nursery rhyme jangling in his head.

II.

The House of Fear.

The clock on the stairs struck eight. From the library filed a solemn line of servants, including the head gardener and stable boys. It was a frosty night, and Davie shivered as he waited for orders. Aunt Levina sat stiffly erect in her chair by the lamp, the index finger still pointing to some passage of the Bible. She regarded the small boy in his black suit with marked severity, nor did her glance soften as it rested upon his elf-locks, his sallow little face, and the eyes which always seemed thinking.

“Kneel down, David, and say your prayers.”

She took off her spectacles and closed the Bible with a snap.

David knelt down beside Aunt Levina, his arms hanging limply, his body very stiff. A lump was rising in his throat and he did not dare to speak.

"Begin!" commanded his relative. The child raised his eerie face, filled with a mute appeal. "What!" cried Aunt Levina, "don't you know any prayers!"

"I always said them after mother," faltered the boy.

"Well, repeat this after me, then. Fold your hands, David." Aunt Levina blew her nose so loudly that David jumped. With a cleared throat and a clear conscience, she began this petition in a hard, soulless voice:

"Oh, Lord! we are filled with agony. Keep us from the pitfalls of the wicked. From the unclean, guard us. From the horrors of damnation, deliver us, oh, Lord! From the one who howls in darkness, seeking whom he may devour, keep us safe. And if death comes in terrors of the night, let me be found ever ready to meet the Lord, who rewards the just and punishes the wicked."

Such might have been the cry of Bunyan steeped in the rayless gloom of his cell. To the boy it conjured up a picture of unspeakable horror; it stole all drowsiness from the heavy lids. His thin fingers twisted into one another; his eyes glazed.

The tender song of the Christ-child—"And Jesus once, too, was a baby like you,"—seemed puerile and false. Instead, he saw the Lord, wrathful, avenging, sweeping down in the night to destroy all sinful people, and an imp with gleaming eyes and switching tail seemed to cry out: "David! David! Where is David?" The library gathered shadows, and dark forms seemed moving in secret places. Aunt Levina rose; he snatched her dress. He could have shrieked aloud in fear. She put the spectacles back on the high bridge of her nose and looked down at the small suppliant in amazement.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked.

David got upon his feet, his small

form tense with spiritual excitement. "Am I going to hell?" solemnly queried David.

"What!" ejaculated Aunt Levina, sinking back into her chair.

"Am I going to hell?" he repeated, folding his arm over the hollow little chest.

"Yes—if you are a bad boy," she answered crossly. "Now, run to bed. Jane is waiting."

David ran up to the landing of the great stair-case; here he paused under the friendly ticking old clock, and yet to-night it seemed marking off the moments of his freedom. He shivered, but not from cold. The nursery was situated in the left wing, opening from a long, narrow, unlighted passage. All his forebodings took tangible shape and sped ahead—jeering. His child brain was aflame with evil imaginings.

For the second time he folded his arms, and trembling in every limb moved deliberately forward to the



"'An' sure, it's Master Davie.'"

grewsome passage. His child life passed in monotonous review before he saw the nursery door ajar and the bright light streaming out.

Jane, with arms akimbo, stood in the opening, a homely figure chanting an Irish plaint in a cracked falsetto; yet, to the dauntless soldier, she seemed an angel at the gates of rest.

"An' sure it's Master Davie," she cried, as he rushed into the room. "Mither of God, but he's scared!" She lifted him up to the light and scrutinized the white child-face.

When Jane had gone below, when the lamp was out, then David cowed under the bed-clothes, re-living the "dreadful pains of hell."

His mother's gentle spirit seemed too far off to help him; the mysteries of the north-passage too near, and so, in terror and suffering, he lay until dawn, silent, ghostly, stole in through the nursery window to find a dark, tousled head hidden under the quilt.

III.

The House of Dreams.

Facing David sat the clergyman's little daughter; between them was the nursery table. On the festive board was an unpretentious bowl of porridge and a jug of cream, and yet they were divided by a world of wonder, of polite inquiry, of shy alarms. David studied the blonde curls, the prim, pink face, and his eyes fell. She was like a cowslip in the meadows beyond the Hall. He handed her the cream with marked ceremony and attacked his porridge.

"I'm going to call you Mab—Queen Mab," he announced, suddenly, putting down his spoon. Then in apology for his abruptness, he said in pedantic tones, "She was queen of the fairies, you know; she sat on a mushroom and drank dew-drops out of the flower cups, and she bathed in the broken egg shells

when the little birds had hopped out and flown away, and dried herself in the sun—and—and—she was pretty—and good——" he finished breathlessly. "And so," he continued, brandishing the spoon, "I'm going to call you my Queen Mab; and we will go into your kingdom and order the elves about, and I'll be Prince and slay the dragons—and—and—you'll like me some—and—and—we will be happy ever after—so there!"

He pushed away from the table and regarded his sovereign fearlessly.

Her blue eyes were deep, and her cheeks aflame with the mystery of her power.

"And then—I'll—I'll like you awful," said Queen Mab, leaning forward and smiling graciously. She came closer, saying in a subdued whisper pregnant with treachery. "And—we'll run away from Sunday school—and we'll tear up the tracts—and we won't be punished for going to sleep at prayers. We'll sleep in the woods, and no one will ever find us—and the robins will come and cover us up—and—we'll be so happy." She finished with a sigh of ecstasy.

"And perhaps, mother will come down from heaven and sing us to sleep," said David softly.

"And she'll sing like an angel," agreed Queen Mab, with the wisdom of a child.

The chubby, warm hand slid across the table and clasped the nervous brown fist.

"And we won't tell any one—not—even—Jesus."

The ruler put one finger on her lips and they took a silent vow. After this outburst the two plotters grew grave, impressed with the seriousness of the future undertaking.

The short winter's day was drawing to a close. The nursery blinds were drawn and the fire set blazing. Outside, the park became more stately as the twilight deepened.

Word came to the nursery that the clergyman would remain overnight at the Hall, and that the crib facing David's bed was to be prepared for Miss Foster. Services were to be held in the village, and the servants were to attend in a body. After having attended to her charges, Jane could go to her own chapel, if she liked.

This was the one concession in Miss Levina's grim routine. Jane was inexorable concerning evening prayers, and had gained her victory long ago. She told her beads in the nursery while the others listened to Holy Writ as interpreted by the mistress in the library.

Jane tucked the children in bed, turned out the lamp and went away to her devotions.

The room was warm and bright with the fire burning on the hearth. The crib, and the white bed opposite, were motionless. Two thin arms stole from under the coverlet and a wild head bobbed up suddenly. Then a smooth blonde pate, ending in two long plaits, rose cautiously from the pillow. David shook, even under the warm clothes, from nervous apprehension. Fantastic goblins danced along the wall; the andirons, from harmless, grinning dogs, became monsters grotesque and hideous, and the nursery seemed to become endowed with lurking creatures hidden and terrible. He was sorely tempted to feign sleep, but already his companion had signaled across the intervening space her willingness for adventure. He crept out and dressed with much haste. Queen Mab's toilet was soon completed, and hand in hand the children started on the perilous journey.

The north passage, echoing, deserted, was the first unpleasant picture to face. They hesitated on the threshold of the cosy nursery, casting regretful glances behind, timorous glances before. David squared his shoulders, and linking his

companion's arm in his, took a step forward. Queen Mab drew back with a smothered cry. It was so cold, so dark.

Ashamed, she put on a bold front, and the two small figures slipped down the long passage, phantoms gliding into dream-land of childhood.

The passage broke into a wide corridor, lighted by a great window at the further end. A round moon climbed slowly upward, aspiring to the cold, blue zenith. They stood at the window looking down at the park, bathed in liquid silver. The beauty of the scene seemed to beckon an intrusion into the fairy realm without. In a mutual rush of enthusiasm they stumbled down the stairs, across the empty halls, and out to the terrace.

Panting, speechless, they faced the glamour of the night. Not a whimper, not a rustle stirred the trees. Over all things lay the gleaming fretwork of a sharp frost. Like a black wall the oaks leaned against the sky. Higher and higher sailed the moon. Below her lay flower gardens, bare orchards and two small children gazing around and upward with awed, innocent eyes.

"Did you see them?" cried David, pinching his queen's arm.

"Where?" she gave a little scream.

"There!" He waved to the open spaces under the trees.

"Nymphs and gnomes and goblins dancing in the moonlight. Little elves are rocking on the grass-blades. Look! They are playing ball with the frost. And one fellow knocked the other down and is sitting on his stomach. Look! Look! Can't you see them?"

She peered forward, but her wholesome Saxon mind, unfired by imagination, could not picture the scene. She saw the sweeping lawn, hoar with the rime of merciless winter, the broad drive, the dark trees beyond, and that—was all. David threw out his chest, and his lungs

came big with the breaths he drew.

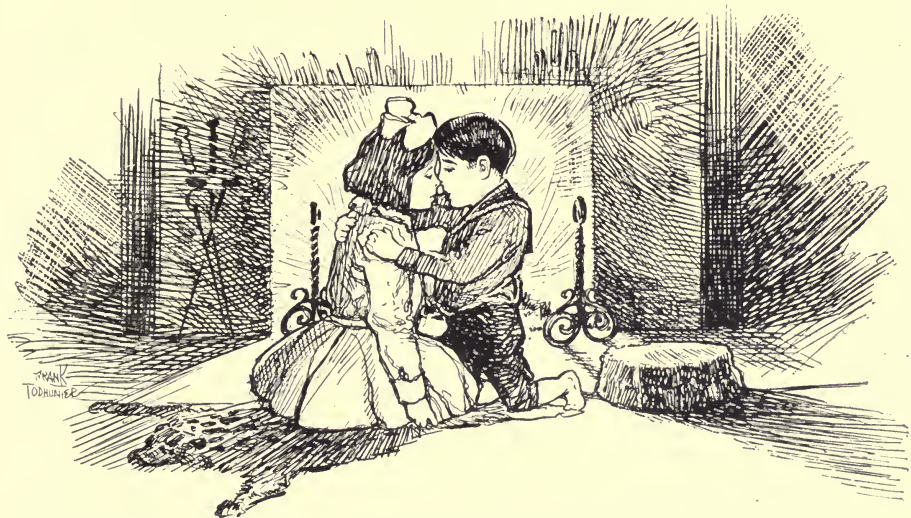
At last his dreams, wrought in the old sofa-cushions at home, had become a vivid reality.

The fairy world was his. Dainty, demi-people flashed and twirled on the yielding sward. Their caps were blue-bells, their swords were thistles, and they thrust and parried, drunk with the witchery of the night. He dragged his companion along the drive-way, glowing, exultant, reckless at the things he saw. Queen Mab had not risen to the occasion, and he felt proud conscious-

beat of hoofs and the crack of a whip in the distance.

David stopped running, a sudden terror clutching his heart. The tiny folk scampered away at the sound of approaching wheels.

Yes, it must be the chaise, the parson, the servants—and Aunt Levina. He shook at the thought of her wrath. In a common impulse the children clasped one another. Queen Mab had lost a shoe and one plump foot was becoming useless. David looked down in dismay, and then, with a cry of contrition, he caught



"David's world of dreams had taken him back to the House of Love.

ness of a masculine contempt at her limitations. She had forgotten her stockings, and her bare legs were stiff and cold. She wanted to cry, and yet pride kept back the tears.

She could not see a fairy, and the ground was wet and nasty.

On and on she stumbled, her throat growing tighter every moment. In a wild burst of woe, she forgot her sovereignty, and the tears began to tickle her nose and run salt into her mouth. Still she kept pace with the frantic boy whose feet seemed winged.

There was a far-away rumble, the

up his deserted queen and staggered toward the house.

He had forgotten his trust in pursuit of his fancies. They climbed the great stair-case with stiff and aching limbs; down the dark passage they sped, on and on until the nursery was reached.

The fire was almost out, and the two white beds were dim outlines. To the children it seemed as though they had been traveling all the night.

Queen Mab sat down before the embers, the gravity of a great experience in her expression.

"I guess I like the nursery best,"

she confided pensively, backed by the knowledge of one who had gone a great way.

David went over and stood by the fire. With the toe of his boot he struck the logs into a blaze. He did not speak. The white night had made him lonely. He sank down on

his knees and in a passion of homesickness, threw his arms around the girl-child's neck, drawing her toward him until their unfeigned faces met.

He was hungry for the mother. David's world of dreams had taken him back to the House of Love.

THE BONES OF DON SALLUSTE

By Paul G. Clark

SINCE Angelica made one, I consented to join the party, for the Mission, which I considered inexpressibly picturesque and boresome. We left San Diego on a mellow February day, the road even as the temperature. No house nor tree marred the perfected wilderness of landscape. I felt in my bones every significance our departure portrayed of ideal dullness. A desert has no history—there was not room for even a local jest. I must depend on Angelica's voice to make the wilderness a paradise.

Of course I complained—I was a tenderfoot in California! And my heart sank when Angelica said she couldn't sing.

When we reached the Mission, an Indian came up to the father-in-charge in great excitement. He said that they had just dug up a dead man. As though it were remarkable to find a dead man at a Mission!

But instinctively I felt the return of hope—there is romance in the discovery of a Spaniard's bones.

"A casket of old bones!" said Fra Sebastino.

"We must see!" declared the morbid curiosity of the gay women.

The father's eye glittered—what could he refuse women?

A casket of lead—it was placed on the yellow flags of the Mission Chapel. It held the solemn secret of a hundred years. Every one hesitated. We seemed to be waiting for an absent something. And the father said:

"Bring in old Cattaline."

Ah, the interpreter! The sage old man who sees a book in this coffin. At last out of the desert comes my history—the dry dust assumes a voice, the sepulchre finds life.

Cattaline came in. Alas, my hopes! The sparkling and slumbrous light of wisdom was not his. He was like the pontiff of death—able to mutter an old office over the coffin.

"How pathetic!" said the ladies. "Could any spectacle be more sympathetic, more poetic?" "How dull," thought I.

"Open," commanded Fra Sebastino. And it was done—with a steel bar.

Cattaline first looked in. A transformation troubled his features. The cloud of oblivion vanished. His eyes were rejuvenated by the memories of youth. The blood bounded to his cheeks—making supple again his stiff limbs.

"He is a hundred and seventy," said the Father, "and he looks under fifty."

We moved to the coffin. A wonder confronted us. A Spanish grandee in his mantle lay, arms proudly folded over ruffle and velvet, guarded by his blade, the delicate pink still mounted on his olive cheek. His eyes were closed only in the contempt of life. He wore his plume—still grand in death.

"Don Salluste!" cried Catalline. We gathered eagerly around the voice of this resurrection, yesterday speaking, the sand that swiftly fell from an old hour glass.

There was no time to marvel or question—we felt that our life was in our ears.

And eagerness told off, one by one, the words of Catalline, whose crudest syllable was equal to a gem. In this manner the past explained itself:

"You see here a grandee of Spain, Don Salluste, Duke d'Almallo. And I am not Catalline, a curiosity compared with the calendar, but Don Catullus, a nobleman, Count of Casafiore. He and I were brothers-in-arms.

"When we were born, Spain, despoiled, was on a wild debauch—the year 1720. The nobles, who had robbed the State, were casting away their gains—suffering to prey upon them the disease they themselves had planted. Salluste and I were spending what the Counts, our fathers, had stolen. We were close comrades, and remained fast friends—even when we fell in love with the same woman.

"Alas! She loved neither of us. We were too chagrined to be enemies. Casilda loved one Innocentio, a poet. Him we hated—and comrades in scorn.

"We mocked the poet in verses equal to his own, for we were clever villains. We defeated him at swords. But the more we turned Innocentio into a fool the more Casilda loved him, hated us; and one day she and the poet were married.

"Salluste and I were like two

devils. We conspired darkly for his ruin. First, we took patents from the King for great domains in the province of New Spain. We feigned friendship to Innocentio, flattered and fawned upon the laureate, who, trusting and sweet-tempered, generously inclined toward us. We persuaded him also to take title to California lands. And then we composed a treasonable document, a conspiracy to divorce the provinces and make the poet a prince. This we concealed in Innocentio's clothes. With him one night we quarreled at cards, in the very Escuriae, the King being present—and in apparent heat flung at him the epithet of traitor. He rose, flushed, and drew. Into his body Salluste and I plunged our swords.

"We were arrested—treason in the King's presence. The paper in Innocentio's pocket cleared us.

"And then one night at dark we stormed Casilda's house. The lady of contention we carried to our gal-
leon.

"By the next dawn we were far away on strange seas. We went on deck when ship and sea were bathed in pearly rosinose.

"Casilda also we summoned, and said: 'This is the judgment morn of love. We both are friends. Death separates us, but cannot alienate. Which one, therefore, do you exile?'

"Casilda smiled—sad though she had been, and in the rose-light looked sweetly spiritual. 'You both,' she said, 'I choose for champions.'

"Now were we in sore straits, for she sowed the seeds of dissension, which our cunning had forethought to remove.

"'Between you,' said Casilda, 'what preference can I have? Permit me to retire while you decide.'

"Saluste and I stood in the bow—Casilda awaited us by the rudder.

"We played four games of cards—we each won two. Cunningly over-cautious were we. We threw

the dice—its favor was impartial. We measured swords—from point to hilt it was an even tally.

"Meanwhile Casilda prayed.

"Our brows were dark, but our smooth tongues preserved the friend. And, subtle still, again we gambled, matched memories at repeating offices of the church, recalling the streets of Madrid, the names of the court ladies, and gave the King's titles, one for one.

"Not once we failed, while Casilda, a ship's length separate, invoked heaven on her knees.

"Our blood soon fired. We both were champions, and though friends, we would leave the issue to skill and strength of arm. We joined issue with our blades.

"And Casilda slipped peacefully from the ship's stern down into the sea.

"We fought on ignorantly, on the

rolling deck, till the satirical ocean sprawled us separate.

"We rose—two fools bereaved.

"And on that morning the Duke d'Almallo and Count Casafiore were names no more. We were the lay brothers, Innocentio and Catalline—so for our life-times we expiated the past in San Francisco Mission. Only when Don Salluste died, still in youth's prime, my noble blood stirred pride, and I dressed him in the trappings of a Spanish grandee. I, left solitary in my vigil, have tarried for a hundred years."

The fire died from his inspired eyes.

"He is a hundred and seventy," said Father Sebastino; "the oldest man in California." It was Catalline—the Count was no more.

And Angelica and I told her rosary that day by the newly buried bones of Don Salluste.

THE BOND

RONDEL

By Charlotte Canty

Friend of my heart of hearts, this for a greeting:
 Love we the less that our ways lie apart?
 I to the treadmill and you to your art—
 Is there a hope of our roads ever meeting?

Often the days drag that once were so fleeting;
 Often your name rebel tear-drops will start;
 Friend of my heart of hearts, this for a greeting:
 Love we the less that our ways lie apart?

Songs of yours, cherished, come o'er me, repeating
 Words that are hung on the walls of my heart;
 Then, dear, I know it is love and not art
 Keeps the pulse of our mighty world beating.
 Friend of my heart of hearts, this for a greeting.

HON. E. A. HAYES

By Henry Meade Bland



Outstanding claims against them were outlawed. Failure seemed inevitable.

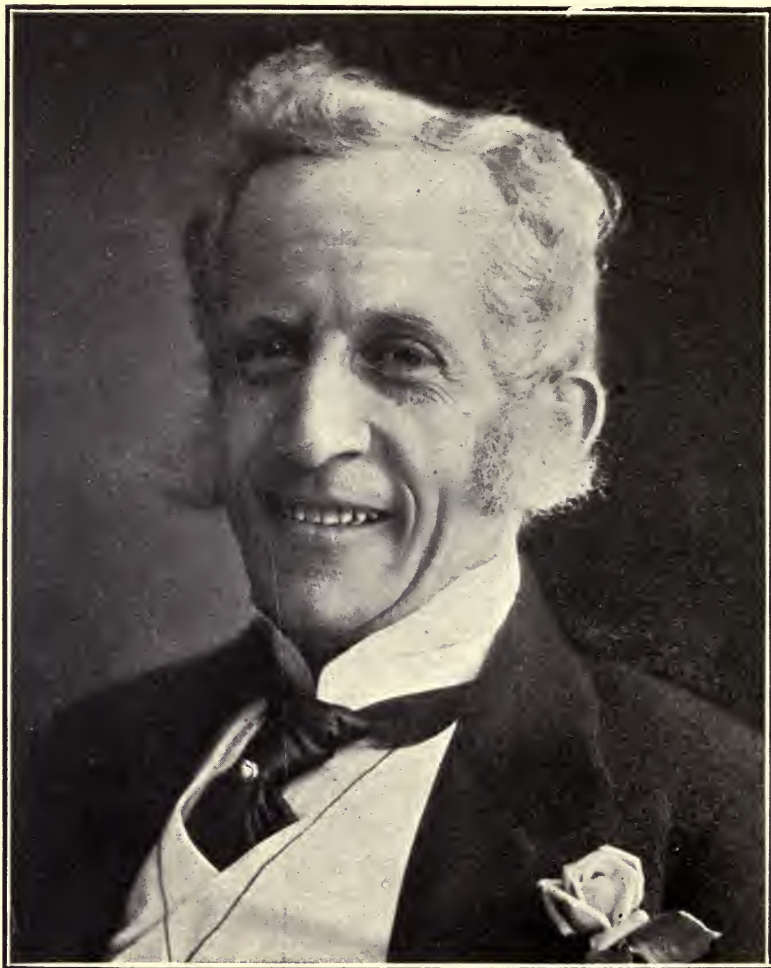
With the revival of business, good times came again to the family, and the brothers found themselves ready to meet obligations. Every old creditor was hunted up and paid. Bank overdrafts and notes long charged by the lenders to profit and loss were brought to light and settled to the last dollar. Thus Mr. Hayes began a new career in public life, with the full confidence of the business community reposed in him.

Under his leadership the reform wing of the Republican party first won control of the municipal administration of San Jose, and afterwards was victorious in the last election, winning every office in the gift of the people of Santa Clara County. In this election Mr. Hayes was placed in the National Congress, representing the 5th California District, by a majority of five thousand seven hundred, and this in the face of strong opposition from political opponents.

Mr. Hayes goes to the House of Representatives with a record of one of the most tireless workers ever sent to Washington. His characteristic energy and interest is illustrated in the fact that he was present in Washington during the entire closing month of the session of the last Congress in order to become familiar with the interests of his constituents before taking his seat.

Mr. Hayes is a college-bred man, holding the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Laws from the University of Wisconsin.

CONGRESSMAN E. A. Hayes, of San Jose, who took his seat at Washington on the fourth of March last, begins his work with a remarkable career as a reformer and public worker. Mr. Hayes came to his Santa Clara home in the eighties, and with his brother, J. O. Hayes, soon began to take an interest in public affairs. His early advance was uphill work. To cap early difficulties, the business interests of the Hayes' had a severe setback. With the panic of 1892, the extensive iron mines in which the brothers were interested were shut down. Demands could not be met.



IN THE LIMELIGHT.

Harry Corson Clarke, the well-known comedian, in "Strategy," at the Orpheum.



IN THE LIMELIGHT.

Margaret Dale Owen, who is appearing with Harry Corson Clarke at the Orpheum.



IN THE LIMELIGHT.

Eleanor Robson as Juliet in Balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," as part of double bill with "Brownings in a Balcony," at the Columbia Theatre.



IN THE LIMELIGHT. Edna Ellsmere, at the Central Theatre.



IN THE LIMELIGHT. Ruth Allen, an Alcazar favorite.

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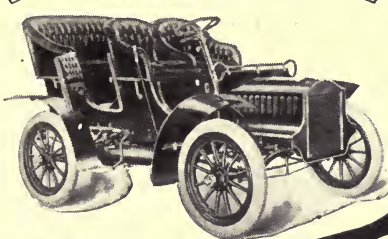
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WONDERFUL RICHNESS IN TIN DEPOSITS IN ALASKA

Said to Hold the World's Future Supply.

The following is from the "San Francisco Chronicle" of September 9th.

H. W. Hammond, now staying at the St. Francis, has recently returned from the tin fields of Alaska, and is enthusiastic over the future of tin mining in the territory. He states that the placer deposits of tin ore, or cassiterite, near Cape Prince of Wales, are spread over an area roughly twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide.

"In this field," he says, "there is enough placer tin in sight to equal for years to come the present world output of 97,000 tons annually. Yielding at this rate, the fields would not be exhausted for a century. Outcroppings of the tin ore from which these placer deposits have come have been located at various points in the York mountain range to the eastward, but so far the main ledges have not been uncovered. The placer fields themselves are so large, however, and easily worked, that quartz mining is not likely to be either necessary or advisable for decades to come."

Hammond called attention to the fact that the ore yields a percentage of commercial tin remarkably high. Of fifteen assays made by Hammond the lowest percentage of tin obtained was 58, and the highest 76. "The cassiterite occurs underneath a stratum of other gravels from eight to ten feet thick. While the Prince of Wales district is not famous for gold, enough gold is found mixed with the tin to pay all charges of working. The wages paid for labor are \$5 per day and found, equal to \$7.50 per day through the season. About 1800 men, all active miners, are now scattered over the field, and practically all the placer land in this district has been taken up. The Government allows a man to locate twenty acres, a ridiculously large amount."

A number of powerful companies have already secured large holdings, and Hammond thinks that the next season will see several thousand men employed in the tin fields. "A miner," he says, "experienced with tin ores needs only a few hundred dollars' outfit to work profitably a claim there, or he can use a hundred thousand."

A railroad is being constructed from Port Clarence, forty miles south, to the region, and will meet with no particular engineering difficulties. Hammond sketched the lay of the ground yielding the ore. "The fields begin about seven miles northeast of the Cape, and lie due northward on the west flank of the York mountains. The streams traversing the field all empty into the Arctic, north of the Cape, few traces of tin being found on the east and south slope of the range or in the basins of the rivers flowing into Behring Sea."

Hammond referred to the fact that tin had been found elsewhere in Alaska, "but nowhere," he said, "in large quantities. The placer tin of the Cape fields alone, however, are practically inexhaustible, and sufficient to supply the whole world."

Corroborated by Government Reports.

That large tin bodies exist in the York region, Alaska, is confirmed in the report of the United States Geological Survey by Arthur J. Collier to the Department of the Interior last year. The finding of tin in our own country makes another important increase in the mineral output of the United States when it is considered that the total

amount of tin consumed in the United States in 1902-03 was approximately 39,000 tons, or 1 per cent of the world's output, with a market price of \$24,000,000.

The property of the Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc., are in the district referred to in the report of Captain Samuel Colclough, the discoverer of tin in Alaska, is now the superintendent of this company's properties.

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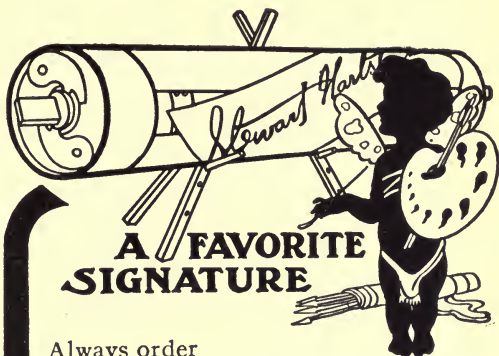
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1905

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Contributors are requested to write name and address on first page of MS. and on the back of each photograph or illustration submitted. It is also necessary that in writing to the magazine concerning contributions, the name of the article should be mentioned.

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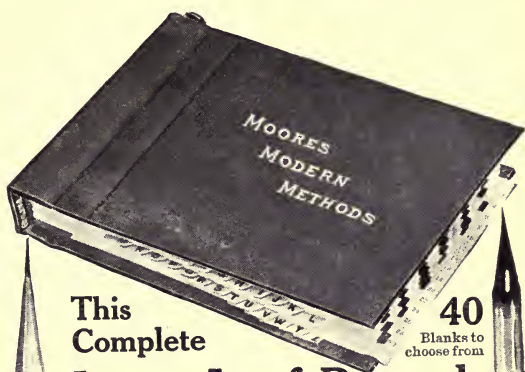
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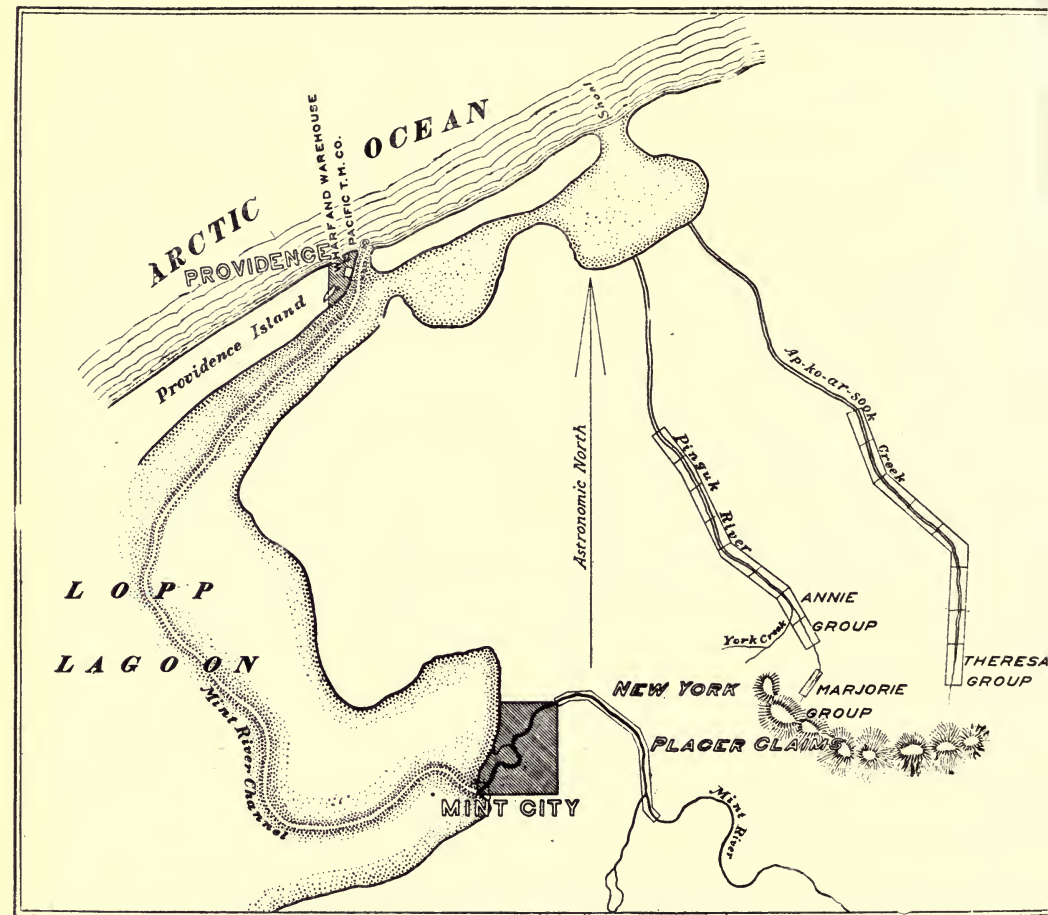
COOK REMEDY CO.

Richness of Tin Deposits in Alaska

A Large Part of the World's Supply of This Valuable Metal Will Come From Mines Owned by a San Francisco Company.

Much interest has been aroused in this country and abroad by authoritative reports of the discovery of immense deposits of tin in Alaska. Local capitalists of the most conservative class are both in-

City and on Buck Creek. The industry is essentially a new one to American mining men, and the average prospector passed tin by, not knowing what it was or as something out of the line of what



Map Showing Location of Pacific Tin Mines Company Properties

vestigating and investing, and there are indications of a legitimate "rush" to the field in which this exceedingly valuable mineral has been found in great quantities.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

Tin ore was discovered in Alaska in the summer of 1900 by gold miners who prospected the various creeks tributary to Lopp Lagoon and in the York region for gold. Locations were made near Tin

he went to Alaska for. The discoveries were made during the Nome excitement in the Lopp Lagoon, Port Clarence and York district, large placer deposits being found on Pinguk Creek by Samuel Colclough, a noted tin miner from Tasmania who immediately saw the vast wealth to be uncovered in this region. He quit prospecting for gold, gave his sole attention to the new discovery, and staked out the most valuable claims in this field which, when properly worked, will equal

f not surpass, any tin mine in the world. Assays from samples taken of the tin ore assayed 52 per cent, and as high as 73 per cent.

That large tin bodies exist in the region referred to, is confirmed in the report of the United States Geological Survey by Arthur J. Collier, to the Department of Interior last year.

GOLD VALUES ARE HIGH.

According to reports of experts, the gold values on Pinquuk, Apkoarsook and several other streams, and the presence of this metal in amount sufficient to give special values to these deposits by reason of its presence should be given attention, as the assay value in gold alone of stream tin samples run from \$174 to \$640 per ton. Gold exists in paying quantities on these creeks, but it is either oxidized or covered with a coating, making it difficult to distinguish it from the stream tin. It would not be surprising to learn that the tin may be a by-product in the matter of the values when the claims are worked close to bed rock.

IMMENSE PROFITS IN TIN.

It is estimated that 700 tons of tin ore can be mined on these creeks each season by a single French steam shovel. This would make 350 tons of pure tin, which sells for 32 1-2c. to 40c. per pound. The total cost of mining and shipping to the smelter, including the smelter charge, is only 10c. per pound, leaving a profit of 22 1-2c. to 30c. per pound.

Refined tin is worth between \$600 and \$800 a ton. The world's supply, which approximates 90,000 tons a year, comes chiefly from the Malay Peninsula, and nearly half of it is consumed by the United States. The demand has shown signs of increasing more rapidly than the supply, on which account the Alaskan discoveries are attracting the attention of the world, and in the future will be an important topic not only among mining men but in commercial circles.

OWNED BY A SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY.

The properties referred to in the above are now owned by the Pacific Tin Mines Company, Inc., of San Francisco. Capt. Samuel Colclough, the discoverer of tin in Alaska, and owner of the original claims on Pinquuk and Apkoarsook

Creeks, comprising sixteen claims of 20 acres each with a valuable water right of 5,000 miners' inches, disposed of these claims to this company, and was made superintendent of the corporation. The Pacific Tin Mines Company was incorporated in December, 1904, with a capital stock of 200,000 shares at \$1 each. This stock is now selling for 60c. per share. The cost of a French steam shovel and labor for a season's work amounts to about \$30,000, and as soon as this amount is subscribed, the stock will be withdrawn from the market. The expenditure of this \$30,000 is estimated to give a net return of at least \$70,000.

On account of the unusually low capitalization (\$200,000) of the company, and the excellent reports which have been published, this stock is finding ready purchasers, principally among persons acquainted with these properties.

The following are the officers and directors of the company:

JOHN PARTRIDGE, President (First Vice-President U. S. Improvement and Investment Co.)

R. P. SCHWERIN, Vice-President (Vice-President and General Manager Pacific Mail Steamship Co.)

JULIUS KAHN, Counsel and Director (U. S. Congressman, 4th District, California.)

LAURENCE E. FOSTER, Treasurer (banking.)

SAMUEL COLCLOUGH, Managing Director (Discoverer of tin in Alaska and mining engineer.)

F. A. MARRIOTT, Secretary (journalist.)

JOHN M. MURPHY, Director (mining engineer.)

Interested persons who desire to secure stock may do so by paying a small deposit and take a reasonable time to inquire into the merits of the company and its properties. Samples of tin, which were on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair, may be seen at the offices of this company. Tin ore from this property is also on exhibition at the State Mining Bureau, numbers 16,422 and 16,423. Prospectus containing extracts from Government reports and statistics of the world's tin production and further information will be mailed on application.

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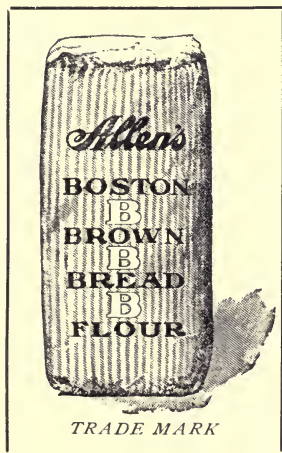
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November —Under the laurels in California.

NOV 6 - 1905

DECATUR, ILL.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLVI November, 1905 No. 5.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

By Rev. Dr. Jenner

FROM the very earliest times, and throughout all the nations of the earth which are worthy of the name, there ever has been and still is observed some sort of festival in celebration of the ingathering of the corn and fruits of the soil. Moreover, it always was, and still is begun with religious services of some sort. Even in most ancient times the peoples offered sacrifices and wave offerings to some special deity in gratitude for the present, and supplication for the future, and so, to-day, the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the blessings of the present, and solemn prayer for a continuance of the same in the future, are offered to God in the several churches of the land. Furthermore, in many respects the ceremonies of the "Cerealia" resemble those of the "Saturnalia," just as at the present day the celebration of Thanksgiving day in America is almost identical with that of Christmas day in England or New Year's day in Scotland and on the continent of Europe.

The feast of the "Ingathering," which in England is called "Harvest Home," and in Scotland the "Mell Supper," is undoubtedly the origin of Thanksgiving day in America.

Nay, further, it may most truthfully be said that in reality there is no other difference between them than the mere change in the name. Be this as it may, the object in every case and in every country is the same, to wit: to render unfeigned thanks to the "giver of all good things" for his manifold mercies, but especially at this season for the affording of a bountiful harvest. Everywhere, at this joyous season of the year, a spirit of thankfulness pervades all sorts and conditions of men. Peer and peasant, employer and employee, for the time being sink all social differences and distinctions of rank and meet on a common level. The servant sympathizes with the master, and the employer of labor looks kindly upon his faithful toilers, and meet around a festive board, either in a common hall, or at the several homes, but always furnished by the giver of the feast. In the "good old times," and often even in these socially degenerate days, the lord of the harvest, accompanied by all his family, rejoiced together at the happy conclusion of the year's labors, and with hearty good will not only rejoiced in the past, but also pledged their loyal zeal in the future, freely ac-

knowledging the interdependence of master and man, employer and employee, and of capital and labor in general. And thus it should ever be, not only on Thanksgiving day and Harvest Home, but also at seed time and in all the days between.

In the celebration of this festival of the Ingathering, certain characteristic ceremonies prevail, which, though differing in different countries, one and all have the same object in view, and the same spirit of jollity everywhere prevails. Let us now illustrate some of the most prominent of these ceremonies.

In the Pentateuch, or the first five books of Moses in our Bibles, we have a very minute description of the way in which this feast of the first fruits and ingathering shall be celebrated and kept. In the Book Exodus, chapter 23, verses 16, 17, 19, we read: "And the feast of the harvest, the first fruits of thy labors, which thou hast sown in the field, and the feast of the ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field. Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord God. The first of the first fruits of thy land, thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God." Again, in the Book Deuteronomy, chapter 16, verses 13, 14: "Thou shalt observe the feast of tabernacles seven days after thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine. And thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the Levite, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are within thy gates."

Once again, in the Book Leviticus, chapter 23, verses 39, 40, we read: "In the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord, seven days. And ye shall take unto you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of

thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord, your God."

Undoubtedly in this minute description, we, Christians, have the warrants for the practice so commonly followed of bringing into our churches the sheaf of wheat, which always is placed in front of the altar, and various other products of the soil, which are scattered about the sanctuary or chancel, as well as the decoration of the church with palms and greenery in general at the religious celebration of Harvest Home in English churches, and to a greater or less extent among the sects throughout the British Empire—such decorations always remaining at least seven days after the special services of that day. Such practices are also followed in America on Thanksgiving day, especially in the Protestant Episcopal churches in this country.

But the Hebrews were not the only ancient people who celebrated the feast of the first fruits. The *Primitæ*, or first fruits, were sent by the peoples of almost every nation under the sun to the Temple of Apollo (the sun god) at Delos. Even the Hyperboreans—the inhabitants of the most northern parts of Europe and Asia—the most distant peoples who enjoy the happiness of producing corn and harvesting it, commemorated the ingathering of the fruits of the soil by offerings and vociferous rejoicings. Herodotus, the Grecian historian, mentions these annual customs of the Hyperboreans, sarcastically remarking that "those of Delos talk of holy things tied up in a sheaf of wheat." Homer, the Greek poet, also mentions that "cakes or lumps of dough thrown at the head of the sacrificial victim formed a part of the Greek offerings to Apollo at the feast of ingathering." The Latins also attributed all the blessings of seed-time and harvest to Apollo—the sun, as the source of all natural benefits.

Indeed, in ancient times the harvest festival was dedicated to Apollo par excellence, but Vacuna was the name of the goddess to whom the rustics sacrificed at the end of the harvest. Handfuls of wheat, rye or barley in the straw were twisted and woven into chaplets which were worn about the head or suspended upon poles, and wave offerings and thanksgiving were offered. Images of Vacuna, made of the same materials were carried about in processions, accompanied by singing and vociferous cheering, and even nowadays images made of straw, richly dressed and crowned with flowers, are often carried about in England and called Ceres, the Harvest Queen. Apollo was formerly worshiped in Britain, and the May Pole is a remaining remembrance of such worship. This the ancient Britons decorated with garlands to welcome the approach of Apollo—the sun—to the north, and to signify that flowers and fruits were the product of his presence and influence. So also in the autumn sacrifices and offerings followed by vociferous rejoicings in recognition of his beneficence in bringing the various fruits of the soil to perfection.

In former times, in Peru, they offered one hundred sheep of different colors, and prayed that Mayz might live forever. Then with many ceremonies they put a quantity of Mayz into an iron pot, and slowly parched it, watching it for three nights. This they called "Pirva." They then made a special sacrifice, and demanded of the witches whether it had strength enough to live for another year? If the answer was no, they carried it back to the farm from which it was taken, and burned another pirva. But if yes was the answer, they dressed it up in the best clothes in their possession, carried it in solemn procession and worshiped it. This most ancient custom is to this very day faintly preserved all over Scotland

by what is there called the "Corn Lady," which consists of a small package of corn, which is hung up in the house when the reapers have finished their work.

In Rhodes, Silenus was carried in procession. A clown, dressed in woman's clothes, his head decorated with ears of corn and bearing about him other symbols of Ceres, was carried in a wagon with great pomp and loud shouting through the streets. The horses which drew the wagon were covered with white sheets, and elaborately decorated with ears of corn and wild flowers. If any stranger asked what all this fuss was about, the answer was: "We are drawing the Harvest Queen." This custom of "Queen of the Feast" is still observed in a variety of ways. Among many others, a handful of wheat in the straw is twisted, generally in the form of a cross, with the date of the year attached, is hung up in some conspicuous place in the house, there to remain until the next year.

The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and wave offerings of corn and wine to Neith, the mother of the sun, the latter being the accredited author of all the products of nature. Wheat was the most important grain grown in Egypt, and the mode of harvesting it was very peculiar. Instead of the usual method, the reapers cut the straw just below the ear of corn; it was then carried in bags to the threshing floor, where it was trodden out by oxen. Sometimes, however, it was reaped in the usual way and bound up in sheaves, but in order to separate the wheat from the straw it was always trodden by oxen. Very little is known as to the details of the Egyptian mode of celebrating the feast of ingathering; the most important of their festivities were in connection with the overflow of the Nile.

In India, the harvest festival chiefly consists in long processions to the temples of the several deities,

where offerings of corn and flowers are laid before the shrines. After the religious phase has been duly attended to, vociferous rejoicings, which are carried far into the night, conclude the festival. Siva, the Restorer, is the deity most honored at this particular season.

The ancient Teutons and Scandinavians offered sacrifices to Frey, the god of the rain and the sunshine, and the author and protector of all the fruits of the soil. The celebration of this festival was accompanied by the usual characteristics of this robust and rollicking race, but the details are exceedingly meagre.

Some phases of the Eleusinian mysteries which were held in honor of Ceres, the goddess of Agriculture, constituted the ceremonial celebration of ingathering among the ancient Greeks. These differed in different localities, but were for the most part a species of wild nature worship.

In England, at the present day, most of the customs of "Harvest Home" are connected with the final ingathering of the crops; but formerly, like the ancient Hebrews, the festive celebration began with the gathering of the first fruits; and even at the present day, in some countries the ceremony of offering the first fruits is still practiced. In the celebration of "Harvest Home" many curious customs, differing in different counties, both in their nature and in the mode of procedure, still prevail. The origin of some of these customs is of extremely ancient date. For instance, some of the customs practiced at the time when Apollo was worshiped in England are still maintained whenever the "shouting of the churn" is observed, which, in some form, is constantly done by the reapers at the harvest festivities of to-day. In the Book of Isaiah, chapter 16, verses 9, 10, we read: "I will bewail thee with weeping of Jazer, the vine of

Sitimah; I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon, and Elealeh: for the shouting of the summer fruits, and for the harvest is fallen. And gladness is taken away and joy out of the plentiful field: and in the vineyards there shall be no more singing, neither shall there be shouting: the treaders shall tread out no more in the presses: I have made their vineyard shouting to cease." These verses clearly show the common, nay, one may almost say the indispensable practice of singing and shouting at the feast of ingathering, as is shown by the intense disappointment caused by their absence, owing to a failure of the crops. Hence, then, or from some of the Phœnician colonists arose our present "shouting of the churn." Churn, or kern, means a ring or circle formed by several persons joining hand in hand, and so forming a circle or ring. It also means a chaplet or crown worn round the head or carried suspended on a pole in processions. Another very ancient and common custom called a "Kemping" in England and a "Mell" in Scotland. This word "Mell" is sometimes spelled "Melee," which would seem to be the more appropriate, inasmuch as a melee or row often resulted in the contention for superiority in quickness of dispatch which the reapers indulged in on the last day of their work. As the reapers went on with their work, they took care to leave a good handful of the grain uncut. When the field was finished the bonniest lass was allowed to cut these handfuls, which were presently dressed up with various sewings, tyings and trimmings like a doll which was hailed as a "corn baby." It was brought home in triumph with music of fiddles, bagpipes or any other instrument which would make a musical noise, and was conspicuously set up at the feast, or mell supper, and was afterwards set up and preserved for the remainder

of the year. And the bonny lass who cut these final handfuls was called the "Harvest Queen." This must have been the custom alluded to by Herodotus, as mentioned in an earlier part of this article. This self-same practice prevails even now in some counties both in England and Scotland. The same custom is observed, but finally disposed of in a somewhat different way. For instance, instead of being dressed up as a doll, it was tied up and erected as a "mare," and then the reapers, one after another, threw their sickles at it in the endeavor to cut it down. The man who succeeded in so doing cried out: "I have her." "What have you got?" cried the others. "A mare, a mare, a mare," he replied. "What will you do with her?" was then asked. "We'll send her to Tommy Tompkins," or some farmer who had not as yet got all his corn cut down. This was a very common custom, but slightly varied in procedure in different localities, and in some form or other exists even at the present day.

In France, when the harvesting

was finished, the peasants fixed upon some holiday to meet together and have a little "Regale," or jollification, which they called "The Harvest Gosling."

These and many other such curious customs were, and many of them still are, common enough in various countries. But in England and in English-speaking places, the general trend nowadays is to abolish them, and substitute a general harvest festival for the whole parish, to which all the farmers are expected to contribute, and which their employes may freely attend. Enough has now been said, not only to prove that the origin of Thanksgiving Day was the English Harvest Home, but also that some such festival is, and always has been, from time immemorial, a common custom among all the nations of the earth, and a glorious custom it is, too, especially if it be carried out as it ought to be; to wit, that all, both rich and poor, shall share in the enjoyment of the good things afforded by a bountiful harvest, and be truly thankful therefor.

MEXICAN AMUSEMENTS

By Ray Starr McKenney

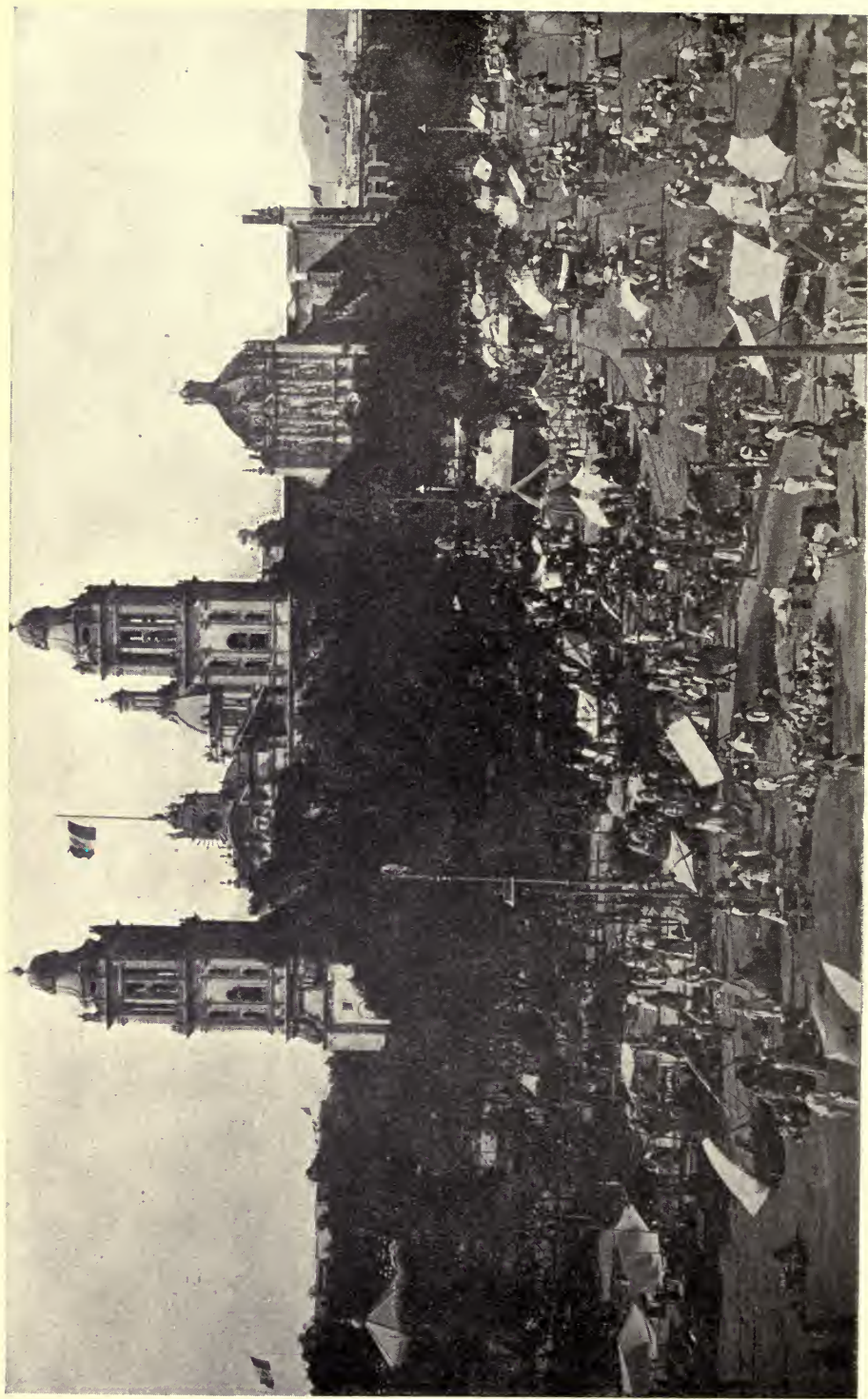
OF course, to have gone to Mexico and not to have attended a bull-fight would be like visiting San Francisco and not seeing Chinatown.

As it was, we went to the fight, not once, but several times, for from more than one point of view it was a most interesting performance, as the bull, at the psychological moment would almost make one believe that he had been trained to do thus, and so, when in reality a bull once within the arena never leaves it alive.

Mexico City allows no bull-fighting, but the fight takes place a few miles beyond the city limits. It must be remembered the bull-fight is a science. The foot-ball game is not.

The crowd has gathered. The matador enters the arena first, followed by the bandarilla and the picadors; the gate is then opened and the bull comes forth.

He is at once teased by the picadors, with a long pole, upon the end of which is a metal spike, and when any attempt is made to



Festivities in the city of Mexico.



A Mexican mob.



Burning of Judas.

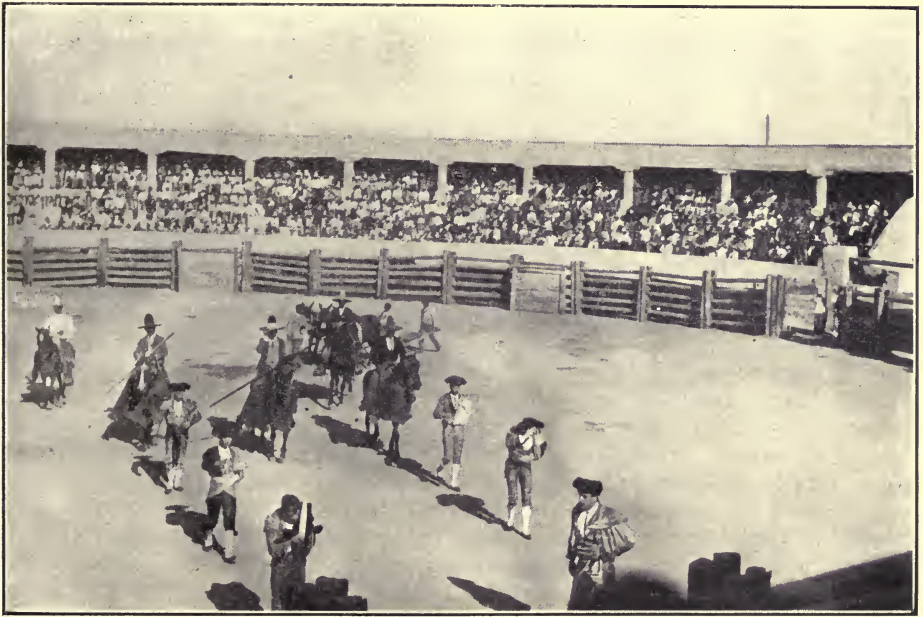


Group of Burales City of Mexico

gore the horse his attention is withdrawn by the brilliant shawls of the bandarilla. There is a slick little trick, to be done by the bandarilla, which, if not done skillfully, may cost him his life. There are times when his only escape from the enraged animal is to place the pole he carries directly where the bull's head will strike it as he gores at it, and if he has done it successfully, the force with which the pole is struck will send him, making a leap at the same moment, clear over the bull's

and forward, the weapon is forced straight to the heart by the bull's own weight.

It would be somewhat hard to say whether the bull-fight exceeded a Mexican rabble of another character or not. Certainly at the burning of the effigy of Judas, at Easter-tide nothing could be more taking than this act of religious loyalty. It is almost a religious amusement, for they seem to have great pleasure on the occasion. At the top of a high pole is placed this effigy of Judas,



The matador saluting the crowd.

back, and he will be ready for further attack by the time the bull turns. When the above picture was taken, it shows the bandarilla's unsuccessful attempt to do this trick, and he was thrown astride the bull's horns. In this instance, however, he was able to escape without injury. After sufficient teasing torture, the matador steps forth, his scord beneath his scarlet shawl, and as the bull's head is thrust down

with a long fuse attached. He is virtually made of fireworks, and from the time the lighted fuse has reached his feet, they begin to go off, till the bomb about the waist explodes; then what is left of that crackling Judas is scattered in countless pieces. Then indeed the Mexican feels that a part of his religious duty has been accomplished satisfactorily for a year at least.

ONE YEAR OF A DEAR LIFE

By Charles E. Lorrimer

IT is foolish to deny that, having grown used to study nature and her moods in untrammelled freedom and absolute peace, I am unfitted for cities and the habits of men. The companionship of my nectarines and pears, even of my homeliest guests, the humble potatoes—truly vegetables of solid merit—is more precious to me than the society of my neighbors.

But of all the objectionable human customs fostered by a false and artificial civilization, the one I most dislike is that orthodox function known as a "dinner party." It is, and always has been, to me a repellent form of idling; and many a time I have inwardly tilted against the shams and vanities it represents, as Don Quixote tilted at the harmless wind mills which troubled his peace of mind. The standard set by nature is so different! The flowers are honest. The trees scorn hypocrisy. Only men gathered together to feed at one common board, weigh out their words as a chemist his poisons, and they recognize no law except that bidding them reveal what their neighbors would conceal, or conceal what their neighbors might reveal concerning themselves.

In spite of my prejudices, however, this year has been crowded with these same troublesome dinners. My nectarines have blushed unseen because of Marion, and that unwritten social decree which, foolishly enough, requires a young woman, like herself—before bursting into blossom—to pass through an ordeal of organized society. It may be that this is, after all, only a hid-

den snare to impress on her tender memory a life-long suspicion of every social artifice, before setting her free again in the wide world of June days. When Marion was born, without ever seeing her soldier father, the population of the world was not, as it should have been, joyfully increased by one. Her mother's life was cancelled with hers. One was taken that the other might be left. Therefore, both of us being lonely orphans, I stand in my brotherly capacity a little closer than other brothers could. Above all things, it rests with me to see that in this gilded cage of society she does not wound herself against the bars nor have the least feather broken.

And so it happened that one day early last year, the ordeal being solemnly begun, we sat about Mrs. de Ponsonby Morling's hospitable table in a heterogenous circle. The night, I recollect, was bitter cold, so cold that even the landscapes of frost on the window panes did not melt. Further details in connection with that dinner press on my memory, partly because it was the first occasion when Marion, like an awkward fledgling, tried her wings, and partly because there began for me among those conventional surroundings a precious friendship, an introduction to a very dear life. I remember thinking how the outer chill should have turned our attentions gratefully towards the crackling logs in the big, open fire place, and made doubly welcome the warm pink glare of the shaded candles as it fell on the silver and cut glass.

Yet looking around the circle of faces I noticed that the impartially-reflected light surprised on fifteen of them only an air of well-bred boredom.

The sixteenth, that of my left-hand neighbor, Miss Memory Fairfax, wore a smile of pure gayety. Apparently she found this habit of dining in ill-assorted company—a habit peculiar to man of all the animals—more wonderful and delightful than any other in the whole world. No doubt her enjoyment was due to the unconquerable happiness of her spontaneous, untouched youth, for I noted that the lilies-of-the-valley slipping out of their cool, green sheaths were not more young and fresh than she.

With such casual observations of my neighbor, I occupied myself until the first entree. It was a *vel-auvent*, a *timbale*, or some other such trap for the unwary, and to Miss Memory fell the task of exploring its hidden recesses. She reconnoitered with one of the silver servers while the waiter stood imperturbably. The paste reared its fragile head in tempting, dreamy minarets. A breath must have crumbled them. To touch one pinnacle, and yet save the rest, was impossible. As well tap the dry head of a thistle and expect the seeds to keep from flying off in a dozen directions. Watching her manoeuvres quietly out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that, like many a successful general, she was very near retreat just before the moment of victory. But finally, having determined to attack, she attacked bravely, willing in her rush of courage to devastate a whole country in order to control a single point. *Pouf!* The dainty pastry fluttered into a shower of flakes and settled upon her like a swarm of hiving bees. "Oh!" said Miss Memory, and glanced furtively around the table to see if any one had noticed the accident. I came to the rescue then, dusted her sur-

reptitiously, smuggled some of the stuffing of her collapsed castle upon her plate, and generally set her at ease again.

After this exciting incident, although not reconciled to dinners in general, I became more resigned to this one in particular. My interest in Miss Memory was aroused, such an interest as a poor, dull, country-loving Englishman could feel for a brilliant, dazzling, independently-helpless (this quality I discovered later) creature as she was; the interest of the moth in the star, rather than that of the pestiferous, destructive caterpillar in the leaves of my orchard, where he so sorely tried my patience last spring. She, in return, out of sheer gratitude, turned inside out the pocket of her mind for my edification through the long sequence of courses that followed. Even before we reached the ice I began to discover what a rare spirit she had, a spirit modern and daring, the birthright of young America—and yet mellowed quaintly by the influence of her old-fashioned name. The charm hanging about her, though pursued, could never be overtaken. She was like a fresh idyl of the woods imprisoned in some rare old binding.

The conversations going on around tossed us as the storms of a sea would toss two little boats in a half-sheltered bay. Presently we found ourselves rising on the full tide of a discussion, a comparison, a vicious partisanship. Our hostess herself was responsible for the introduction of a hateful international discussion. At this signal, Miss Memory began, half-laughing, half-serious, to be-little my country. To her criticisms I, as a loyal Britisher, retaliated by mocking my neighbor's glorious republic. Then, not to be outdone, she launched sweeping accusations at our English stupidity, our manners, our liberties—last, but not least, our treatment of woman-kind. Indeed, I have found noth-

ing stirs up such unexpected depths of bitterness as international discussions!

"You are all spoiled, you American women," said I, slowly, sizzling at an undignified heat to which, vain foolishness, I had imagined only a plague of locusts among my strawberry vines could raise me.

"What is my country's special offense in that regard?" she responded.

"Too much general consideration, too much individual pampering, too much superfluous fine treatment."

"Does fine treatment ever harm anybody? Isn't it bad treatment that spoils people?"

"Good treatment may not spoil those who are wise enough to know its rarity and value. But a continued course of pedestals prevents people from properly depending upon their own feet."

"So politeness and courtesy you consider interfere with our progress towards perfection?"

"Not necessarily; but certainly a little mildly-applied dominion on the part of your American husbands would raise you in the estimation of your transpentine neighbors."

"It is a real pleasure to know the channels through which your approbation might run. Would the value of our land rise with your opinion?" she interrupted flippantly. "And if you object to us as neighbors, we, in return pay you the compliment of objecting to you as domineering husbands."

"Notwithstanding, you run to our arms and our titles," I retorted.

"How comfortably vain you are, you Englishmen! Like greedy children stealing jam, you appropriate to yourselves all the nicest brands of virtue, charity, kindness, toleration, even modesty. Oh, it must be really pleasant to consider your little island the best part of the whole world and your country the best in your island, and your titles the best

of all the best titles in the best part of the entire globe; and then to be quite sure everybody is agreeing with you. Ought not that to make one perfectly happy?" She paused for breath. Then, re-commencing, she concluded with a crushing argument: "You have read Max O'Rell."

I nodded. "He was, poor soul, a dweller in the cities, an epigrammatic autocrat."

"Yes—and more—a man of taste. Do you happen to remember the one boon he prayed for?"

I didn't.

"Well, his constant prayer was: 'Lord, make me an American woman.'"

"Quite possibly. But he never prayed: 'Make me the husband of one.' He was a man of taste," I added viciously.

Her bitterness had upset me. Why such vindictiveness? Why such a firm determination to remove me from my point of view? Was that an American peculiarity, divinely implanted to breach the ramparts of our vanity? But, after all, I forgave her laying down the law for the sake of the music of her voice—it was like the liquid gurgle of a splashing fountain. That she should fling our national vices in my individual face, scarcely giving me an opportunity to defend myself, stung my sense of justice, however, none the less. So thoroughly was this poor, deep-lying principle of right pricked, that finally in sheer self-defense at the very end of the dinner, having so long stood my punishment with tolerable meekness, I ventured to conclude severely: "After fully stating your case, are you now in a condition to be reasoned with?"

"Was ever a woman in that condition?" she threw me over her shoulder as we passed out of the dining room door with the winding line of disappearing ladies.

I found in her accent a peculiar

charm which remained with me, however.

* * * *

Through the rest of the winter we met often, Miss Memory and I. Her sunny, high-spirited nature wandered, like a clear meadow-brook, across the dreary prose of dinners and receptions where Marion disported herself as naturally as a fox in a hollow tree. I have often noticed that, starting at the same point, though one sets out daily to walk across a wood or a field in a fresh direction, one unconsciously, without the slightest intention, makes a path. Mine led straight to Miss Memory, and reached forward by degrees. Our discussions, renewed with delightful vim and vigor, widened it and gave it a deceptive air of real usefulness, until on crushed and crumpled evenings, a brisk walk along the accustomed way braced my mind for the perfunctory obligations to come, and quieted jangling nerves with the grateful sensation of its largeness, its woodland freedom, and quiet peace.

Then quite suddenly a silence fell. Three months passed before I saw Memory again. In all that time no one of our mutual friends ever mentioned her name to me. I noticed the omission. It even struck me as unnatural, and therefore as intentional. But the motives for it were of the kindest. Memory had in the meantime become engaged to my very own nephew, Sir Arthur Dilke. Some friends, divining my interest in her, with mistaken goodness left that little spot of silence which troubled me like a black cloud in a pure blue sky. Apparently, Memory's prejudices against my nation must have taken wing like a covey of startled partridges. A fig for women's prejudices hereafter! They are evidently no longer-lived than children's toys.

I didn't care if she was engaged. I told her so myself when we met

the week after. And she answered that my opinion was superfluous. Then we made friends again and discussed the nephew.

"When are you going to be married?" said I.

"In two months," answered she.

"Oh, then, we shall see a model English husband brought up on the improved American plan," said I, teasingly, harking back to our previous theories about the right up-bringing of husbands. Miss Memory had on occasions with the perfect frankness characteristic of her, let her opinions drop upon the subject like glowing coals.

"I think," she said with demure decision, "we know how to manage husbands in America." Memory's eyes twinkled retrospectively as she said it.

"But suppose, just suppose, that he's obstinate and chafes at the bit." I was thinking my nephew Arthur would need much managing. "What then? Suppose he took a notion to govern his own family himself? What then? You declared Englishmen suffered from this distressing peculiarity."

"Well—the money is father's. That will prove a steady lever. Besides—he won't."

Here I began to see how many a true word slips out tippy-toe, stealing after a jest.

How elastic her scathing generalities were suddenly become—elastic enough to include a whole nation, and yet leave a loophole of escape for one individual. I began to believe Memory at heart, in spite of her veiled threats, a demure little dove. But she is a dove who persistently pulls an owl's skin over itself, and is far prouder of the wicked old borrowed feathers than of its own innocent heart. By this time I knew her fairly intimately, and my nephew even better. Therefore, I repeated my warning, directing it with more personal emphasis as the mother-bird directs her young

brood eager to fly off, by the noisy, experienced flappings of her own wings."

"Arthur will need much managing. I, for one, should hate to undertake him."

In reply she poised her head forward like a buoyant humming bird. "Don't worry over me," she said; "Arthur is really as meek as a lamb—a dear, well-regulated lamb shorn of his time-worn insular prejudices."

"Then it is for you to temper the wind of criticism."

"But there need be no tempering," she laughed. "In a perfect union all the shabby, awkward, trivial side is suppressed."

Truly, I belong to the woodsmen, my persistence in following a track is so abnormally developed.

"But suppose he makes you jealous"—Arthur is inclined to be fickle—I urged, "or on occasion orders you about with the bluntness you condemn in Englishmen——"

"If he makes me jealous, or—or attempts to order me about as your meek Englishwomen are ordered, I'll—I'll divorce him," she said imperiously.

"Memory!" I opened my eyes in astonishment to see the wicked owl's feathers so tightly drawn over her sweet nature.

"Of course," she repeated, as though it was the most natural thing in the world. "Under such extreme and improbable circumstances, I shall hurry away to Dakota, where the train stops long enough for divorce, and get rid of him there. And father will come back and take care of me."

"Like a kindly scare-crow set up to frighten the sparrows away from your grain," I added.

You might think Memory light-headed—even frivolous—from this. But she isn't. She's deep. Arthur will find himself shallow beside her.

* * * *

The short two months' interval of her engagement must have passed

for Memory in a whirlwind of purchases. Continually she flitted from one dressmaker to another, like a honey bee in a clover field. In common with most American woman, she had a pronounced taste for gay plumage. This her father encouraged. He was always urging her to buy the very most audacious fashions, so that she should be clothed in a spotless set of feathers a princess might envy. Indeed he considered her superior to any royal highness of his acquaintance. Between ourselves, so did I. So did Arthur, apparently, for he fluttered around her like a moth around a light. No docile American man broken to harness could have borne the yoke of her lightest caprices more willingly. I thought him undignified. Yet in his position—as I was not in his position, speculations are idle. Suffice it to say that Memory's kingdom held very loyal subjects.

Impatience proved nearly the death of Arthur. Before the wedding day he had almost worked himself into hysterics. At the beginning of the last week he had actually fallen so low as to confess to me that he wished those seven intervening eternities could be annihilated from the calendar. Time, the executioner, did presently despatch the last of them.

It dawned a day of days made to order in heaven for the loveliest of weddings. Marion assumed the responsible position of bridesmaid. Some foolish mood kept me away from the great ceremony—alas, I knew myself, a quiet inhabitant of the fields, unfit for such an excitement. Some one told me afterwards that my fledgling sister acquitted herself creditably. The same kindly gossip described Memory as the queenliest of brides, dwelling with endless repetitions, like a cheerful mocking bird, on the special attractions which joined to form the beautiful whole. It is all

quite easy to believe. The king sent a diamond bracelet, a pretty courtesy to commemorate Arthur's having been a good little boy when he was equerry. Lady Birchester lent them one of her magnificent places for their honeymoon, and they departed to let a whole month of sparkling minutes slip through their fingers. The going away was like a blare of trumpets. I'm rather glad I was not there to see.

* * * *

Shortly after this all-absorbing, nerve-wracking event, I drifted over to Paris. Marion was anxious to seize the opportunity of seeing the queen of cities with some young companions. She dragged me to chaperon the more willingly, because I had a fancy of my own leading me there. I wished to make some drawings of Notre Dame to illustrate a little hand-book on Gothic architecture, a subject that, through its subtle connection with nature has ever drawn my interest. The stone spires are to me directly copied from the tall bolls of the trees; the lace-like traceries of finely-chiseled marble are only a petrified net-work of waving leaves. It is one of my hobbies. And by the divine law of being, I need hobbies. They help to keep the proper balance of life.

Having safely confided my little sister to a large flock of eager companions who were prepared to descend upon the sights of the city as the birds descend on my orchards in cherry season, I would sit under the beautiful center doorway from noon to sunset, and note with what poor skill I possessed the profusion, the cow-web-like delicacy of its carved and incised details. Patiently, I went on for weeks drawing and re-drawing the lace-like traceries.

One afternoon when I sat as usual working a little, dreaming a great deal, to the soft accompaniment of cooing pigeons—suddenly, unexpectedly, I saw Memory coming to-

ward me. With an eager, surprised little cry, she ran forward. She greeted me effusively. At once it came upon me how much paler and thinner she was than before. I noticed immediately that she had ceased to play with life as a kitten with a bright ball of wool. We stood on the broad flight of steps in a net of sunshine, and spoke of many things. Of everything she spoke brightly and willingly—of everything but herself. On that one subject, more interesting to me than all the rest, she was almost silent. I stood like a crane wading on the edge of a pond, going in as deep as I dared and eagerly seizing the scraps that came my way. But this method proved so tiresome that, summoning courage, I bravely questioned: "Where is Arthur? And how do you like the free captivity of matrimony?"

Memory's face went the color of sunset. "I—I don't think I am married just now", she answered, softly.

"Memory!" Horror of horrors!

"Perhaps you were half right after all, and he—he was more troublesome to manage than I guessed. But I tried hard—very hard. It is not easy, you know, to combat irritability at breakfast. Arthur was irritable and intolerant, forcing his ways in little things. You—you do not realize," she went on wistfully, "the wearing power of little things."

"Yes, perhaps I can understand. Often enough I have watched insignificant little crystal drops of water wear away great stones."

"They do worse to soft-hearted trees. They petrify them. First came the angry discussions armed with silences like two-edged knives.—Arthur's abominable cross breakfasts—don't laugh. Then, to do my share, I was cross at lunch, until the days became nothing but a succession of unendurable breakfasts and lunches," she said. "And later other women, whom he never saw

until merciful afternoon, attracted him. He grew to be often with them—less with me. The petrifying process set in—and so——”

“And so?”

“I divorced him. Father advised me to,” she said simply.

“You divorced him for assuming the fascinating role of lord and master to his own wife, and for being cross at breakfast?”

“Cross and bullying,” she corrected. “They called it incompatibility of temper in Dakota.”

“Indigestion, more likely,” said I to myself; and then aloud: “But you must have strange and accommodating laws in your country.”

“Oh, no, only just the latest modern improvements,” she responded with a touch of her old whimsical spirits. “It was as simple as the alphabet. Father and the lawyer arranged it together. The lawyer had some twirly-whirly way of reading one of Arthur’s crossest notes to me. There in black and white he said how he regretted not having married a woman brought up as Englishwomen are, to acquiesce in the supremacy of the husband. Of course he never expected that it would be used against him. He even purported to be angry that it was taken seriously.”

“Wasn’t that rather an underhand advantage?” I suggested, feeling dawning sympathies of pity for Arthur.”

“He deserved it,” flung out Memory defiantly.

Above the interstices of the carving, the doves were flirting outrageously, coyly peeping down at us from over the shoulder of a saint or behind a tuft of lace-like acanthus leaves. They had one June—Memory twenty-three. But if many remained to her, were not perhaps some of the best gone by? Better one June with the right mate than the full number with the wrong. thought I. What did she herself seriously think? In the fond and

foolish hope of ascertaining, I put a further question to her—a harmless little question.

“You are very clever, Memory, to have managed it all so nicely. I suppose you are very pleased with yourself, very happy to be free?”

Her voice, as she answered, seemed to have traveled a long way through darkness. It was feeble and sad—and a little lonesome.

“I’m not so sure I’m so pleased after all.” (To think of Memory losing her superb faith in herself.)

“The quarrels, the mistakes, the rights and wrongs of lives, the misunderstandings, they are strange and pitiful.” Her voice wandered off into a soft minor key. “I hardly know even what to call myself. I’m not Lady Dilke anyway. And—and—sometimes I’m half angry with myself. How good it is, after all, to own up to it.”

Had Memory, in demanding that liberty of spirit and body which she so intensely craved, chosen a prison for her heart?

By the time our talk was done, the last hour of light touched us. The sky was lovely with that fullness of peace which things often obtain just before they alter—and end. The sun sank. The shadows of Notre Dame’s lovely towers grew longer and longer, drawing others as it were irresistibly to them, queer reflected shadows of the carving which closed in on us. I think Memory and I both mutely felt the helplessness of the night. For some distance we walked along the grey streets together. At the parting of our ways, Memory held out her hand. “Good-bye,” she said; “tomorrow I go back to London.” The distractions of Paris had proved a failure. Truly, England, land of her dislikes, held a strange spell over her just then. The reason of it was hidden to her. But I knew. It was because of him. It was because drizzling, twilight England was his country.

Now it is almost a year since Mrs. de Ponsonby Morling's dinner, and I have been re-reading the record of the months in my little journal. The associations with Memory have closed around me more tightly than I guessed. I too shall go back to England, ruthlessly dragging Marion, willing or no. For it may be I can do something to help. At any rate a fig for architecture!

Though she never would allow it to herself, though she makes pitiful, frantic efforts to be happy, and is far, far too proud to confess that every one of them fails miserably, Memory has been spending a wretched two months here in London. The past lays a disturbing hand on her shoulder. Arthur, with a tact and a decency new to him, stays abroad. I wonder if she ever consciously wishes him back? Her smile is only the shadow of its former radiant self. When we meet, she welcomes me too gaily. I linger awkwardly whereby some happy accident I may see her pass. She is so changed, oh, she is so changed. I say it over and over to myself. But after all, why need I take on about it?

The book on Gothic architecture is going to be a failure.

* * * *

At last winter has set in heavily. The bitter east wind is almost too numbed to move. The cold stings the face and darts viciously into the marrow. It is exactly a year to-night since Mrs. de Ponsonby Morling's dinner. And Memory has broken down with what the doctors call "cerebral fever." I beg to differ with their learned definitions. It is "heart longing," shockingly aggravated by "unyielding pride." I am quite sure now that she does wish him back. But still, she would be stretched on the rack sooner than call.

If she could only see, dear Memory, what a host of friends she has! It might be a consolation. They

troop in an incessant stream like ants to inquire for her. They come in flocks like sheep, following one another, good and kind souls, with hushed footsteps and inquiries, turning away sometimes with brighter faces, sometimes with misty eyes. Her father is with her and nurses and doctors, so that whatever love and skill can do is done. They say she scarcely speaks, but only smiles a wan smile.

Yesterday for the first time the doctor pronounced her on the mend, and already from near and far pour in flowers and jellies enough to stock a florist's or a provision shop. Every one seems to have loved Memory—even the crossing sweeper, who positively neglects his duties and haunts her darkened doorway. I had to speak to him quite harshly about it myself. If Arthur had a grain of sense, it seems to me he'd come home without being asked for. I know I would.

The crisis is past, and the convalescence has been slipping by for several days. Memory comes occasionally to the window now, her face white against the warm background of the room. The traces of pain are still apparent, pain and ungovernable yearning. If I could only smooth them away. Truly the tendrils of her nature are floating helplessly in the air, yearning for support. My ivy, following a similar heaven-given instinct, clings tenaciously to the oak trees. Unhappy the plant or the human being who, in the fierce storms of life, loses its divinely appointed support.

I am to see Memory to-day. Her father told me so himself. There was a suppressed radiance about him when he brought the permission, as if he were holding down a piece of news. Were I to ask him to "stand and deliver" it, he would only shut his lips the tighter, thereby forcing the non-committal radiance to overflow his eyes, as mercury by atmospheric pressure. And

besides I shall get it from Memory, so if he thinks I'm curious he's mightily mistaken. He asked me to come and see her at three. Precisely punctual, here I am in her very own house, walking with him to her room. I go softly in—and I know the secret.

Yet Memory has not opened her lips. She only recognized me by a quiet, kindly smile. If, however, she hoped to deceive me she should have shut her eyes. She has the liquid, tell-tale eyes of her father, and the news floated out in them as from two burning beacons set in a land-locked sea. What she had to tell were—for her—glad tidings of great joy. Her lips were eager to confide them in strictest secrecy to me.

But somehow, alas for the perversity of man—fool that he is, three times more foolish than the dumb animals he despises—I lost, at this critical moment, the wish to hear. I began to chatter like a magpie, chatter, chatter about everything, as if eternal chatter were eternal salvation. After all, it only put off the evil hour. Memory feigned a polite interest in my ridiculous gossip, but the flight of her mind was too evidently away from the present into the future, across the coming years with all the happiness they promised to bring. Presently she broke straight through the crust of one of my frivolous anecdotes with a delightful mixture of audacity and shyness.

"Do you know," she said, "I have some news to tell you—quite important news. I—I am to be married again."

"It's no wonder," I retorted with a feeble flash of spirit. "You're too charming, too pretty, too altogether delightful to live by yourself. And who," the words came out perfunctorily,

because, of course, they were expected (I never, by the way, remember having had so much trouble with monosyllables before), "who is the happy bridegroom?"

Memory pretended to be quite insulted. "Why, who—who but Arthur, of course?"—as if my suggestion had been horribly indelicate.

So he came back after all. The details trickled out gradually. I believe her father played the part of Providence and sent for my ridiculously unenterprising nephew. And once together, he and Memory wiped away the blindness, the narrowness and the cruelty of their judgments on each other. Memory has grown all at once so happy that spring sympathetically advanced a whole month in smoky London.

Now nothing, not even Marion, shall keep me from my neglected fields and vines, where a faint veil of greenness must already run. The apple buds will soon appear in the orchard as a sign—a covenant of the ever-renewed miracle of spring. I long to see them. The year when I am not present to receive their message is according to my rural reckoning a year badly begun—as children say, with the wrong foot set first out of bed. Thus handicapped I never can get into step again the whole twelve-month.

He married her in June, for good this time, he says. June, the season of fulfillment, month of the bursting of bud into blossom, the rise of song from heart to heaven.

And, by the way, I am not in love with Memory. It is four days since I have heard conventional congratulations fluttering around her, and yet every day I have coolly and conscientiously been able to repeat: "I am not in love with Memory." God bless her and lead her dear feet at last into the way of happiness!

MRS. CRAWFUT'S FIRST HUSBAND

By C. M. Hyskell

HIRAM CRAWFUT and Dave Myers had been toiling around Circle City six cold, weary years, and the best luck they had come upon was a placer proposition in a frozen gulch four miles out, where with a pick, windlass and small sluice box they could, if they worked unremittingly, wash out about fifteen dollars a day in coarse gold and small nuggets. One great drawback was the brevity of the working season, and another was Dave's natural antipathy to violent physical exercise. Dave had been an inventor by occupation, and he had come into the Yukon country with the full intention of inventing an airship that would carry prospectors and supplies from any point on tidewater to the interior of the country in scorn of the Chilkat trail or the White Pass. He had naturally drifted into the prospecting habit, no other means of a livelihood appearing except an offer to pack grub at seven cents a pound from Dyea to Lake Lindermann.

"The calling of a pack mule," Dave remarked, "is low, even in the scale of brute intelligence." And so he took up a prospecting partnership with Hiram Crawford, because Hiram was the only practical mechanic he had ever met who would listen to the airship theory in all its painful details.

They worried along to the latter part of the season, wresting enough gold from the frigid gravel bed to pay their grubstake, besides about three hundred dollars in nuggets the size of a bean or less. Then one

evening at Circle, Myers met a party of genial tourists from the States, who apparently had money to buy claims, and were averse to the risk and hardships of prospecting. The two miners lay in their cabin that night, discussing in alternate fits of hope and despondency the possibilities of selling their claim to one of the tenderfeet.

"It couldn't be done nohow," groaned Hiram, who was prone on the bedrock of despair; "there's no human that would have so little sense."

But Dave was more cheerful. He had a mental gait that never galloped and never flagged, but seemed to keep on in an easy canter. They spent the best part of the night trying to hatch a plot that would be consistent. But Hiram's experience as a placer miner had not been wholly barren of lessons—and he had a certain moral fibre that held him above downright skulduggery.

The next evening Myers again fell in with the party at Circle, and was the merriest of the company. He paid for the poison repeatedly out of a bag containing a quantity of nuggets, the size of a bean or less, which he spared no pains to exhibit. He spent nearly fifty dollars, and bore himself with the air of a bonanza king who didn't know the value of money, and exulted in his ignorance. It was late when he returned to the cabin, but his partner had not retired. Crawford, gloomy for months past, was to-night unusually morose.

"You fool," he said, "do you mean to blow the whole pile?"

"I hain't spent my share of it yet—and won't go beyond that; so you just keep cool," said Dave, in a tense voice, for he had a promise that one of the tenderfeet would visit the mine next day and "look it over."

"What's the use?" Hiram asked contemptuously. "You know as well as I do that your man is not going to invest a dollar in any placer proposition without first washing some proof of big values out of it."

Dave admitted the soundness of these remarks.

"Then how are you going to bunko him into this misery pit?" demanded Crawfut.

Myers removed his heavy leggins, and lighted his pipe. "I'll sell this claim to-morrow," he said, "for twenty thousand dollars. This man Burkhardt is dead keen for a mining proposition, and he's looking to get something for nothing."

"Strike off a cipher and add a perhaps," growled Crawfut. Then he smoked, and with his calloused fingers reflectively combed the heavy beard that he had grown all over his face during the years he had striven in the frozen hills. "Burkhardt—Burkhardt," he muttered; "it's a familiar name."

"Chunky, genial sort of fellow—German, I reckon," said Myers, forcing a piece of fir wood into the sheet-iron stove.

"Reminds me of home," mumbled Crawfut. He was forcing himself to talk now, for he felt that without speech he would burst with loneliness. "They think I'm dead—drowned that time our raft broke up in Jumbo Chute——"

"They? Who?" Myers asked sleepily.

"My wife!" The answer was in a tone barely audible. Dave Myers stopped pulling off his boots and listened.

"How Joe Burkhardt and I raced for Nora! Joe was rich, too. And long after I won her he kept up his

attentions—with the persistence of a lunatic—until one night in the rain—at her gate—we fought with umbrellas, and I thrashed him." Crawfut's pipe was out, and he refilled it.

"It's singular," Dave ventured to remark, "how a man will strive to overtake a woman, and then find that she is not what he wanted."

Crawfut held the pipe unlighted in his hand, and went on, scarcely heeding his companion's presence: "How easily a good woman can destroy her own happiness and the happiness of a good man. Nora loved me—I'm sure of it. She was an unconscious victim of the flattery some women will draw from the whole-hearted love of one man. Instead of appreciating its value, she took it and walked on it. Well, I had five years of her—and I don't regret a day."

"Leave her any children?" Myers asked.

"No, thank God!" was Crawfut's vibrant response.

"Anything else?" Myers queried, hesitatingly.

"Only a little home, and a little money in the bank."

"Then what the nation did you quit for?" broke in Myers.

Crawfut's pipe had grown cold, and he began trying to light a pine splinter through a hole in the front of the stove, but the draught pulled the flame off the wood every time he drew it out. Repeatedly he brought it forth only to find a black-end stick. "After a man has had a woman's love and pulled himself away from it," he said, "that is about all there is left of him—a charred and smoking piece of wood." He tossed the stick aside, and without further words removed his clothing and tumbled into the bunk.

While Crawfut tossed and muttered in his sleep, Dave Myers lay awake a long time. Toward morning Crawfut was aroused by the

crunching of frost under the door as it was pulled shut by Myers, from the outside. Crawfut arose and listening intently heard his partner's footsteps receding. Hitherto he had felt no suspicion of Myer's honesty. Now he dropped to his knees and drew from under the bunk a tin can in which they had kept the little bag of nuggets. It was not there. He was sure he had seen Dave deposit it in its accustomed place on returning from Circle the previous evening.

He hurried into his boots, put on his heavy coat, and stepped outside. There was a full, bright moon.

Myers was plainly visible, at the mouth of the pit. He was turning the rude windlass backward, dropping the bucket to the bottom of the shallow hole. Then he fastened the crank of the windlass firmly to the upright post, and a moment later disappeared into the pit, going down the rope hand over hand.

Crawfut walked softly to the hole, a sullen apprehensiveness growing within him. Carefully, that his shadow might not be cast into it, he lay flat on the ground at the edge of the hole, and listened. Myers was working below with a pick, in a feverish way.

Crawfut understood. He crawled away and staggered to his feet. "Well, let him," he muttered, after a moment. "If he wants to do it—I don't have to know anything about it." When Myers, an hour afterward, went back to the cabin and rolled into bed, his partner was apparently sound asleep.

A roaring fire of pitch pine was made in the pit that morning, but the miners did nothing more. Their nervous condition did not permit any physical exertion beyond some wild pistol practice directed at a sardine can nailed to a tree. As the time approached for arrival of their visitor, Dave's courage began to fail. He insisted that it would be better if they were at work; it would give

the impression that they had a good thing and were attending to it. But Hiram dissented, and said they could afford to await results.

At nine o'clock the tenderfoot arrived. He brought with him an old prospector well known about Circle.

Myers pulled himself together with a tremendous effort. "We want you to understand the proposition," he said. "It's a bench claim, and—as you see—we have only opened it. We have taken out a hundred dollars a day, and could do better if we pushed it. The property is worth a hundred thousand—easy—but we want to go back to the States. You can have it for one-fifth that amount—on a spot cash deal."

"Yes—on a spot cash deal," muttered Hiram Crawfut, under his beard.

After some parley, to which the old prospector listened, he remarked: "Hump—get in here, all of you, and let's test the proposition."

The fire in the pit had abated, and there was a mass of dirt thawed, ready to be taken out. When the test was done, they had cleaned up two hundred dollars, coarse gold and nuggets the size of a bean or less.

The tenderfoot, intensely agitated, walked over to Crawfut, who had stood aloof. "I'll take the mine," he said. And then, in the half-light of the morning, Crawfut recognized Joe Burkhardt.

He stood a moment without reply, expecting his old rival to address him by name. But no sign of recognition came, and it occurred to him that his beard was an effective mask, and that he had Burkhardt at a disadvantage. Before he could speak the old prospector called Burkhardt aside. Crawfut heard him say:

"Don't be in a hurry. I can't say I like the looks of it."

Burkhardt, with strong impa-

tience in his voice, demanded reasons for delaying the deal.

"Wait a few days," urged the old prospector, gently. "Think it over at Circle."

"Not an hour," Burkhardt replied, passionately, and added with a slight sneer: "You seem to want to get me away."

"Don't be a fool," said his companion, harshly.

The tenderfoot had the gleam of virgin gold in his eyes for the first time, and he hit back hard. "I will not be fool enough," he said, "to leave this snap and let you come in and pick it up."

The old prospector's face glowed a dark red. He clenched his hand, but held back the blow. "Well—you can stay," he said slowly, "or you can go to hell." With that he turned abruptly and disappeared down the trail toward Circle. It was Burkhardt's last chance, and he let it depart.

That night Crawfut and his old-time enemy sat and smoked by the fire in the cabin. Dave Myers, determined not to lose a day, had gone to Circle to engage passage to the coast. Conversation between the smokers was not spirited. Crawfut, in an agony of desire to hear news from home, could only with difficulty speak of anything else, and he sat and waited for an opening from which he could draw the other out. At last he led directly up to the subject.

"So you're from Dodgeville, Iowa," he remarked.

"Yes. Ever there?" Burkhardt queried.

But Crawfut was careful. "I once knew a man from there," he said. "Poor devil——"

Joe Burkhardt caught at it hungrily. "You knew Hiram Crawfut—who was drowned in the Yukon?"

"Yes."

"Thank Heaven," said Burkhardt, with a deep sigh of relief, "I guess that will satisfy Nora."

Crawfut's caution was tugging to get away now. "Nora, Nora—she was his wife," he said, almost in a whisper. "I often heard him speak of her; tell me—is she happy?"

Burkhardt replied with a grin: "Well, I rather think she is, since I married her."

"Ah-h!" Burkhardt observed that the word was more like a groan and that his companion started up suddenly, but he attributed it merely to the miner's peculiar temperament.

"You mean—you say—that she is your wife—has been living with you?"

"Yes."

Crawfut opened the door and started out blindly, with no destination in his mind. After a time he came back to the cabin and stood on the lee side, partly sheltered from a snow storm that had begun. Fifteen—twenty—minutes he struggled to recover his poise, and at last he gathered himself, and re-entered.

"The woman—you say her fate is a happy one?"

"That will depend," said Burkhardt, "on the success I have with this mine. I am putting every dollar I possess into it." The tenderfoot shivered as the full significance of his act swept through him, for he had paid over an installment on his purchase, and the money lay in the tin treasure box under the bunk. The squalor of the rude cabin, the stillness of the night, the vast sense of mystery that seemed to brood over the snow stretches and the solemn, tree-clad hills, was sinking into his soul. The very solitude was eloquent with a tale of the hardships these men had endured; the sunless days, and long, bitter nights they may have lain ill without succor; the many times death in varied forms had stalked before their eyes in the years they had fought the fight of the gold-seeker, against whom the odds are always greater than they seem. He was startled

from his reverie by a heavy hand on his shoulder. Crawfut stood before him, and began speaking.

"Stranger—your deal for the mine is off. Here's your money." The big roll of bills dropped into his hands.

"You're not going to back out?"

"The mine was fixed," continued Crawfut in a hard monotone; "it's not worth a dollar to you—nor anybody." Turning away hurriedly he began preparations for a departure.

"What do you mean?" Burkhardt gasped.

And then Dave Myers, who had entered in time to catch the drift of

it, rushed at Burkhardt. "He means—nothing; he's trying to beat both of us out of it. The mine's yours; give me that money."

But Burkhardt, now alarmed, held fast to the roll.

Myers turned fiercely upon Crawfut. "You sneak—you—coward—curse you—curse you!" he shouted.

Crawfut, ready for the trail, was picking up a small pack. With no sign of resentment he turned to his partner, and said, gently: "Good-bye, Dave!"

Then he stepped into the night outside

THE RELEASE

By Mazie Virginia Caruthers

"There was the door to which I found no key."

—Rubaiyat.

One craved a boon—and on his knees
The wakeful night, the weary day,
Assailed God's throne with anguished fire
In longing for his heart's desire;
And yet, no sign there came to say
His time of travailing might cease!

Another put his wish away—
Else steeped in self, his soul had died;
Renunciation, faith in good—
Hallowed the darkness of his road;
But—what he felt must be denied,
God granted him unasked, one day!

So life's sad mysteries ne'er cease.
For those who grope with breaking heart
Maybe there seems no ray of light,
Yet songs come sometimes, in the night.
Who wins, may lose a better part;
God's prisoners all—till our release.

RUTH---A STORY

OF TRANSPLANTATION

By Florence Rosina Keene

I.

IT was a pathetic little figure that wended its way wearily up the dusty road directly after the silver-tongued bell in the little school on the hillside had rung the hour of closing and musically pealed forth the joy of the young hearts for the hour of freedom and joyous romping over the hills toward their respective homes. Some made all haste to the creek below the school where they loitered, and with the delights that children always find in a body of water, whether it be a dirty pool with a few wriggling polly-wogs, or a grand expanse of ocean with a fairyland of shells and seaweed, became utterly oblivious of the mother's anxious scolding and cold dinner awaiting them.

But Ruth did not follow the other children this afternoon. She started on her lonely way alone, her head bent in thought. That day she had received the prize which the teacher offered each month for the best scholar as an added incentive to the children for taking a pride in their work. As she walked up the aisle in answer to the teacher's announcement and kind words of praise, amid the smiles of her fellow-pupils, who really liked the little comrade who generally supplied the spirit of fun to their play hours, she heard one bright head whisper to another: "She is so bright and good and funny—isn't it a shame that she's only a black nigger?"

"Only a black nigger!" The words echoed and re-echoed through her brain. She sat down on a fallen log under the shade of a wide-spreading sycamore that stood among many of its kind along the side of the creek-bed, and pondered it over.

Had she done something dreadfully wicked when she was very small and tiny that God had given her a black skin to punish her? Would it never wash out if she were awfully, awfully good? Were there other people who were wicked and had black skins, too, like her own, she wondered. She had never seen any, and no one had ever spoken of her blackness before in that tone. It was, in her happy life, the awakening of self-consciousness. Adopted as an infant by some kind, wealthy people with whom she was a pet as well as a companion to their little girl, a few years her senior, and made a comrade and leader in all the fun and mischief among her young play-fellows, the term "black," applied to her, laughingly, at times, never struck her before with a keen consciousness of the one great and unalterable difference between herself and those around her.

The wild, free life among the hills, her strong love of the beauties of nature, and her buoyant, irrepressible romping spirit, all tended to hold her away from any serious thought of life or vivid consciousness of self. The beautiful home of

her foster-parents nestled in among the foothills, and all that the sky and horizon included, were a perfect fairyland to her, wherein she dreamed dreams beautiful and entrancing. The streams were whispering spirits that talked to her of strange things, and the wildflowers, delicate, fragrant and gorgeous, were tiny fairies asleep that smiled in their dreaming among the grasses when she passed them by. And when she breathed the sweet air of the morning while the dew crowned fairy flowers with myriad jewels, she danced along the road to school with a sweet exhilaration, her feet scarcely seeming to touch the earth. To breathe was a joy, to be alive, to feel and see, glorious.

Into that brief, happy, sheltered life of hers, no disturbing thought had entered. Once she had asked "Uncle John" why she was black and not white, like the rest of the family, and he answered, "Why, every family, you know, has one black sheep, and you are ours." Again, he would teasingly say, when she was playing him some mischievous trick, "God makes naughty girls black. Every time you're bad, he'll make you grow blacker."

But now, for the first time, she realized that she was different in some way, and that the fact was unalterable. The realization with its utter hopelessness brooded down on her like a leaden weight—a weight that never again would be lifted, a weight that crushed much of the joy of living out of her veins, and somehow dimmed the sunshine.

She looked up through the interlacing branches above her, and even the bits of tender blue gleaming through the rifts in the waving green failed to lay on her heart its accustomed benediction of peace. In the world in which she had been a breathing, harmonious, inseparable part, she felt herself suddenly an

alien—a strange being from an unknown, dark world.

II.

"Ruth," May called, as she passed by the door, "aren't you dressed yet? Our guests will arrive soon, and you want to look your nicest to meet them. They are all dear friends and college mates of mine, and I want you to like them, and them to like you," and she walked in the room and put a loving arm about her dusky comrade and confidante.

Ruth looked at her friend and foster-sister, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and a vision in a wonderful pale blue creation of the dressmakers' art, and said in a voice tinged with bitterness:

"What's the use? You put on pretty things and you look like an angel. I put on colors and the prettier they are the blacker and uglier I look. And, besides, your friends may not care to be friends with a black thing like me. Leave me to myself, with my books, my music, my flowers and my birds. With them I have no fear of intruding, and they make me forget that I am of a despised race."

"Why, dear Ruth," cried May, impulsively. "How can you talk so? If my friends don't like my foster-sister they needn't like me. Your dark skin covers such a great white soul that they can't help but admire you. And, remember, you are not all black. You have a few drops of white blood in your veins also."

"What good," Ruth sighed, "to be all white inside if one is all black outside? The outside is the quicker seen and the easier judged."

"Ah, but you know your favorite, Emerson, says: 'Character teaches above our wills,' and people feel what you are immediately. Even mamma says she thinks I am better and keep out of lots of foolishness

because of your influence. Now, don't forget I shall expect you to help entertain our guests," and with a parting hug, May danced away.

Ruth, anxious to please these people who had treated her always as their own flesh and blood, and whom she loved with the whole intensity of her great, strong nature, impatiently tried one color after another to find what would blend most harmoniously with her dark skin.

The strain of white blood that flowed down to her from plantation days seemed to dominate the whole of her inner life. The culture and refinement of her environment, together with the love and kindness that had been given her so freely, all tended to give her a gentleness and dignity of bearing. Her features were delicate and refined, none of the characteristic coarseness of the negro being evidenced in her face. One beautiful feature, however, her race had given her, as if in atonement for the blackness that would not rub off, and that was a pair of great, lustrous black eyes—eyes with a thousand lights and shadows and expressions, eyes in which her soul and every heart-beat lay mirrored. Another attraction that she possessed was a form, beautiful in proportion, strong, lithe, and as graceful in movement as the willows on the creek bank, that swayed to the caressing of the summer breeze. But alas, though her white blood had helped to give her these it had failed to make her hue more than a few shades lighter—leaving it impossible for any one to mistake her race.

But this thing that narrowed her life but cut the currents deeper, and the bearing of her burden but added to and intensified the strength and beauty of her character. Hers was a life spent in "doing little kindnesses, which most leave undone or despise." Was any one ill, hers was the soothing hand to smooth their pillow; an errand to run, her

feet were always willing; a sacrifice demanded in the household, hers was the first volunteer; sympathy or advice required, she was the confidante; a kind or cheering word needed, hers were the lips to speak it. Not strange that she held such a dear place in the family circle.

She heard the carriage arrive with the guests. Being disinclined to meet them in her present bitter mood, Ruth wandered into the garden, breathing in the fragrance of the blossoms, and seeking in their beauty a consolation that would put her heart at rest.

Presently she heard May's brother's voice back of her.

"Yes, mother has some fine roses," he was saying. "She takes such care of them—they are her chief pleasure in this quiet life she lives."

"Ah," another deep, masculine voice answered, "I see your rose garden is not without its 'queen rose.'" What a form! What grace! She bends among the roses as if she were one of them. What a subject for a picture. I hope her face bears out the promise."

Tom laughed mischievously. "Perhaps she will pose for you. It's Ruth. Come and I will present you. Ruth!" he called, as he crossed the lawn, "why are you hiding among the roses? I want you to come and meet my friend."

The gentleman raised his hat in anticipation as Ruth turned full on him, her eyes still misty with the sadness of her thoughts. She saw his sudden look of surprise and bewilderment at the sight of her face, though quickly recovering himself, he smiled pleasantly and murmured a few commonplace words. But Ruth's swift eyes read his thoughts and disappointment, and after a few forced words, she escaped to her room.

Hard days followed, in which she added her share of wit, mirth and entertainment, feeling always in a

world apart. At last the visitors departed, and all was quiet again about the house, but tumult and oftentimes rebellion dwelt in the heart of the maid—a rebellion of the great white soul against the black body it inhabited.

III.

Lately there had come into the neighborhood a young mulatto, strong, well-built, handsome for his race, and an honest, steady type of his people. He had worked occasionally for Mr. Wismer, and plainly showed his deep admiration for Ruth. Ruth pitied him as she pitied herself, and treated him as she treated every one—with kindness and courtesy, utterly unconscious of any deeper meaning in his attentions.

One day Mrs. Wismer said to her:

"Ruth, Harry was talking to Mr. Wismer last night, and he said that he loved you, and desired to make you his wife. I would like to talk to you about it. He is a good, honest fellow, and would make you a good home, and he is of your own race. Of course you will always have a home with us, and when we die we will see that you have something. But we are getting old. May and Tom will marry. And you can not always live alone. You will want a home nest of your own, and home ties. Your big, loving heart will require some outlet—you will want an aim—some one for whom your own life's thought and hope and strength can be expended to some purpose. Don't you think you could care for Harry, and make him happy?"

"No, no, no!" cried Ruth, vehemently. "I hate him. Let me always stay with you and take care of you—I do not want to marry."

"But, dear, you won't always have me, and though I don't like to lose you, it's of your future that I am thinking."

Ruth walked unsteadily to her room, where she threw herself down on the bed in an agony of weariness. The old problem again.

Where was her place in the world? Inside white, yet her black outside threw an unsurmountable barrier between her and the white race. Black outside, yet her white inner life put as great a barrier between her and one of her own race. She could see, as they in their well-meant kindness, could not see. With her, heart and brain had been trained, educated, refined, and day by day drawn farther away from the race from which she sprang—the black race were as obnoxious to her as to a Caucasian. She had never dwelt among them, and in her younger years had never even met them.

This man was a negro in heart, a negro in mind, a negro by association and environment. Could they not see the awful difference? They made her believe she was white, and now they wanted her to go back to her own race.

Furthermore, there was a deeper, more subtle reason than a mere life's environment for her loathing of this man. Her soul would have been roused to greater revolt and horror at the thought of a union with one of the commoner, more brutal class of the white race. The few drops of gentle white blood that flowed in her veins but served to refine, heighten and intensify the feelings of caste and class distinction adhered to so fiercely by the plantation negro of earlier days. The old Southern darkey was a true aristocrat in spirit and his lines of distinction and preferment clearly and unerringly drawn. The "missis'" maid would not stoop to the attentions of a field hand. The negroes belonging to a man who owned a hundred or more slaves, could not lower their pride enough to meet on an equal footing the darkeys whose master's holdings con-

sisted of but ten or fifteen negros. While to the slaves of the old Southern gentleman, the "poor white trash" were but objects of contempt. And as education and culture serves generally but to develop and render more sensitive a man's pride and to make stronger his antipathies, so had Ruth's training not tended to eliminate these traits of her race, but rather to intensify them. And Ruth was not less a victim of the prejudices of her race in that she was partly unconscious of their source. In her, with the best of the black blood was the white blood of the aristocrat commingled. This young man owed her being to the commoner blood of both races. This fact, in conjunction with her environment and education left a gulf that no earthly bridge could span. She could only stand in dazing horror at the thought of crossing to the other side.

For some time nothing more was said; then again the subject was broached to her. Her sensitiveness on the subject was not realized, and they had begun to worry about her well-being when she would be left alone. Mrs. Wismer thought it her duty to have another heart-to-heart talk with this girl, so dear to her, and finished by saying:

"Think it over well, dear, and let me know your conclusion."

Heart sore, brain wearied, she thought and puzzled and planned and suffered, until the house stifled her and she sought the great outdoors. The moon hung high in the heavens, flinging a silvery radiance

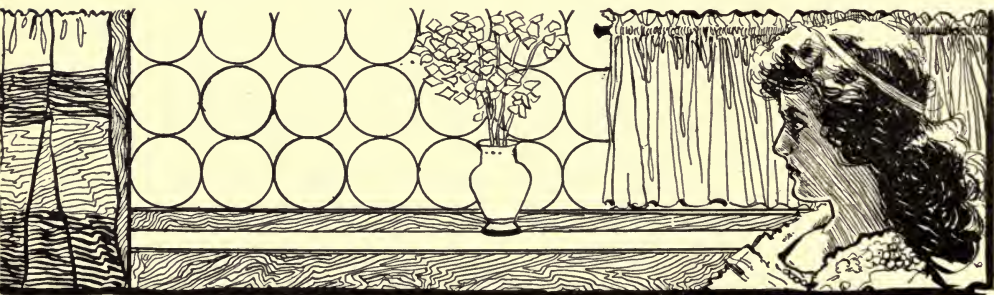
over all the earth; the sky was swept clear of clouds and the stars dimmed by the light of the moon twinkled faintly. She sought the open face of the sky, and stood looking up, that awed feeling of the presence of God stealing over her that such a vision always gave. Something answered to the white soul within, and seemed to draw her to itself. She felt she had a place somewhere in the universe, if not on earth—way, way off, could she but shake off that wretched black body of hers. Why not? She remembered some bottles in the medicine chest labeled "poison." It was so simple a thing.

God seemed to want her—seemed to be calling her out of the clean, clear sky. She would go—she was but a burden to those who loved her—to herself. Life seemed to have no place for her—perhaps heaven had a shelter.

She knelt and prayed and cried: "God forgive me if I sin."

In the morning they found her, lying like a tall, dusky lily that had fallen upon the grass beneath a rose tree. A faint suggestion of a smile hovered on her lips, as if laid there by her soul in triumph as it shook itself free from the hideous black flesh that it so abhorred. Silent, motionless, and when they bent to touch her, cold—the soul at last was free.

In her room they found a note, saying: "My black body—that belongs to earth—I leave here. I can abide it no longer. All that is white of me, I take to God for judgment.
Ruth."



THE DISCOVERY OF DON BENITO

By Will G. Taffinder

WHEN I first met Don Benito at the Hacienda, I was attracted by his striking appearance. He was taller than the average Mexican, and erect of figure.

His hair, white as snow, contrasted strangely with his tightly drawn brown skin. His dark brown eyes, deeply set under heavy, bushy eyebrows, were almost supernatural in their brilliancy. His bearing and dress bespoke the innate gentleman, as his conversation showed the scholarly student and the scientific trend of mind.

Don Benito's white hair and angular face gave him the appearance of a centenarian, but his springy step, and, for a Mexican, quick actions, indicated a man in the prime of life. He possessed that quiet repose of manner which always accompanies self-reliance.

He joined rarely in general conversation, but when the subject pertained to science or natural history, he became interested at once, and his remarks showed his perfect knowledge of the best authors and a vast fund of information acquired from his own observation.

His costume was the ordinary dress of the country, with the exception that his sombrero was plainer, and his zerape of gay colors was of a finer texture than customary. It had been wrought by Indian hands, and he always wore it in a manner which gave it the appearance of a shield between his self-abstraction and the outside world.

For hours at a time Don Benito

would stand in the sun-light, motionless as a statue, gazing intently on the ground, the only apparent sign of life about him being the circling wreaths of smoke from his everlasting cigarette.

There was a quiet dignity and strength in his make-up, for which it was hard to account—until it was learned that he was the descendant of an Indian prince, who had married a Spanish senorita. His ancestors originally owned the vast sweep of mountain and meadow which had passed into alien hands, and now was the "Hacienda Grande."

Little by little his history was learned. His mother died in giving him birth; his father had saved the life of the father of the present owner of the Hacienda during a moonlight fight, which had ensued, upon the attack of a band of robbers, led by that historically celebrated bandit chief Incarnacion Orteiz. In this effort his father had received a machete cut from which he died.

He left his son in the care of the men, for whose safety he had lost his own life. Don Benito was educated by them under the instructions of the Jesuit Fathers.

As he grew to manhood he became noticeably studious and reserved. He was looked upon as one of the family, and sat at the family table. He had cleared for himself a piece of ground and planted it in fruit trees and vines, built an adobe house, and seemed day by day to take more pleasure in tending the growing trees and in the compan-

ionship of books, than in the life of the ranch.

Don Benito was a devout and constant attendant at mass, and was an especial companion of the learned old Jesuit father, who officiated in the little chapel for the pleasure and salvation of all, patron and peon alike at "Hacienda Grande."

In later years he met with an accident, while riding a particularly high-strung horse. His saddle turned, and he was carried to his house in an unconscious condition. His horse had kicked him in the base of the skull. Concussion of the brain resulted, and when he recovered, his manner seemed more morose and silent. He forsook the family table and took an old, wrinkled peon woman for his cook.

Gradually he became more and more reserved. He passed his days in the solitude which he found behind the high, impenetrable cactus-hedge, which surrounded his house and garden. Occasionally he would walk in the sunlight, oblivious to all surroundings, passing only the salutations of the day, and never conversing at length with any except the good padre.

It was during one of his walks outside the cactus-hedge I first met him, and from himself and others that I eventually learned of his life. He was difficult to approach, and it was only by slow degrees that I became sufficiently acquainted with him to overcome his reserve.

One day Don Benito came behind me while I was stamping on and killing a broad trail of ants, which were destroying a beautiful rose bush by stripping it of all the leaves.

I did not hear his approach, and when he grasped me by the shoulder, I swung around in surprise, to find his eyes snapping with the light of madness and to hear such a volatile flow of Spanish, uttered so rapidly that I could not follow it.

He stooped down and began to

tenderly place the ants back on their trail, and to kill those which he found wounded.

I watched him, half-dazed with astonishment. After a few minutes he arose, lifting his hat, said, "Buenas dias," and wrapping his multi-colored zerape closer around his tall form, stalked off in silence.

Enquiry revealed the fact that he was devoted to the study of those destructive little pests, that he never allowed them to be disturbed, no matter what damage they might do—he was their protector.

This explained why I had frequently seen him standing so still, looking so intently at the ground—he was absorbed in watching these insects work.

For some days I did not see him, but later, when I chanced to encounter him, he seemed more gracious, probably because his conscience reproached him for his former lack of courtesy.

The greater grew my interest the more I understood him. I found him at all times ready to talk about ants and their habits, and finally I became almost as interested in them as I was in him.

At times Don Benito appeared to have a regard for them notwithstanding the havoc and ruin they wrought; at other times they would seem to make him furious.

What I learned from him in many days and in numerous conversations was in substance about as follows—the truth of his general statements being beyond doubt:

He remarked: "Si, Senor! Among the worst of insect pests in Mexico are the ants—hormigos, of which there are any number of species. Probably the most destructive are the Hormigos Arrieros, or muleteer ants, like these we are watching. They live in colonies, and are somewhat like bees, in the fact that they are ruled over by a queen.

"She is the mother of the ant hill. In size she is the largest, with a

body an inch and a half long, and half an inch in diameter, dark brown in color, with large, transparent whitish wings.

"The queen does not work, and never comes out of the hill. Her sole duty is to lay eggs in little circular chambers, four or five inches in diameter, hollowed out underground by the workers.

"When a chamber or cell is nearly filled with eggs, food is placed in it, filling it entirely, and the chamber is sealed up and another one commenced. The food placed in the cells with the eggs is evidently prepared in some manner. It is moist, slightly mucilaginous, and having the appearance of having been masticated—all the coarser parts of the leaves and grains are missing.

"The other ants grow in size from those almost invisible to the eye to large, strong, fierce fellows, as big as an ordinary-sized wasp. As soon as they can walk they commence to work.

"The ant hill varies in size according to age; some are eight feet deep and six feet in diameter, and from two feet below the surface this space is filled with the egg and food chambers. It is rarely, if ever, that there is any opening immediately over the ant hill, the surface showing no difference in the surrounding ground.

"They are splendid engineers, and run underground tunnels for 25 or 30 yards, and come to the top of the ground at the base of a tree, which they propose to attack. "They can cut their way through rock as hard as soft lime-stone easily and quickly. They are incredibly strong, and a small ant will walk off with a large grain of corn with little effort.

"They propagate rapidly, and a string of them of all sizes can be seen any time, except in the heat of the day, when they do not work. One line will be noticed going, and the other coming. Those going to the hole are loaded.

"The most minute system of discipline prevails. One body of ants will run up the tree and cut off the leaves, which they do not carry, but drop down in a little heap at the root of the tree. Those ants stationed there will dissect the leaves, and carry them into the hole. Along the path can be seen some of the older and larger ants dictating as to how the leaves shall be moved. If a little pebble roll into the path which they have leveled and cleaned an ant will hurry and remove it.

"By counting the ants on one inch and then multiplying the number of inches from the tree to the hole, I have found that over 50,000 was the actual number of working ants in sight. This was exclusive of those in the tree and in the ant hill, which it is safe to estimate at as many more, and this is only a small, young colony. Evenings, nights and mornings are the times they work the hardest."

In reply to a question as to why they did not work in the noon-time, Don Benito said: "They are animals of the darkness, and the glare of the sun is too intense—it blinds them.

"The Government and scientists have investigated them, and many, many volumes have been written, but the world to-day knows no more than I, and what I know I have learned from my own observation.

"They are brave fighters, and sting you if you touch them, so that a blister follows.

"They are clean. See how their bodies glisten! They are workers—see how quickly they run and how incessantly they toil!

"These insects are possessed of a high order of intelligence. That they can converse is beyond a doubt, for if one cannot manage his load, he will drop it out of the way on one side, and go away, returning with another ant to help him.

"It must be something more than instinct that enables them to make

their tunnels under ground in the dark, and come up behind a rock, or at the root of a tree 25 or 30 yards away from the starting point. Ah, Senor, they are unmercifully destructive. In a single night they will strip every leaf from a lemon tree, 15 feet high, and leave it at sunrise, a mere skeleton. Figs, grapes, and other trees suffer in like manner.

"They will attack a field of corn or wheat when growing, and eat every green leaf, leaving the weeds untouched. They are epicures in the choice of food, and seem to prefer a lemon tree, for they will travel a long distance to find one.

"They seem to exude a poisonous liquid, for when they have stripped a tree, the smaller branches generally die. They are worse than drought, hail or wind, or all combined, for the ranchero in Mexico. Rewards of fabulous sums have been offered for some method by which they can be exterminated. You cannot drown them, for they grow faster and work harder in wet weather than in dry. You cannot smoke them out, for you can only find them by following their labyrinthine tunnels, and smoke will not destroy them.

"If you burn or poison a few thousand to-day, those born to-morrow will take their place."

The low pitched voice in which Don Benito had been speaking gradually increased in tone, and his quiet manner seemed to give away to excitement, till now he burst forth in a shout as he commenced to walk rapidly to and fro.

"They are born of the devil, Senor, and he protects them." Here he drew himself up to his full height and thundered out: "I, Senor, I, your servant of all men—I alone know how to use them."

He paused for a few moments, and then in reply to my question, resumed his ordinary tone and manner.

"No, Senor, I will not sell my knowledge, for it came to me in a vision, and I do not kill them. I make them work for me, and thus punish them for being things of evil.

"Come, Senor, I will show you the ants at work, and then you will believe. Over yonder is my garden, and you shall see how the designs of the evil one are circumvented by one of the true faith, and the aid of my saint. When I first had this garden, these did me much harm. My trees would not bear fruit and died; the ants killed everything I planted. They ate my corn, they killed every pretty blossom and I prayed and worked much.

"The good father with whom I talked could only advise me to work harder and pray more, and finally the good Saint Benito came to me in my sleep, and told me what to do. When you see my garden you will think that it is very pretty. At first it was hard to see my beautiful trees eaten—my trees which I had loved so tenderly and watered and watched, and I did much penance, for the evil things I said when daily I saw my pretty trees perish. I love my trees; they are the work of God, and the good fathers blessed my garden, and it grew until these came to destroy it."

Here the conversation seemed to excite him again, and he proceeded, gesticulating violently: "Then I, too, possessed of the evil one, killed many of the ants, and thus put them at rest, but now, Valgame Dios, I make them work—I punish them, and when they die they are glad, for they are thin and poor, and have suffered much and gained nothing."

Many days after this last conversation, I asked him in the presence of the padre to take us to see his trees. The padre nodded and we went.

We found his house scrupulously clean. The room in which he took

us contained many cases filled with books, principally on science and natural history. A microscope stood in one window, and a large table, which occupied the center of this well-lighted room, was covered with bottles, measures and retorts, suggesting a chemists' laboratory.

A small furnace was built in one corner, surmounted by a large copper caldron, while near by were spirit lamps, pestles and mortar, graduated glasses, and glass tubes and rods.

The very atmosphere of the room bespoke the scientist and the chemist.

After resting a few moments, we followed Don Benito into his garden—he remarked that it was the first time a stranger had ever entered his grounds. I was amazed. The fruit trees were planted in such a manner that from whichever way you looked at them they were in a perfectly straight line. They were loaded down with fruit, lemons, oranges, mangoes and grapes glistened and shone amid the leaves of the most perfectly symmetrical trees we ever saw, not a leaf or branch was out of place.

They seemed too perfectly and artistically formed to be natural. It was in truth the ideal garden. Streams of water were running in all directions on the ground, but I could not see a spear of grass nor a single weed. The leaves of the trees and the fruit were healthy, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the blossoms. Many branches of the trees were of a peculiar greenish yellow tint and some were speckled with black, scarcely distinguishable from the numerous dead twigs which I saw in all the trees. This I learned was the result of their having been painted with some mixture by the few old peons we saw at work, brush in hand, painting other trees from a mixture which they carried in a bottle, dropping it on their brushes, a few drops at a

time. The most peculiar thing noticeable was the ants.

There were millions of them. The ground was covered with them, and looking again at the trees we noticed that the specks on the yellow branches were ants.

Army after army of them and each tree seemed alive with them. Their holes were everywhere, and to each hole came a steady file of insects carrying his load of leaf, bud, blossom or fruit. Closer inspection revealed the fact that the ants were apparently in ill-health; their bodies, usually a brilliant, metallic hue, were dull, and seemed to have lost all lustre. Their movements always so active, now seemed slow and labored, and their loads were smaller, as if the little convicts were weaker. They looked sickly, thin and feeble.

Don Benito stepped carefully, avoiding every hole and stepping over each ant trail. I was so struck with wonder that I lost the usual desire to kill and slay them. To see healthy trees bearing fruit with all the myriads and myriads of ants, with which the orchard swarmed, took from me the power even of thought, and left only wonder in its place.

Don Benito seemed happy, with the kind of pleasure you find in a brute who enjoys scenes of torture and cruelty.

He rubbed his bony hands, his eyes glowed brighter, and he muttered to himself: "Work, work, you evil ones," and he fairly gloated as he watched the ants toil so feebly.

I began to examine tree after tree, expecting to find some with leaves gone or flowers dying, but strange to say, the ants only worked on such boughs and twigs as were painted or colored yellow, and these were the boughs and twigs which it would have been necessary to cut off to successfully prune the tree.

The strange exclamation of Don Benito when he said he made them

work, and punished them, came to my mind.

It was all plain. The ants, by some strange power, were under the most perfect control. They only worked where the trees were painted. This, then, was the conclusion. He could not burn, poison or destroy them, and so by some means known to himself, he turned their destructive powers to advantage by compelling them to only eat where he choose, and thus prune his orchard.

Not a leaf or blossom that he did not wish harmed did they molest.

It was a triumph of science; it was witchcraft, a wonder!

Thoughts of fame and money in giving this discovery to the world rushed upon me.

Seated under a most magnificent lemon tree, laden with fruit which grew fronting the window of the room we first entered, I told him how much good it would do the world if he would give his discovery publicity. That it was wrong to keep the benefits of so important a knowledge to himself.

He loaded me with the fruit of the lemon tree 'neath whose shade we had been resting, and he bade me come again.

His laboratory was the room which we had visited. Here, from herbs gathered from the mountains, he distilled the valuable mixture. Under his directions his peons painted the branches of the trees on which he wanted the ants to work, also sprinkling a few drops on the leaves, with a peculiar shaped brush made from the maguey fibre. The ants seemed hungry for the flavor given by the stuff, and would not leave it. It needed applying but once, and the scent seemed to be preserved. It had a slight perfume of orange, and when dry was hard and bright, like varnish.

It seemed to dull the intelligence of the ants and affect them almost

in the same manner as opium does a man. They cared for no other food—all of which brought them the more easily under the control of this strange compound.

All my inducements to impart his knowledge of this mixture was of no avail. It was told to him, he said, in a dream, as the reward for many vigils and long hours of prayer, and for this reason he would neither sell nor give away the method of its manufacture.

Arguments and pleadings were in vain, and even the intercession of the padre, whom we had enlisted, was to no purpose. The trees grew loftier and more beautiful, the ants thrived and multiplied, and then Don Benito fell ill.

Night after night we sat and watched beside him, and many a strange legend and fanciful story he recounted. Soon his faculties seemed to grow feeble, and his will weak. It was plain that his death was near.

One day he startled us by a determined effort to get up, and sit by the window, which overlooked his garden.

He begged, stormed and swore to be allowed to dress. It was necessary, he said, to make the mixture for his trees. But, alas! he was too weak, and the rest of the afternoon he lay morose and silent.

I again urged upon him the necessity of making us acquainted with the ingredients of his wonderful discovery. The padre almost commanded, but the only response was a sullen "No, Senor, I am not able."

At sundown he began to doze, which lasted until midnight, when he awoke. He said he had again seen his saint, and he was now willing to tell us his secret. I hurriedly left my chair, and turned to find pencil and paper, trembling with excitement. I failed to find any, and ran into another room, returning to find Don Benito lying senseless on his pillows. A shout sum-

moned the servant, whom I despatched for the padre.

We strove hard to arouse the sick man to consciousness, and a little before dawn we succeeded.

He now insisted on being carried to the window, as he said to look once again on his beloved trees, and see his last sunrise.

He commenced to talk of his discovery, and said that the time had come when he was willing to tell us, though on the condition that the mixture or the knowledge of how to make it must never be sold, but that he left it as a legacy to the world for the free use of all mankind and for the further and greater glory of the name of San Benito. We delayed lifting him to the window, waiting for the sun to warm the air.

He began talking in the Aztec language of his childhood. The good old padre understood it meagerly, and I urged him to again remind Don Benito of his promise.

The good padre spoke to him on the subject. He rallied, and again begged to be lifted to the window. We propped him up tenderly, and opened the shutters just as the sun shot a broad beam of light through the foliage of the lemon tree into his room.

His skin, darker than before, shone in the light like burnished bronze, and his eyes lighted with

their old-time fire. He began to talk again to the padre in Spanish, and said: "To make the mixture you must first take twenty litres of rain water, with which you must put very carefully——" Here he paused, his muscles stiffened, his face flushed, his eyes flashed and his breath came fast.

His eyes had become accustomed to the sunlight, and he saw what we had not noticed that the largest branch of the lemon tree, facing the window, was black with healthy, busy ants, and it stood out against the sky a leafless skeleton of twigs and branches.

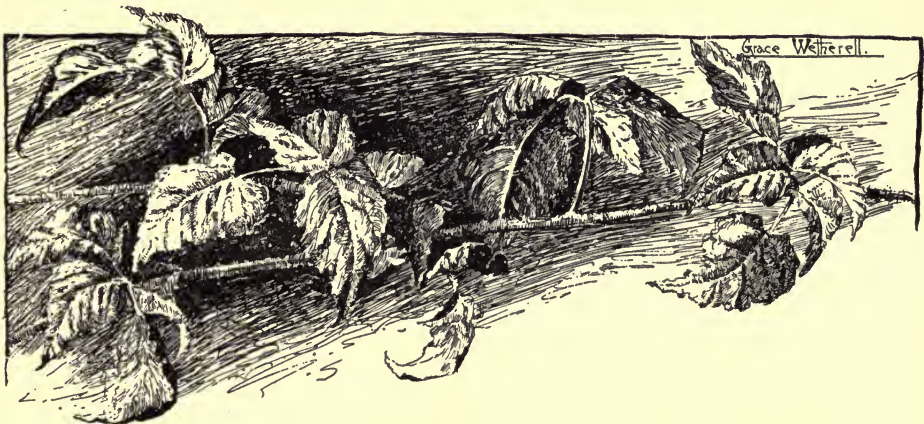
Don Benito sprang to his feet, his eyes starting from their sockets. The veins in his forehead swelled, and in the voice of a madman he commenced to curse the ants with such awful anathemas that the good padre fled trembling from the room.

The scene lasted but a minute, and then with a quiver of relaxing muscles he fell back in his chair—dead.

I have had a small portion of the mixture analyzed, but made according to the formula of the chemist, it does not control the ants.

Thus was lost to the world the inestimable boon of Don Benito's discovery.

Any Mexican will tell you to-day that the ants are the worst plague in Mexico.



"THE MAN WHO——"

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

I WAS sure somebody had touched my hand. I knew it and resented it furiously, helplessly, as one does in that uncomfortable state of thrall, between sleeping and waking. Then I was suddenly broad awake, and looking down, found blood upon my fingers.

I must have made some exclamation, for Dr. Harte put his bright face in at the door. I was staying at the sanitarium with my wife, who fancied herself ill, and I had, as I remembered, fallen asleep in the little lobby off the billiard room, which we men used as a smokers' retreat.

"What's that?" queried the doctor.

For answer I held up my hands. "Swenson," he called back over his shoulder, as he came in, "bring a basin and sponge. Mr. Alderson has hurt his hand."

"No, no," I answered impatiently as he came up to examine them, "they're not hurt. I was sitting here in my chair and fell asleep, and when I woke up they were—I found this stain—on them."

Swenson, the doctor's first assistant, was in the room now.

"Sitting here? That you were not, Bent," differed the doctor promptly. We had grown up from boys together, the distinguished Dr. Harte and I (though he began life as the son of a washer-woman and I as the son of the washed for), and he continued to call me by my first name.

"I saw you," he proceeded, "as you came down the stair and turned in here a short time ago; you were feeling your way, apparently. Your

hand must be cut somewhere; perhaps there's blood on the banister. Go and look, Miss Austen," to the night nurse who had just come in with a roll of bandages for my hands.

The woman went, and returned with a curiously blanched face, and glancing with a sort of fear in her eyes at Swenson, who was methodically sponging my wrists and hands, though I protested every moment that there was no wound upon them, said in a hushed voice: "They are stained in three places!"

Something in her tone fell most unpleasantly upon my ear.

"Hold on," warned Swenson, as I wrenched my hands free from him and began angrily drying them upon my pocket-handkerchief, "I hope I can find the place yet—it may be deeper than we think, and numbed by the blow."

I had liked the Swede very much; we had been pursuing some experiments and investigations in hypnotism together, and had grown almost intimate; but his averted eyes, his evident confusion, and, most of all, that word "hope" filled me with impotent fury.

"You hope my hand's gashed, do you?" I commented angrily. "Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it isn't. I'm not under 'control' now, and your 'suggestions' are of no account."

Swenson looked at his basin and sponge and whistled, the nurse fell back with a face of terror, and the doctor laughed.

Suddenly pulling myself together and making a desperate stand

against a sort of mental torpor which had all along kept me from meeting the situation as it should have been met, I voiced the bewilderment which possessed me.

"And I'll tell you all now," I affirmed, looking from one to another, "if this is a joke, it's a very unpleasant one, and I'll have a settlement with the man who——"

There came a shriek and a sound of running feet from the rooms above us—mine and my wife's.

"Murder!" cried a woman's voice, and then again: "Oh, merciful God, look at her! Dr. Harte! Dr. Harte!"

As we ran up the stair we heard a heavy fall, and when we reached the top there lay my wife's personal attendant at the stair-head, prone and panting with terror.

"There!" she cried, pointing over her shoulder and into the room behind her. "In there. She's dead—she's murdered. Oh, my God!" and she fainted from fright and the pain of the turned ankle which had brought her to the floor.

Harte stepped over and past the prostrate woman; at the door of my room he paused, glanced in, set his arm across the opening, and looked back with a stern face.

"Mind how you come in," he ordered briefly. "Disturb nothing. She appears to be dead, and it seems to be a case for the police."

The three of us went forward after him. There on her bed lay my wife. I should have thought her sleeping, except that Dr. Harte repeated: "She is dead!"

I believe I sprang forward, and would have touched her, for the doctor caught my arm and cried: "Leave her alone, Bentley—look there!"

I looked and saw that what I had taken for a stain, was a bloody hand print.

Not only I saw, but the others, for Miss Austen, flinging up her hands with a wild cry, fled, and falling over the unconscious woman in the hall,

remembered at last to administer to her.

Swenson glanced sidewise at my hands, and moved toward the door, muttering something about the place being in an uproar, which, indeed, it was, one or two nervous patients on the same floor with us having gone into hysterics, and nurses and attendants running in all directions. He added something as he went out about "giving directions." I saw a significant glance pass between him and the doctor, and I knew that he had gone to summon the representatives of the law.

A clammy fear which I had been fighting back ever since I opened my eyes and saw my blood-stained hands, took full possession of me. "Say that I killed her," I demanded fiercely, turning to Harte. "I know you think it!"

"Hush, oh, hush, Bentley," he warned, looking over his shoulder at the group which had gathered around the open door. "Think what you are saying."

He took me by the arm and led me to the door. "Here," he demanded angrily, "what do you people mean by deserting your posts? Miss Brown, I hear your patient screaming like a mad thing—why are you standing here? Katherine, I see you have Miss Beltran's supper there—take it to her before it gets cold. Two of you men lift Mary (my wife's maid still lay where she had fallen) and carry her to her room. Miss Austen, go with her and look after her. Here, Peters, you have some nerve, set your chair in this doorway and let nobody pass in or out and—keep your eyes on the body."

Then he hurried me down stairs, and when we were alone and I looked into his white face, I saw how haggard and distressed he was.

"Bentley, Bentley," he groaned, "this is a bad business—this is a terrible business."

I sank into a chair and covered

my face. "Let me think," I moaned. "They will be here to question me in a few moments, and my head is like a boiling kettle. Let me think."

My position was a frightful one. In a place like this, with a woman like my wife, there had been—there could be—no concealment of our miserable infelicities.

My life with Isobel had been ten years of torment. It seemed to me generally that I did my best, yet I was well aware that there were others who would have borne with her infirmities better than I—who would have managed to get along more smoothly.

My marriage was one of those headlong blunders of youth, for which a man may loathe himself his life long in an agony of contempt, but for which he has to pay.

Isobel was a beauty when I married her, a sewing girl in my mother's house. I knew that of her then, and no more.

A month of marriage showed me that she was violent, untruthful and jealous, and a year (during which a child was born to us, and died) that I had no possible chance of happiness with her.

It seemed to me, God help me, that I did my best. She was coarsely, frantically jealous of any woman to whom I spoke, and for peace's sake, I cut myself off almost entirely from women's society.

But her exactions did not cease there. She worked a painful estrangement between myself and my family, who had been disposed at the outset to make the best of my bad match, and so surely as I showed any pleasure in the society of a man friend, she came to me with a story of his sentiments and advances toward herself which, whether I entirely credited it or no, forced me for my own self-respect to end our friendship.

Of late years, lacking any other pursuit, she had taken up the profession of invalid, and though she

looked far from ill, followed it with some interest.

Dr. Harte, one of the few men of my circle from whom she had not seen fit to separate me, became a frequent visitor at our house. He could not, under the circumstances, remain unaware of the condition of affairs between us; indeed, it was one of Isobel's favorite weapons—favorite, because she saw it cut more deeply than any other—to bring the family skeleton out to dance before guests or servants.

The Doctor had acted as peacemaker between us many a time, patching up a truce, scolding both a little, and using toward her a salutary authority which showed what the right man in my place might have done.

Of late, however, she had begun to throw out dark hints about him, and I had for some little time been living in daily expectation of a definite accusation which would necessitate our leaving his establishment.

Poor Isobel! She would never trouble me again. The Doctor would never be called upon again to mediate between us. Was it true that she lay dead upon her bed upstairs, and I sat here in momentary expectation of the step of those who should accuse me of her murder?

Suddenly my brain cleared. I had, I believed, the clue to the coil, a clue so wild and far-fetched that I would hesitate to name it to the officers of the law, but should I not mention it to my friend?

I raised my head, and found Harte looking narrowly at my hands.

"It's all off," I said, carelessly, in answer to the look, "but if it were not, it does not matter. I should have to tell them of it. Swenson saw it and the Austen woman saw it. It has been described to the whole household by this time."

"That's true," admitted Harte, unwillingly. "It's a horrible thing. How did it happen?"

"I will tell you just what I know about it, Stanley," I replied with gathering firmness, "and you shall make what you can out of it. Isobel and I had the bitterest quarrel we have had for years just before I came down to sit and smoke with you."

"And you said nothing to me about it!"

I felt the red rise to my face. We had disagreed about a matter it was impossible for me to mention even to Stanley Harte.

I had seen of late—as every man sees some time in his life—the woman who might have made my happiness. There was nothing but that. No "understanding," no special friendship even, yet the eyes of a jealous, unloved woman are very sharp; or, rather, suspecting everything, she is bound sometimes to hit upon the right thing.

When my wife that evening, after hurling every accusation of which she could think at me, exhausted her not unlimited vocabulary of vituperation upon Alice, and found that I would make absolutely no reply, she became frantic. Feigning an "attack," she rang for Mary, her maid, and lay down upon her bed.

I knew this meant (other means having failed) a scandalous scene before the servant, and I hastened my preparation for departure.

But the nurse was more prompt in arriving than I had expected. After giving her some directions and taking medicine which she prepared, Isobel began the (to me) familiar process of working herself into a sufficient passion to say what she desired yet feared to utter.

I hurried as much as I could while she sobbed, throwing herself from side to side of her couch, and crying out that she wished she were dead.

Suddenly her voice began to mount in little shrieks—she had gathered the desired access of fury.

"Look at that man!" she cried to Mary, who, I could see in the glass,

gazed obediently at my devoted back, while I hurried my dressing with shaking hands, "see him standing there, getting ready to go out and meet another woman, while his wife lies here suffering."

More sobs, and: "There—there—there, Mrs. Alderson, you must not excite yourself so," from the maid.

"Look at the coward," panted the now uncontrollable woman. "He dare not turn and face me. He knows I know where he's going. A coward—coward—coward! Every hour in the day, he wishes me dead; he'd kill me, but he's afraid—he's a coward! Well, let him wait. It won't be long. I can't stand this long. He can have his sweet——"

"Isobel!" I turned upon her. I do not think I raised my hand, but there was murder in my heart, and perhaps it shone in my eye and sounded in my tone, for the nurse cried out and ran between us, and Isobel cowered upon her bed. The price at which I might have purchased peace, had I been a brutal, overbearing man, was very plain to me just then.

As I looked at the frightened, crouching woman an agony of self-contempt fell chill upon my raging mood. It was to this humiliation she had brought me. I had been about to strike her, and she feared me for it.

As I turned and hurried from the room, I heard Isobel sobbing again: "Mary, oh, Mary, he will kill me some day. Oh, Mary, I'm afraid of him."

Was it strange I had not mentioned this scene to Harte? I thought not, but he seemed to feel otherwise. He had acted as peace-maker between us in quarrels as bitter; now he demurred once more: "Why did you say nothing of it, Bentley? You appeared about as usual."

"Did I?" I replied shortly. "Then I have good control of my nerves, for I was far from feeling as usual."

I had detailed the quarrel to him,

omitting only Alice's name. The name had not been mentioned before Mary, and it need not, it should not, though I hung for it, be dragged in to the horrible affair.

"You say she told the nurse she was afraid you would kill her? That is terrible," Harte murmured.

"Well," I continued steadily, "I believe that when those finger prints are examined they'll be found to be mine; I——"

Stanley put up a shaking hand: "Bentley, Bentley, don't say such things to me," he pleaded. "How could you?"

"Understand me," I went on, "I believe that my hand struck her, but not my brain conceived the crime. I was asleep—or unconscious. I remember nothing but a confused oppressive sense of something going wrong, from the time I fell asleep in my chair till I woke with my hands bloody, as you saw them."

"Then who——?" interrupted the Doctor.

"There seems to me but one way," I continued. "Swenson has, in the course of our experiments, hypnotized me very successfully more than a dozen times. I believe——"

"Don't say it, Bent," interrupted the Doctor, with an expression of strong distaste, "it only hurts your case if you mean to intimate that Swenson hypnotized you while you were asleep, and that you did this thing under his control and suggestion. Those things go in sensational stories, but you've experimented enough to know that a man can't be hypnotized while he is asleep—nor against his will. If Swenson had hypnotized you, you'd remember his having done so; and then, what motive, in God's name, would the man have? Don't meddle with so puerile a defense."

"Defense!" I quoted coolly. "I said that you thought I did it, Stanley. Well, when the thing strikes

a man's best friend that way, there is enough said. As you advise, I'll say nothing of hypnotism to the police. They can have such facts as everybody has, and I can take the consequences, but I admit I find your attitude hard to bear. Swenson hypnotized me and sent me to do that deed. The more I think of it, the clearer it becomes. You may believe me a liar and the deliberate defamer of an innocent man, as well as a murderer, if you like, but that is the best story I can make to you."

Stanley looked at me, and there were tears in his eyes. "I don't judge you," he returned. "I know your provocations, if any man knows it. I would give my right hand, willingly, to undo this night's work; but this absurd dwelling on the possibilities of there being any hypnotism about it isn't like you. Don't do it, Bentley. It will alienate your friends."

I had begun a very bitter retort, when Stanley rose and put his hand on my shoulder. "Don't, Bent," he pleaded. "I am going now to meet those men whom I hear coming in. You'll have to see them, too, of course, but I'll try to make it as easy for you as I can. You can certainly be allowed to stay here to-night, and at the preliminary examination to-morrow they'll surely let you give bail—if they hold you at all."

* * * *

By morning my misery had worn into a state of sullen apathy. What did anything matter? I had no hope since Stanley took the view he did, of convincing any one of what I conceived the truth—why, then, should I talk at all?

It roused scarcely a passing interest when they told me that Dr. Selwin, Alice's brother, wished to see me.

We had talked, or, rather, Dr. Selwin had talked, to me for fifteen minutes before I took any note of

what he was saying. Then I roused myself to hear: "Bentley Alderson, why are you playing the fool like this? Have you nothing to say? How can I go back to Alice with such a report?"

"Did she send you? Does she care?" I queried eagerly.

Dr. Selwin smiled a little. "I had not intended to use her name, but—yes—if that brings you to your senses, she did send me. She has reason, she thinks, to feel that she is somewhat concerned in the case. She has given me a clue, or a hint, which we both hope may develop something, if you will talk freely and give me leave to pursue my investigations."

It was not without a return of my former bitterness that I repeated to Dr. Selwin the details and the theory I had given to Stanley Harte.

"There," I concluded, "I told that to my best friend, and he all but called me a liar and hypocrite—what do you say?"

"Nothing just now," returned the Doctor, thoughtfully, "only that I would very much like to see exactly how that stain was on your hands. 'Here,' producing a bottle of moist water-color in a dull blue, 'this will wash off easily. Let me smear them over, and do you or Dr. Harte (here is Dr. Harte, sent right in to order) tell me when I get them right.'"

We worked for some time. Stanley correcting my rather vague remembrance, and even daubing one of his own hands to show just how the stain was, when the doctor gathered up his cloths and bottles, announced himself satisfied on this point, and telling me that he would report to me in an hour, departed. The coroner's jury was now sitting, and if they found against me, it was likely I would have my preliminary examination the next day. Meantime I was permitted to remain with Dr. Harte, and I thought, whether rightly or not, that I was well-watched and guarded.

Stanley, full of regret at the stand conscience had forced him to take, had been doubly kind and sympathetic in other ways. He now lingered behind to speak to me.

"You didn't mention your idea about Swenson to Dr. Selwin, did you, Bentley," he queried. "Swenson's a kind-hearted fellow, and thinks the world and all of you. He's got a wife and babies, too, whom he adores. Your far-fetched suspicions could only wound him, of course; but they'd be sure to hurt you the most with any jury, and they might prejudice Dr. Selwin."

"Never you mind Swenson, nor what I said to Dr. Selwin, Stanley," I replied almost cheerfully. "Swenson's not in danger of his life, and I am. It's enough for me just now that the Doctor thinks he has some clue, and that he didn't make little of any detail I told him."

Stanley gave me a most curious look as he followed Dr. Selwin, a look which furnished food for reflection when I got around to it from my own affairs; from the life-giving consciousness that I still had friends who cared whether I lived or died, and that one of these friends was Alice.

On the afternoon of this same day Dr. Selwin came into my room alone and grasping my hand in a warm, brotherly clasp, ejaculated: "I'll congratulate you first, and then you shall congratulate me, for I've been successful beyond my most enthusiastic expectations."

"What would you say if I were to tell you that I've not only found the criminal, but that he is, at this moment, tried, condemned and executed? It is true."

"Somebody hung for the deed—already!" I gasped.

"I didn't say hung," replied the doctor. "I said executed."

"Who—how—has Swenson——?" I queried.

"No, not Swenson," interrupted the Doctor. "What would you say,

then, if I told you that your wife was not murdered at all? She was not."

"Isobel not dead! Why, I saw——"

"There," interposed the Doctor, "that is something more like what I wish to see. It seems you are capable of a human emotion after all. You are plainly coming out of that state of mental coma which troubled me no little three hours ago, and I observe in your countenance even so cheerful an emotion as curiosity."

"Well, then, to satisfy it. With the little clue that Alice was able to give me, I have unraveled your distressing affairs as easily as an old wife pulls out a yarn sock."

"Alice came to me yesterday in deep distress. She had just heard of your trouble, and she was sure—as women are sure of things—that you were innocent, and that Dr. Harte was to blame for suspicion falling upon you. All that she had to offer in support of her belief was that Dr. Harte had recently offered her marriage, and that when she refused him, kindly and considerately, I am sure, he flew into a great rage and showed the side of his character not generally seen. He asserted in his anger and chagrin that you were in love with her, and openly accused her of having refused him because she reciprocated your passion."

"Alice is a girl of spirit and sense, and I have no doubt she dealt with the situation and his monumental insolence as well as a woman could; but what she said to him must have added fuel to his fires, for she tells me that he went on with the direst threats against you. This it was which, when misfortune came upon you in his house, made her beg that I would go and see if he were not at the bottom of the trouble."

"Stanley—Stanley Harte!" I gasped, "and yet, after what you tell me, it seems possible that he may

have hypnotized me—for you know that my hand struck the blow. The police have measured the fingerprints and fitted them to mine. Then Stanley Harte is the man who——"

"The police and their measurements!" snorted the Doctor, contemptuously. "Your hand is near enough the size of mine or Stanley Harte's or Swenson's that a set of finger-prints of either would fit the other, according to their clumsy methods."

"Then you think Swenson is the man who——" I broke in, but the Doctor interrupted me.

"You'll have to drop Swenson and stick close to Stanley Harte if you want to get to the bottom of the mystery."

"Do you mean to tell me—could it be that Stanley Harte himself killed Isobel? What motive had he? What possible reward could it bring him? Say, even, that he hated me and would willingly have harmed me, that surely would be a round-about way of reaching me. Why should he have done it?"

"There is no reason," affirmed the doctor, "for his injuring your wife, but plenty for his committing the crime he did. Listen."

"Twelve years ago Stanley Harte was still driving a grocer's delivery wagon. He had almost completed his medical studies, and was saving every cent for a year at Bellevue. Just then he met and fell violently in love with a beautiful girl in his then walk of life. He committed for her sake a folly which he has regretted daily and nightly for years. He married her. Secretly because she must still work and earn her living—he must complete his studies, and he was ambitious—but he married her."

"She went into a wealthy family as a sort of upper servant. The son of the family, younger than herself, fell a victim to her charms and offered her marriage. She consulted

Stanley. Both were, by this time, sick of the earlier bargain. It was agreed that it should be kept a secret between them, and she married the young man of means."

"Isobel," I cried, a thousand corroborative circumstances crowding to my mind.

"Yes, Isobel," replied the Doctor, "Isobel Harte, Dr. Stanley Harte's wife, and never yours. There you have the motive. As Stanley rose in the world, she developed a curious jealousy of his success. She could not openly be his wife—she did not wish it, yet such was her nature that she desired him never to forget that he belonged to her. She cultivated his acquaintance. She permitted him an intimacy with yourself which she was at some pains to deny me, in spite of my gray hair and staid appearance. She was furious at his desire to do as she had done, and take a partner. They had a bitter quarrel over his expressed intention of making Alice, so far as he could, his wife, and I verily believe that in their upbraidings and recriminations he put the idea of her jealousy of Alice and yourself into her head."

"Stanley hypnotized me, then," I murmured, "and sent me on my ghastly errand. Then he claimed that he had seen me coming down the stairs. Oh, yes——"

"Can you never get over that absurd belief?" smiled the doctor. "You were not hypnotized. You never moved from your chair. I was sure of that as soon as I heard the story."

"But my hands—the stain—the finger-prints?"

"I'm coming to them. He killed her. He came down stairs then. He'd taken good care to have all the attendants out of the way when he sent you off to sleep. Oh, no, he didn't hypnotize you; only doctored your cigar skillfully, as he was amply competent to do.

"He left your razor and a bloody

hand-print to tell their own story, while he went on down touching the banisters, and proceeded to do the Lady Macbeth act with you—stained your hands, and pretty clumsily, too; put blood on the backs of your wrists (by his tale and yours, too), where a man with half an eye in his head could see you could never have gotten it accidentally. He had stepped into his operating room and examined his hands and clothing carefully by the time you woke. He didn't know or care, you see, whether Mary found the body and raised the hue and cry first or whether you woke—he left all that to chance."

"That was what you were after with your blue paint—the stain on my wrists," I commented.

"By no means," rejoined the doctor. "I was looking then for the dead open and shut bit of evidence which showed me—and would show a jury—that Stanley Harte's hand, and no other, struck the blow; the piece of exact information which I used to wring from him all these other facts.

"The Paris Police Bureau of Identification considers a thumb mark the most certain of any one point in their list of physical peculiarities, because—look at your thumb now—no two human beings have those little ridges which you see upon it arranged in just the same pattern.

"I got two good prints of Stanley Harte's thumbs in that blue print without his appearing to suspect what I was at, and a dozen of his finger ends. I've had negatives made of them and magic lantern slides, and of the thumb marks found on the bedding, and they're identical, line for line.

"When I showed them to Dr. Harte, as I did as soon after getting them as I could find him alone, he, being a sensible man, made no attempt at denial, and in his defense told me as much of the rest which I have told you as I had not al-

ready guessed and found out for myself.

"Isobel, it seems, was threatening him with exposure, and he knew she was just in that desperate mood when she would pull down the avalanche upon herself for the sake of destroying him. To sweep her and you from his path at one time, to send you out in disgrace so deep that an honorable woman would be ashamed to remember that she had ever loved you—it was too tempting."

"And now," I debated, "now, driven to his last stand, what will he do?"

"Nothing," replied the doctor.

I stared.

"I chanced in my investigations upon the knowledge that he carries, as Frederick the Great, another bold manipulator of destiny, was

went in squally times to do, a vial of Prussic acid, or its modern equivalent for any and all emergencies.

"When he asked of me leave to go to his room and write out some matters of interest before I informed the police, I suspected; when he sent me this envelope and I found it to contain a sort of confession, I knew.

"And so I told you that the murderer was tried, condemned and executed.

"You will see Stanley Harte alive no more. I am as sure that he lies dead in his room as I am that this is all the evidence any jury will want to set you free from taint of suspicion, or as I am that Alice will be glad to welcome an old friend for whose imminent peril she feels herself innocently to blame."

THE END OF SUMMER

By Henry Meade Bland

Sweep on, O tide, across the yellow sands,
And rock the birds and flash the Autumn moon!
No more the long sea-summer dream;
The days are gone, and oh! too soon!

And thou, O wave, upon the distant crag,
Splash till thou turn'st to lightest down!
No more thy rolling crest I'll ride,
The oar is lost, the rudder gone!

And thou, my most beloved, who changest not
Like foamy tide or briny summer wind,
This is the bourn I consecrate to thee:
The inland of contented mind.

"TO-LET, AN APARTMENT

—FURNISHED"

By May C. Ringwalt

AS young Mrs. Audrey's trembling fingers turned the latch-key, the sound rasped upon every nerve. So far, her trouble was hidden from the world's questioning gaze, but should the neighbors discover her presence in her apartment, they—good hearted, blundering souls—would surround her with inquiries, and she had not yet perfected her public smile and gay indifference of manner. Not even her aunts knew that she was there. It was to save her this very pain that they had promised to come on the following day, pack her bric-a-brac, and take an inventory of the furniture. But an irresistible longing had led her back into the old neighborhood, up the familiar stairs—for one last look, as a woman self-inflicts the torture of entering the chamber of her dead.

She softly went from room to room of the little flat. All was as she had left it, except the accumulating dust and the mocking silence of the clocks.

A sharp ring at the door bell sent the blood pulsing in a crimson flood up her white cheeks, and when her hands fell apart from clutching each other, the nails of her bared right hand had scarred the suede glove on the left. The bell rang a second time. Mrs. Audrey, her head proudly erect, crossed the hall and opened the door. To her surprise and relief, two strangers confronted her, a tall young man and a pretty dot of a woman, whose shy personality was

trying to hide behind an aggressive feather boa and a screening bunch of violets.

"I—we would like to see the apartment," said the man, his assumed dignity slipping away in a boyish smile.

"See the apartment?" vaguely repeated Mrs. Audrey.

"Isn't it to-let?"

"Yes—oh, yes, it's to-let. Have you a permit from the agent?"

"Well, no; not exactly, but——"

"We were looking at another apartment in the same building," explained his companion in a fluttering voice, just escaping a lisp, "and saw your sign, and——"

"And Miss Willard suggested—that is, Nell—Mrs. Archer—my wife, Mrs. Archer, you know," he stammered, "thought perhaps we might be able to look it over while in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Audrey's glance flashed from one to the other of the guilty faces, an old spirit of mischief frolicking in her sad eyes. "You may look it over under one condition—that you don't drop rice on my rugs."

He threw back his head in exuberant young laughter. "How did you guess?"

"Everybody finds us out!" fluttered the bride.

"But it's not so bad as you think," he protested, as they entered and closed the door. "We've been married a whole week and our clothes are thoroughly disinfected. Have

not found a grain for four days."

Mrs. Audrey forced a laugh, but her spirit of badinage had instantly flickered out, and as she led the way across the hall, the shadows deepened in her heart. She, too, had been a bride when Jack had brought her to the apartment three little years ago.

"This is the parlor, library, sitting room, whatever you please to call it." Her hand drew aside the portiere; her will pushed back crowding memories.

The young couple passed in.

"Isn't it dear, Ned?"

"Great, Nell."

On little waves of enthusiastic praise of the furniture which she had so often scorned their happiness drifted from remembrance of another's presence.

"The charm is," said the bride, at last turning to Mrs. Audrey, "that you feel the room has been lived in." The sweet face blushed over the violets. "And loved in," she added in a whisper.

"The dining room communicates," said Mrs. Audrey, abruptly.

"Now, Nell, you'll be perfectly content," laughed the man, pointing toward the large buffet. "There's a show-case for your cut glass."

"We've eight bowls and seven carafes," she gaily confided.

"I've been away—the apartment closed," apologized Mrs. Audrey, dusting the top of the buffet with her handkerchief. "It's mahogany, you see. I think the grain in it particularly fine. You'd like to look into the kitchen?" she added, her hand upon the swinging door.

"A look won't satisfy," answered the bride. "I must critically inspect it, for I'm to be chief cook and bottle washer rolled into one! Come, Ned, you must see my special den, too."

Mrs. Audrey tenderly scrutinized the dainty figure before her—the refined face, the shapely hands in the tiny gloves. The pride that had

made her ashamed of keeping only one servant shriveled in the presence of the young bride's frankness, and in the light of that little woman's cheerfulness, her own complaints over insignificant tasks grew foolish, grotesque.

"Isn't the kitchen cunning, Ned? Such a cute stove, and every convenience!"

"I hate you to have the drudgery, though," he sighed.

Her laughter overflowed. "The ghosts of my energetic grandmothers would blush if I fussed over the light housekeeping for a little flat like this! Of course there'll be some disagreeable work, but if you are big enough yourself, little things don't bother you." She turned to Mrs. Audrey with a pretended pout. "Isn't my husband mean? Instead of being impressed, he's giggling over my playing philosopher."

And so they happily inspected the little apartment like two excited children fingering the toys in a doll house.

"We think it will suit us exactly," was the final word at the door, "but we've three more places on our list, and after seeing them, we'll definitely decide. We'll be back in an hour—or were you going out?"

"I—I had just come in," faltered Mrs. Audrey.

The fragrance of the violets floated out through the opened door and Mrs. Audrey was alone again. She slowly went into the sitting room—the room that had been "lived in and loved in." A whole hour to wait! She walked to the mantle and abstractedly changed the position of a bud glass. Then she picked up a small, framed photograph. Once more she dusted with her handkerchief, but this time her careful touch was different from the flirting of the same lace and cambric across the buffet.

Nevertheless, in spite of her gentleness, the face looking up into hers seemed reproachful. It was a man's

face, masculine in every clear-cut line of it, from the intellectual forehead to the determined chin, and yet there was no hardness, but rather a wistful tenderness, veiled beneath a deep reserve.

"If I'd been big enough not to have minded little things," she said aloud. "If I'd been big enough!" Bending her proud head down to the pictured face she laid her hot cheek against its cool glass.

Outside, swift clouds had driven back the blue sky, and rain dashed against the windows. But the noise of the storm could not drown the still, small voices whispering in the woman's heart, awakened to the old love by the new love of the happy pair who had left her. If only she had been big enough she could have filled Jack's life so completely that there would have been no room for another woman to—she lifted her bowed head and flung the photograph from her. Its glass shattered upon the tiled hearth.

The front door to the apartment opened and shut, and with a sickening conviction that escape was hopeless, Mrs. Audrey recognized the quick step in the hall. Both hands gripping the mantel, she felt for a dizzy instant that it was herself that swayed and not the reflected portiere in the mirror before her. Then her arms fell motionless at her sides, and turning, she calmly faced the astonished man in the doorway.

"Margaret!"

At the sound of his voice, her cold gaze faltered. "I came to see—something," she explained. "I was—just—leaving." She took a step toward her gloves, fallen to the floor.

He stooped, picked them up, and handed them to her. "You mustn't think of going out until the shower is over. I'll disturb you only a moment. I stopped in for—this." He stepped to the shelves and slipped the first book that his hand chanced upon into his pocket. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye." Her eyes were occupied with the task of putting the left glove on her right hand. Again she heard the quick step in the hall. "Jack," she called, "have you an umbrella?"

He came back into the room. "No," he answered, turning up his coat collar, "but it doesn't signify."

"It does signify! You know what a sensitive throat you have. Suppose you're hoarse to-morrow night, when so much depends on your speech."

"You remember the speech?" There was a pleased surprise in his eyes and voice.

She angrily flushed over the admission that had slipped from her. "There's no necessity for either of us to go out in a storm," she said, coolly. "We know how to keep apart even in a little flat."

In all their disagreements—not excepting the angry contentions over Phil—his dignity had never stooped to a petty retort. He left the room in silence now. She gave an indifferent lift to her eyebrows, but as she sat down her ears strained to hear if the front door opened, and when her husband returned a few minutes later, her downcast lashes hid relief in the brown eyes.

He carried a newspaper filled with kindling in one hand, a coal-skuttle in the other. "It's damp. You were shivering. I'll make a fire."

"Jack, don't kneel there! You'll cut yourself on that glass! Wait—I'll brush it up."

She swept the broken glass into a tiny pile. He stooped to the picture lying face downward. The frame fell apart as he took it in his hand, and without comment he placed the photograph on the laid fuel.

"You mustn't burn it, Jack. Don't you know that it's bad luck to the original to destroy a photograph?"

He struck a match across the bars.

She sprang forward, snatching the

photograph from the blazing newspaper.

He swiftly caught her wrist away. "You'll burn your fingers."

His touch sent a thrill through her whole being, then she freed her hand impatiently and walked toward the table, where she stealthily slipped the rescued picture into a magazine.

Flames crackling among the coals broke the silence. Audrey turned, resting an elbow on the mantel. His wife drew up a favorite low chair.

"There's nothing more grateful than a grate fire—when it draws." She began impersonally, forcing conversation to prove her indifference to his presence, to the whole situation; then, with an involuntary laugh, added: "Do you remember the time that it didn't draw—the day after we moved in?"

"Jove! Didn't we have a picnic?"

"Everything black!"

"Our tempers included!"

Something suddenly snapped in the self-control of her pride. "Jack," she faltered, nervously fingering her wedding ring, "there's one thing I'd like to say. I'm afraid that even when the grate didn't smoke, there—there was often soot on my temper."

"Don't worry about that."

"But I do! I got into the habit of grumbling over little things. It was childish."

"You're not fair to yourself." There was a strained look in his face, but he spoke quietly. "I used to be impatient at your fault-finding, I know, but it was because I didn't understand. I'm a stupid ass, but after you'd left me—when I had so much time to think—I saw it all in a different light."

Her lips moved but gave no sound.

"I want to say one thing, too," he continued. "I was in the wrong that last morning. It was well enough for me to make sacrifices for

Phil, but I had no right to ask them of you." His gaze fell, and his hands twitched. "You knew him better than I, after all—I found that out to my sorrow. But he was more than a younger brother—he was like my own son. I always hoped against hope if I gave him another chance he would brace up, be a man, and——"

"Don't," she pleaded. "You shame me so! I, a woman who should have been all tenderness—should have mothered the boy! And instead was cold, hard, resentful—but that last time at least I wasn't as selfish as you thought, Jack. It was to tell you that I was sorry, that I would gladly give up my own plans to help him out that I came to——" She broke down, sobbing.

He still stood at the mantel, but his voice out-stretched to her in tenderness. "You're reproaching yourself needlessly, Margaret. It hurts to admit it—even to you—but Phil is unworthy of your pity. Forget him and me—all the unhappy past. Our marriage was the mistake. I should never have asked you to be my wife. It is you who have most to forgive."

"Yes," she answered, with bitterness, "I've most to forgive. I didn't know how much at first, but I'm finding out—I'm finding out what has been taken from me!"

He turned a questioning gaze upon the woman sitting there, her head bowed upon her hands. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I'll tell you what I mean!" she passionately cried. "I never intended that you should guess. I shall despise myself for confessing it. But this once you shall have the truth, stripped of all pride. I've gone back to my aunts—to the old glittering existence I longed for." Her arms dropped upon her lap and she looked up at him, her face white to the quivering lips. "And I know that there's nothing worth

while in all the world but love, and —you."

"Margaret!" He came eagerly toward her. "I thought that you were unhappy because you didn't love me! I thought——"

"Don't!" She shrank away from his touch. "I'm not so weak as you think. Life may be nothing without you. I can take the nothing." Her proud eyes flashed. "But I'll never share with another woman."

"Are you mad? If not," he continued reproachfully, "you must know that there is no foundation for such foolish words. I'm not that sort of man. You're the only woman in all the world——"

"Hush! I can't bear any more. God knows how implicitly I trusted you until——"

"Until what?" he asked, something in look and tone compelling an answer.

"That last day," she faltered. "I couldn't wait until night to tell you how sorry I was about Phil. I came down town before lunch. Stole into your private office to surprise you—to tiptoe up behind you and put my hands over your eyes before you discovered I was there! You know the rest—I simply will not discuss it with you!"

"Margaret, this air of mystery is absurd," he said, sternly. "You left me suddenly—without any explanation except that to live with me any longer was impossible. You refused to see me. Your aunts said you had told them nothing. We

often had foolish little quarrels. You had been growing more and more discontented. I supposed that you had ceased to love me, and I would not stand between you and happiness. You say that you came to my office! Went away again without speaking to me! I don't know the rest. I can't imagine what you are driving at, or——"

She rose and stood before him, a goddess of anger, indignation. "You dare to tell me this, when I saw the girl myself! When I heard her begging you not to cast her off—for the child's sake not to let her starve!"

A sudden light of comprehension leaped upon his perplexed face.

"You were there, then?" he cried. "You thought that she—that I—you didn't understand that the child was Phil's?"

For a tremulous instant her gaze challenged his unflinching eyes; the next, Margaret was in her husband's arms.

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "can you ever forgive me?"

There was a sharp ring at the door bell.

"It's those people!" She gave a hysterical little laugh.

"What people, dear!"

"A bride and groom who want to rent this apartment. What shall I tell them?"

His arms drew her closer. "Tell them," he whispered with a shy kiss, "that the apartment is already taken!"



THE INFERNAL CAVERNS OF THE PIT RIVER

THE MOST DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND INDIAN FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA

By Harold French

ONE of the most daring exploits in the annals of "our little wars" on our Western frontier was performed on September 26-8, 1867, in the northwestern corner of our State. Under the leadership of Colonel William R. Parnell, now a resident of San Francisco, a small force of regulars captured a volcanic, honey-combed peak in which a stinging swarm of hostile savages, vastly superior in number, were intrenched in a seemingly impregnable position. This fierce struggle in the upper Pit River was partially eclipsed five years later by the bloody events of the Modoc War, in which the spectacular and long-protracted resistance of Captain Jack and Schonchin demonstrated that they had learned their lessons in strategy from their neighbors' tactics displayed at the battle of the Infernal Caverns.

In the early fall of 1867, General George Crook was engaged in the performance of the difficult task of subduing the many predatory bands of marauding renegades which roamed over an extent of territory some 300 miles square, and comprising Southeastern Oregon, Southwestern Idaho and the northern portions of California and Nevada adjacent thereto. With but a little over two hundred cavalry and a few detachments of mounted infantry at his command, the problem of curbing the depredations of these

roving savages taxed to the utmost the resources of that ingenious Indian fighter. These scattered and most elusive bands were composed of the most untamable elements among the Pit River, Pi-Ute, Modoc, Klamath and Snake River tribes. General Crook's scouts reported that a large party, consisting of one hundred and fifty warriors were gathered together in the valley of the Pit River, which drains that portion of Modoc County between Goose Lake and the vicinity of the present town of Alturas.

Upon the discovery of "Indian signs," General Crook ordered Lieutenant Parnell, commanding "H" troop, First Cavalry, together with a detachment of Company "D," 23d Infantry, and a few Indian scouts from the Warm Spring Agency in upper Oregon, to pursue the hostiles. Crossing the border into California on the 22d of September, his scouts soon overtook the Indians in their camp. A carefully evolved plan to surprise the savages was frustrated by the stupidity of a white scout, Wilson, who became so excited that he fired prematurely upon the unsuspecting Indians, thereby warning them of the near approach of the troops. The opportunity of a wholesale capture of the renegades was completely lost, and the Indians rapidly retreated to the shelter of an extinct volcano's crater, rising to the west of

the river. Here they intrenched themselves in a series of caves, which, connecting one with another by subteranean passages, were thorough, natural fortifications.

These were cup-shaped caverns, which were separated from each other by a rocky gulch, a sort of dry moat, above which towered almost perpendicular walls of lava. This cave-crowned peak rose to a height of about six hundred feet above the Pit River, while to the westward, a high mesa overhung this lower lava-cone. From this eminence, had artillery been available, the Indians could have been effectively reached. On the morning of September 26th, Archie McIntosh, chief of the scouts, while following a very clear trail of pony and moccasin tracks, discovered a large band of warriors who were watching the movements of the troops from their stronghold among these forbidding-looking caves. The pack-train was left in the valley of the Pit River under a strong guard of packers and reserve troops, while the little handful of regulars divided into two columns and dismounted to "fight on foot." Deploying "as skirmishers," a line under Lieutenant Parnell advanced upon the peak from the south, while his second Lieutenant, Madigan, approached up the northerly slopes. In the face of a heavy fire, less than fifty men assailed a position held by nearly three times their own number, who, besides having good weapons, were possessed with a savage cunning so wily and subtle that an Apache might have found much to learn from these defiant natives. Creeping from rock to boulder, now dashing forward to gain the shelter of dwarf juniper trees, the two slender skirmish lines fought their way up the perilous hillside. Facing a deadly fire of arrows, poisoned with the venom of rattlesnakes, augmented by a continuous flight of slugs from the Indians' rifles, the soldiers fin-

ally gained the crest of a little plateau fronting the larger of these forts. Here they were obliged to lie flat on their stomachs while a duel at close range continued until dark. The hostiles, who were brought to bay, were lurking behind a freshly erected wall of loose rocks overtopping the rim of the crater-cups. Through loop-holes cunningly made among the rocks, rifles cracked whenever a soldier permitted an inch of his body to be seen. The firing continued all that afternoon at a range of less than fifty feet. Between the firing lines an almost impassable gulch surrounded the larger fort. Three smaller redoubts were similarly defended, from which sudden and unexpected volleys enfiladed the procumbent troopers. In a mysterious manner these smaller forts swarmed with warriors, who, after pouring a hot fire upon the soldiers, would disappear from ken only to repeat their sudden volleys from another stronghold.

Night came. The troops had been fighting from daybreak without food, and so detachments were withdrawn from time to time to get their supper, which was served in the camp down in the valley. Desultory firing continued during the night, punctuating the monotonous loud talk of a medicine man whose exhortations to his people were evidently of a courage-strengthening nature. The night passed slowly indeed, and a remarkable depression brooded over the troops. Lieutenant Madigan, a popular and brilliant young officer, was almost overcome by a most distinct and overpowering premonition of death. An hour before daylight, General Crook ordered the skirmish line to assemble and prepare to storm the larger fort. In executing this order three men were wounded, owing to the necessity of moving from cover when but a few paces only separated them from the ever-alert enemy. During the long and chilly night

the camp was greatly annoyed by "snipping" savages on the outside, who, moving freely about in the dark, had a great advantage over the posted guard. A strong force was left to protect the supplies of the little expedition, while Lieutenant Parnell, taking Lieutenant Madigan and forty men, formed a line which at his command swept over the crest of the ridge and dashed down into the intermediate gulch, being warmly greeted with a shower of slugs and arrows. Gaining the shelter of the almost perpendicular bluffs fifty feet above them, they slowly climbed from ledge to ledge, enjoying a short respite from the enemy's fire for the time being. Two soldiers would lift a third to a foothold above, while he in turn would extend a helping hand to his comrades as they clambered up towards the red death awaiting these daring climbers. The crest of the formation was shaped like a balcony, and this was surrounded by a wall of boulders eight feet high, which had been constructed by the Indians, and behind this rock wall the soldiers gathered for their final dash.

In the words of a report written by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Parnell, he tersely says: "'Make a breach,' was the order given, and 'let no man stand still for a moment, but keep moving.' While these orders were being shouted, Sergeant Meara, looking through one of the loop-holes, called: 'Here they are, boys,' and in an instant was shot through the head and killed. The gun could not have been more than six or eight inches from him at the time, as his face was badly burned with powder."

Men fell thick and fast for a few minutes, some shot by heavy slugs from the Indians' rifles, while others were transfixed with poisoned arrows. Regardless of his premonitions of the previous night, and the pain of a serious wound, Lieutenant Madigan was in the ad-

vance, conspicuous in a large blue army overcoat. In order to examine the position of the hostiles he exposed himself a moment too long, and fell to his death with a bullet through his head. Some of the wounded fell backward over the edge of the cliff to certain death below.

Colonel Parnell says: "Private Shay, another old soldier and an excellent fighter, received two wounds, one an arrow in the body, the other a slug through the right wrist, carrying away his cap-pouch, breaking the stock of his carbine, and hurling him to the bottom of the gulch over the rocks and boulders. * * * Shay soon rejoined the command, swearing mad because he could not continue the fight. In the meantime a breach was made in the wall of rocks, and our men scrambled into the fort, using revolvers and clubbed carbines upon the skeddaddling Indians. Some got down through an underground passage, others jumped over the wall on the opposite side to us, while others remained in the fort past the power of doing any more deviltry. It was while the Chief, Sa-hei-ta, was jumping over the wall like a jack-rabbit that General Cook, with his unerring Spencer, hit him square in the spine, and Mr. Indian fell headlong down the gulch, and his body buried itself between two large boulders."

This almost impregnable fort had been taken by storm, but the fighting was not half over, since the Indians had retreated to the other forts, from which dark recesses reached down into the honey-combed core of the volcanic cone. From these dark places they had a great advantage over the attacking soldiers, who were exposed to the glare of day. At noon the firing line occupying the captured fort was weakened by the withdrawing of detachments carrying the wounded to the valley camp, where they lingered

for a substantial and much-needed lunch. During this interlude, the Indians made a sudden dash upon the remaining troops, who were rescued from massacre by the timely arrival of their returning comrades. All day long a searching fire was directed into the caverns from which an obstinate reply in the form of arrows and slugs hissed out of the darkness. The exhorting medicine man's harangue was silenced, and gradually the replying shots from the caverns became less frequent.

With the coming of night the crouching troops awaited a sortie on the part of the savages, who, however, about midnight of the 27th, covered their retreat by a most clever ruse. From some vertical cleft among the rocks a continuous shower of arrows was projected into the air, with the evident purpose that they should descend upon the soldiers. Fortunately, these missiles overshot their marks by an almost regular margin of from thirty to forty feet. The sound of this flight of arrows was described as being most eerie, especially in such a weird surrounding chaos of mysterious caves. They are likened by Colonel Parnell to the swishing sounds of birds of passage on a nocturnal flight. On the qui-vive until daylight, the soldiers awaited some surprise, which only proved to be a disappointment when the gray of dawn revealed the dispiriting fact that the renegades had made their escape through one of their subterranean passages. Evidently when the flight of arrows was at its height accompanied by the barking of watchful carbines, the fugitives succeeded in effecting their departure at a time when there would be no tell-tale sounds sufficiently loud to warn the investing troops.

On the morning of September 28th, the deserted caverns were explored by the more daring of our troopers under Lieutenant Parnell. One of these men was killed by a

wounded warrior who lay unseen in the dark, beside a dead Indian, whose scalp-lock the soldier was in the act of removing as a memento mori. The labyrinth formation of these caves disclosed the great advantage in position the Indians had over the soldiers, and too much credit cannot be given to their commander for his skillful disposing of his troops, which resulted in the capture of this death-trap with as few casualties as were sustained. Out of forty men and two officers engaged, Lieutenant Madigan and six enlisted men were killed, while twelve were seriously wounded, a total loss of nineteen out of an attacking force of forty-two, nearly fifty per cent of the entire number on the firing line. A captured squaw was forcibly constrained to admit the truth that out of over a hundred warriors, more than a quarter of their number, were killed and wounded.

The rest of the renegades, being at large among the mountains, it became necessary that the remnant of these devoted troopers should return to their base of supplies, Camp Warner, over the border in Oregon.

The dead were carefully and secretly buried, while the wounded were carried in travoisies lashed to the mules in tandem or singly. These double travoisies, which were litters suspended from long saplings, and carried between tandem mules, were a means of transporting the more dangerously wounded in a manner more comfortable than the average ambulance. The ends of the single travoisies dragged on the ground except in very rough places—when they were carried by a soldier on foot. In the seven days' march to Camp Warner, two of the wounded died, and it was a sorrowful and shattered little remnant of a brave expedition that wound down the canyon leading to that place, where the sad news of this disastrous victory brought sudden grief

to the families and friends in this little garrison.

During the following year the cavalry under General Crook were almost continuously in the saddle, facing fierce blizzards and enduring untold hardships as they pursued the hostiles through their mountain retreats in Modoc County, and the alternating plains and ranges of southeastern Oregon. At length, in June 1868, these renegade Pit River, Modoc and Piute Indians, realizing the futility of further resistance, surrendered unconditionally to General Crook at Camp Harney, Oregon. These Indians were mentally endowed with much of the eloquence which is characteristic of the more superior savage. At this great pow-wow, many pledges were made with the accompanying flow of picturesque language, the most graphic speech being made by an old chief, who said in a most dignified and impressive manner, addressing General Crook: "Your great white people are like the grass; the more you cut it down the more it grows, and the more numerous are its blades. We kill your soldiers in battle, and ten more come for every one that is killed; but when you kill one of our warriors or one of our people no more come to replace them; we are very weak and cannot grow again."

His gestures rendered the address very vivid to the officers, as he emphasized his earnestness by pointing to the young grass at his feet. This council of peace resulted in the enlistment of a company of young bucks, who, eager for the fascinating pleasure of fighting on the winning side, proceeded with a troop of cavalry under Lieutenant Parnell to the Pit River region, where the

few remaining scattered Indians were soon whipped into submission and were placed upon the Klamath River reservation, where they have since been "good," save for a few malcontents, who joined the Ban-nock uprising in 1878.

It is worthy to note that the Pit River is often erroneously spelt "Pitt." According to Joaquin Miller and "The History of Siskiyou County," it received its name on account of the numerous pits along its course. The natives dug these cavities to a depth of from ten to fifteen feet, and covering their openings in a most cunning fashion, they entrapped bear, deer, and even their enemies in these snares.

Colonel Parnell, about whom this story centers, is one of the best-known Indian fighters of the West, as his heroism has been frequently recognized by the authorities at Washington. He received a medal of honor for his gallant rescue of a fallen trooper in the face of a deadly fire from the rifles of an on-rushing band of Nez Percés in the war of 1877, and holds the present rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, retired. He is prominent as an officer of the Grand Army of the Republic, and is now Commandant at Hoitt's Military Academy at San Mateo. He is a native of Ireland, that land of "first rate fighting men," and is one of the few actual survivors of the Light Brigade which rode to everlasting fame at Balaklava, just half a century ago. He fought throughout the Civil War, attaining the rank of a Colonel of Volunteer cavalry, being wounded a number of times.

For his gallantry in this fight of the Infernal Caverns he received the rank of Brevet-Lt.-Colonel.



On the snowfields above Gibraltar.

FROM SURF TO SUMMIT

By Harry H. Brown

FROM the level of the ocean to the top of the highest mountain in the United States through a wonderland of scenic loveliness such as only the Pacific Coast can afford, was the trip of the combined aggregations of Mazamas, Sierrans, Appalachians and American Alpine mountain clubs took this summer. Incidentally, it was the first general meeting of the climbers of the Pacific and Atlantic States—and out of it has grown a movement that will probably mean yearly meetings of these geographical itin-

erants, together with scientists of the West and East attracted to their campfires.

At the outing this season the features of Mount Rainier, the peak ascended, were exploited more thoroughly than ever before, and valuable investigations made by a corps of scientists that accompanied the expedition. The most important fact ascertained was that the mountain was about fifty feet higher than it is credited to be, its lofty summit being not less than 14,560 feet high.

The Sierran aggregation, over 100



Crevasses on the mountain side.

strong, moved northward from California during the first of July, being joined at Portland by the Oregon Mazamas and Appalachians. At Tacoma the Washington contingent of the Mazamas and the remainder of the Appalachians and Eastern climbers were added, and the entire party went by special train over the Tacoma Eastern Railroad up the picturesque Nisqually Valley to the confines of the Rainier National Park. In itself this railroad is one of the wonders of the region. If brakes were released at Ashford, where it ends, a train of cars would roll with ever increasing momentum to Tacoma, 55 miles distant. That is, if it did not jump the track, and the chances are it would, for in passing the Nisqually Canyon there are sharp curves and daring engineering feats around precipices that make one's flesh creep.

From Ashford, the party walked to the foot of the mountain, 14 miles distant, through a typical Puget Sound evergreen forest. With every step taken we found the altitude increasing. Though so near the mountain on account of the flanking ridges hemming the Nisqually River, up which the road runs, and more than all on account of the cyclopean forest, we actually caught sight of it but once. Looking Eastward as we crossed Goat River, its triple peaks could be seen, rising white and defiant over neighboring foothills. It was late in the evening when the party reached Longmire Springs, with its rambling buildings, healing waters and hosts of tents. Early the next morning the Sierran portion of the aggregation took the trail for Paradise Park, situated on the south slope of the mountain seven miles distant. So ideal are the camping sites here that the spot appears fashioned by nature simply for recreation and rest. Immediately after all were in the valley and the pony pack trains had brought the commissary supplies up the rough

mountain trail from Longmires, a series of endurance tests were begun by the leaders of the Mazama and the Sierra camps to demonstrate the eligibility of those desiring to make the climb to the mountain top. In imposing outline south of Paradise stand the wildly rugged Tatoosh peaks. Of these, Eagle Peak, Mount Unicorn and Pinnacle Peak were scaled besides a side trip across the Nisqually Glacier—a sheet of ice upwards of six miles long—and journeys made to Stevens and the Cowlitz Glaciers, and also to Reflection Lake, and the various waterfall features of Paradise.

Reconnoitering parties of hardy mountaineers made several preliminary trips to the top, reporting the ascent no more difficult than it has been in past seasons. The path around Gibraltar rock, however, an immense volcanic conglomerate rising to a height of 3,000 feet, two hours' walk from the crater, was described as very dangerous with falling stones and avalanches. The Mazamas, who ascended the mountain eight years ago and appreciated the dangers of the Gibraltar path, spent several days in trying to find another route to the top, without success, though in their endeavors they explored the west slope of the mountain, generally known as Indian Henry's hunting grounds, and added much valuable information to the lore of the mountain. The numbers in the two camps desiring to reach the top, and the increased dangers in handling large parties on a mountain side, determined the leaders to divide the climbers into two divisions, the Sierrans agreeing to start first, and being given a day the advantage of the Mazamas.

It was noon of a cloudless summer day—July 24th—when the long line of Sierrans, more than three score strong, left their camp in Paradise to tramp up across the snowfields to Camp Muir, the only feasible spot on the mountain after leav-



Sierrans on the snow fields. The point indicated by X is Gibraltar rock

ing camp to spend the night. The climbers were divided into companies of ten, each with a captain and rear-guard, and E. T. Parsons, of San Francisco, being leader of the party. A company of seven scientists, accompanying the expedition, moved at the head. A train of pack ponies carried blankets and provisions for the party to within a short distance of Muir, where crevasses in the glacier turned it back. Before starting every climber had agreed to obey the commands of the officers in the face of their own judgment, if necessary, and without using their own volition. This and other salutary details of discipline kept the large party in a close, compact column when marching without a single straggler from the time it left Paradise through all the physical hardships, dangers and extremities of the climb until it returned. The column moved slowly, arriving at Muir in plenty of time, nevertheless, to prepare camping places in the desolate rocks for the night. Camp Muir is a break or low place in the Cowlitz cleaver. The cleaver is a great, black, exposed wall of rock, thrust down like a long finger from Gibraltar between the Cowlitz and the Nisqually Glaciers. It is about 9,500 feet high, and the lookout from Muir to the south and east over the wilderness of peaks, ridges and lofty foothills of the Cascades is one of unusual grandeur. The air was keen with frost when the party went into camp, and during the night it froze hard. But the sky was cloudless, and illuminated with multitudes of stars shining in incomparable brilliancy. Few slept. The rocky couches, the death-like stillness brooding over the desolations of snow and ice, occasionally interrupted by the roar of falling rocks from Gibraltar, or the rumble of an avalanche, coupled with some apprehensions relative for the work of the coming day, were stimulants to wakefulness that even the weariness

of the day's climb could not drown in slumber. By three a. m. the next morning the camp was astir, and shortly thereafter the column was working up the cleaver to Gibraltar.

This is where the mountain begins to show its teeth. On one side the Cowlitz Glacier, almost roof-steep, crawls up flush with the jagged escarpment of rocks forming the top of the cleaver. On the other and west side the cleaver drops away in a sheer precipice to the Nisqually glacier, from 1,500 to 2,000 feet below. Scaling parties have nothing left to do but to struggle up the crest of the cleaver, excepting here and there where barriers make this impossible, and they are then compelled to thrust themselves on the steep slant of the Cowlitz Glacier, which hangs to the side of the mountain on an angle only a degree or two removed from the perpendicular. The sun was well forward in the heavens and the temperature rapidly leaving the freezing point when the Sierrans reached the foot of Gibraltar. This is the most noteworthy landmark of the mountain, and is an eternal monument of the extinct volcanic energies that once made the Rainier region the scene of chaotic action. Around its base, on a narrow ledge, overhanging the Nisqually Glacier, 2,000 feet below, goes the trail to the top. After rounding it to the point where the ice cap from the triple peaks is thrust down against the rock, climbers find the ledge wiped out, and have to scramble off upon the ice up which they climb to the top of the rock. The path all the way around the rock is one of unavoidable peril, avalanches of stone being hurled down its sides on the ledge, and the path up the ice to its top being a roadway for avalanches of snow and stones that sweep down and make the leap into the Nisqually Glacier. The Sierrans passed Gibraltar with little delay and no mishap, and early



On the way to the top.

in the forenoon were climbing the great ice cap encircling the triple peaks. A stop was made at the top of the rock for refreshments and recuperation, but the extremely stiff climbing made additional stops necessary every few steps. No one appreciably noticed the altitude, and in climbs of 15,000 feet or less only those of remarkably sensitive natures can detect an atmospheric change. The crater was reached shortly after 10 a. m. It is a circular basin nearly half a mile in diameter, filled with a glacier. A rim of black volcanic slabs with lava and shaly rock encircle it, and through this rim hiss at various places needle-like threads of white-hot steam. The view from the top of Mount Rainier is incomparable. Far to the north Mount Baker rises. South is Mount St. Helena and Mount Adams, standing amid clumps of nearer peaks, with Mount Hood in Oregon towering on the dim horizon. Grouped all around in the near foreground is the wilderness of peaks composing the Cascade range.

Two hours spent on the summit, and then an almost record-breaking trip made back to camp in Paradise. On the way down, as well as on the way up, heliographic messages were sent by the column to friends in Paradise seven miles distant. The column trailed into camp early in the afternoon, preserving complete the integrity of its initial formation.

As the column was passing over the wide snowfields between Camp Muir and tree line on the way down, it met the Mazama party, 43 strong, on the way up. This party was led by C. H. Sholes, of Portland, and left Paradise early in the afternoon, spending the rest of the day in climbing to Muir. As the Mazamas and Sierrans met on the snowfields they formed probably the largest aggregation of mountaineers that has ever gathered above snowline on a mountain of the Western Hemisphere.

The Mazamas spent the night at Muir, the individuals of the party passing a sleepless night and being glad when the call came at day-break to get out of their uncomfortable couches in the rocks and begin the fight for the summit. The weather was freezing cold, and members of the party were chilled and shivering as they started up the long cleaver. Three hours later, as they were creeping across the highest part of the Cowlitz glacier to the foot of Gibraltar, the sun was shining with an almost torrid heat, and coats and wraps were left in miscellaneous profusion along the line of march. The life line was stretched several times before the top of Gibraltar was reached, and in rounding this rock there were several narrow escapes from falling stones and incipient avalanches started by climbers at the head of the column.

A sensational feature of the trip was an avalanche of snow and ice that started at an ice cascade far up on the snow-cap of the mountain and bore down to the head of the Nisqually Glacier in a great foam whitetide of finely pulverized snow and comminuted ice just as the party was well around the rock. The roar as the avalanche reached the gulf over which it pitched into the top of the Nisqually Glacier was so tremendous that the column made a halt in a rather perilous position on the ledge and watched the progress of the phenomenon. For several minutes it bellowed along the sides of the mountain, sending up cloudy columns of snowy vapor when it struck the glacier thousands of feet below.

After half an hour's rest at the top of the rock came the pull for the summit. It was past noon before the black wall of the crater rim was crossed by the head of the column. On the way up six dropped out of line, confessing thereby the ardors



Mount Rainier from Tacoma.

of the climb too great for their endurance.

Two hours were spent at the top. Clouds had arisen during the climb of the morning, and the sight from the summit was one of unutterable beauty, the tops of the cloud islands

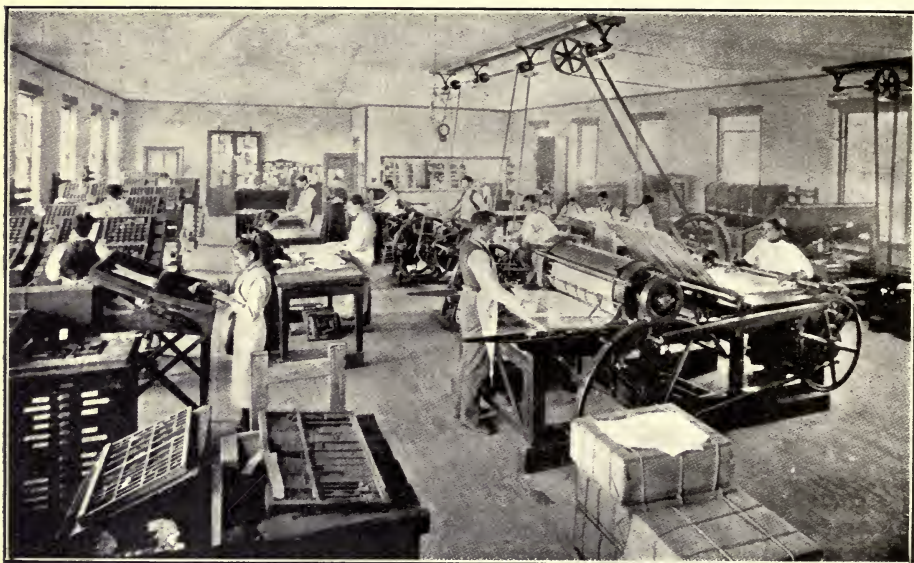
castellating and wreathing upwards in mist forms over which the sun glowed with wonderful effects of light and shadow.

The party made a quick trip down, arriving at camp in Paradise after sunset.

THE PEPPER TREE

By Annie Ball

Fern-leafed and coral-fruited, wrapt in dreams,
Wrapt in safe dreams where skies are ever blue,
How the glad morning bees come thronging thro'
Your bloomy boughs, and how their humming seems
The hurried, joyous song when springtime gleams
Back in the land of clouds. But here where you
Weave filmy shadows and your bloom renew,
The bees forever push their nectared schemes,
O ferny-leafed! it grieves me that the bee,
Or oriole, or full-souled mocking-bird
Had not the naming of so fair a tree.
Then, when in other lands that name were heard
The musing mind might happily be free
To picture out your beauty from the word.



Printing office, Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

INDIAN EDUCATION IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS

By Frances Densmore

THE keynote of Indian education to-day is the effort to make the Indian competent to earn a white man's wages. Industrial work, manual training and the learning of a profitable trade are considered of more importance than Latin and algebra. In most Government schools the class room work includes only the branches taught in the lower grades and grammar schools. Among tribes which for generations have been expert in the native arts, a love of these arts is encouraged, and there are regular classes in basketry, pottery and weaving. Special emphasis is laid upon the learning of a trade, students being trained as

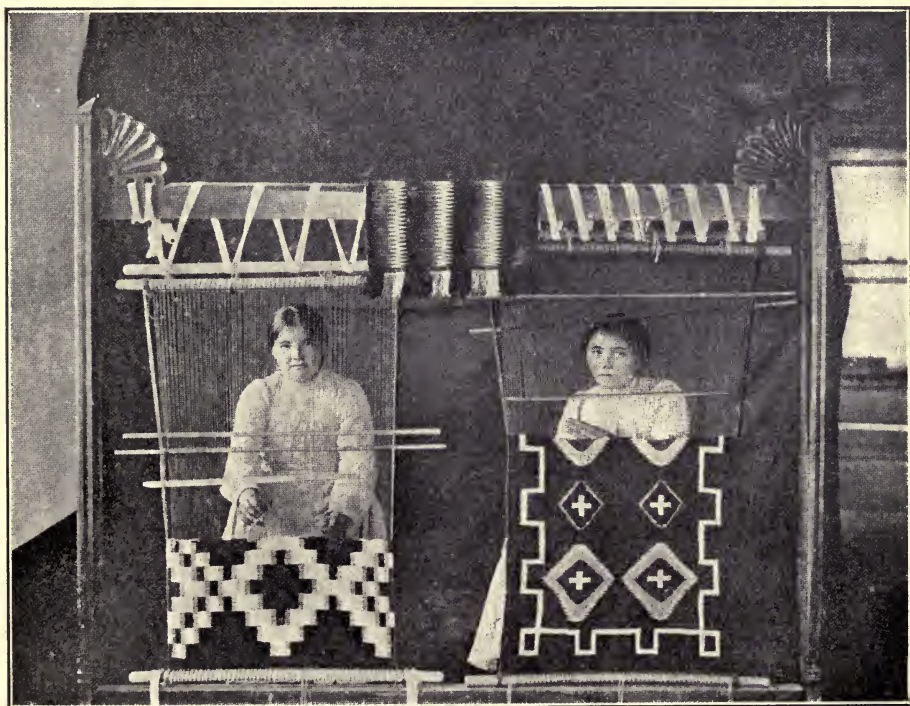
printers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights and practical farmers. All the printing for the Carlisle School is done by students in the printing department, and the illustrations of this article (used by permission) show the excellent quality of the work. Agriculture is taught in the prairie schools, the boys learning how to judge and care for cattle as well as how to develop the best resources of the soil, while the girls are trained in the work of the dairy. Each agricultural school owns a large farm, operated entirely by students, and supplying all the fruit, vegetables, beef, milk and butter used by the institution. The work

of the laundry and sewing room, as well as the kitchen and dairy, is done by girl students under competent directors. Thus both boys and girls "learn to do by doing."

The pioneer of Indian education is the field matron, who goes in advance of civilization, living among the Indians and extending her gracious influence over a radius of many miles. A literary entertainment was recently given by the field matron at the Soshone Reservation in Wyoming, some of the younger Indians traveling fifteen or twenty-five miles to attend the rehearsals and take part in the programme. During the past year the field matron at the Kiowa Reservation conducted ninety-six sewing meetings, at which six hundred and eighty-six civilized garments and eighty-four quilts were cut and made. Under her direction forty-seven houses

were remodeled, and eighty-four lessons in cooking and laundry work were given. In all this she was preparing the way for the establishment of a day school, which holds the same relation to the boarding school that the white district school holds to the higher school of the towns. Industrial training is not lacking in the day schools, and the reflex influence on the homes is very great. A girl who has learned to cook will naturally want to experiment on the family, and a boy with new ideas about farming will be proud to know more than his father.

Children who begin their education at the day schools are later transferred to boarding schools. These are of two kinds—reservation and non-reservation—the former being located at the agency and controlled by the agent, and the latter being placed wherever the facilities



Teaching blanket weaving, Phoenix Indian School, Arizona.



Lloyd class, Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

are best and controlled entirely by a superintendent.

The year closing June 30, 1903, showed ninety-one reservation and twenty-six non-reservation boarding schools in the service. There is a difference of opinion among Indian officials as to which class of schools is best. The reservation boarding school was established first, and no other kind was imagined until Colonel R. H. Pratt secured the old army barracks at Carlisle, Pa., and founded the now famous Carlisle School in 1879. More than twelve hundred students from eighty-eight tribes are gathered at Carlisle and the standard of scholarship is as high as at any college.

Colonel Pratt was also the founder of what is known as the "outing system," by which undergraduate students competent to earn wages are placed in the employ of white families for several weeks or months. The pupils are still under the control of the school, and are required to save one-half of their wages, which is placed at interest for them by the school. This amount, with accumulated interest, is returned to

them after they have taken their final examinations, and are ready to leave the school permanently. By this plan they acquire a little knowledge of the world, and a little capital before they begin the actual battle of life. This system was so successful at Carlisle that it has been adopted by other schools, the only difficulty being that the demand for "outing pupils" is so far in excess of the available supply. During a recent year nearly a thousand such students were sent out by Carlisle earning good wages in the families of thrifty Pennsylvania farmers and meantime attending the local schools.

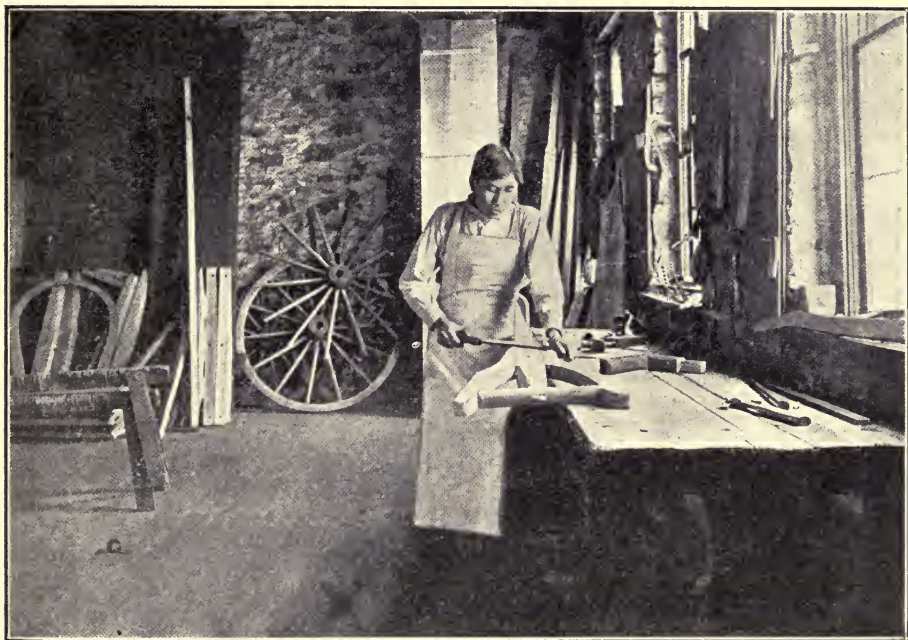
Hampton Institute in Virginia, Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, and the Chilocco Agricultural School in Oklahoma, are among the largest non-reservation schools, each having well-equipped industrial departments. The reservation schools are smaller, but have an advantage in the greater opportunity for individual work. In some of these schools each little girl has her own garden, which she cultivates with much pride.

Hon. Francis E. Leupp, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, says: "Our proper work with the Indian is improvement, not transformation." The best Indian educators realize that to crush the spirit of the Indian is to destroy his future usefulness, and an effort is made to foster the pride of the Indian in the best qualities of his race. For this purpose the native industries are taught in the Government schools, and the students become expert in the arts which were cultivated by their ancestors. Uniting the best Indian culture and characteristics with the best of the white man's knowledge and education, should produce a race which America may be proud to call her first born sons.

The religious element is not lacking in Government schools, but it is undenominational in character, Protestants and Romanist teachers co-operating most cordially to secure the best influences among their pupils.



Ready for school.



Wheelwrighting at Haskell Institute, Kansas.

The first appropriation for Indian education was made in 1692, when two Indian boys were sent at public expense to the College of William and Mary in Virginia. In 1819 the Government placed \$10,000 in the hands of religious denominations for the education of the Indians, and these appropriations were continued until 1876, when the present school system was inaugurated. The present appropriation for Indian schools is about three and a half million dollars per year, and the enrollment of Indian pupils is considerably

more than twenty-nine thousand.

For the past six years Miss Estelle Reel has filled the difficult position of Superintendent of Indian Schools. The success of her work is shown by the fact that twenty-five per cent more Indians are self-supporting now than ten years ago and more than twice as many speak enough English for ordinary purposes.

In the systematic and intelligent education of the Indian one of our gravest national problems is being quietly solved.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

Upon a barren ledge of rock where men had dug for gold,
And then deserted the bleak spot where they had toiled of old,
A pallid flower, passing sweet, its petals did unfold.
Strange thing of moonshine and of shade, so ghostly and so wan,
The grim, unpeopled mountain-side, thy lonely life doth hold.

Night-blooming Cereus! faintly sweet, thy breath floats on the air,
Thou solitary evening star that shineth palely fair!

Like some young Sibyl who hath loved and giv'n her love in vain,
Despoiled by the robber-youth who left her nought but pain,
Retiring to the solitude where none may see her stain,
Within the nightly secrecy of her devoted heart,
Love, unrequited, still will grow and still will bloom again.

Night-blooming Cereus! one faint gleam, one breath upon the night,
Then, like a ghost to Heav'n reclaimed, thy soul hath taken flight.

VESTED WITH AUTHORITY

By Maud E. Heath

The town lay gasping in the fervid embrace of a California summer. Although only late May, the mercury was soaring skyward, and a scorching north wind that seemed like the blast from a furnace, added its quota of discomfort. Dust swirled down the sleepy Main street, and into the faces of the few loungers standing in front of the town hall.

On the door of the building was tacked a placard giving notice to all and sundry that James Brown had received two hundred and eight votes for the office of town marshal, Richard Jennings sixty-seven, and Antonio Poncetti one. Tony himself was coming across the street, enveloped in clouds of dust, a shambling, awkward figure, surmounted by a rugged face and bullet-shaped head. Shifting black eyes, a cruel mouth and heavy chin were indications partly annulled by a vacant, foolish expression. He was a transplanted son of Italy, who had been injured by a fall down an abandoned shaft, and had afterward been looked upon in the place as a sort of harmless lunatic. Teased by the boys of the town, he had never retaliated, a childish grin being his one response to their gibes. To-day one of the group of idlers, moved by a sudden impulse, called to him:

"Hi, there, Tony! Did you know you were elected marshal?" pointing to the record of some practical joker's vote.

The usual vacant grin was his reply, and he shambled on, but the agency that finds mischief for idle hands induced one of the men to

cut out a big tin star from some scraps about the tin shop the next day. Armed with this badge of authority, he found Tony, and convinced him after a brief argument that the voters of the town desired him to protect their lives and property in the capacity of marshal. Once accepting his election as a fact, Tony fastened the star to his coat and strutted proudly off to enforce order.

Several days passed, during which he was treated to unlimited drinks in honor of his political victory, and advised to keep a sharp look-out for tramps and suspicious characters, and Tony's last doubt, if he entertained any, vanished completely. Thereafter he considered himself the duly appointed custodian of the town's peace and safety, and bore himself with the dignity such an office merited. The few persons who noticed him thought it a harmless joke. One or two women said it was a pity to deceive the poor fellow, but no one took upon himself to interfere.

One day Tony sat on a dry goods box in the sun, his tin star blazing, and meditated. All at once his office seemed to him an empty honor. What real authority had he, after all? What means of enforcing his commands? His predecessor had carried a revolver. He had seen it once. And even James Brown, the upstart who imagined himself elected, instead of Tony, was generally understood to have a gun within reach. But it was not a gun that Tony wanted. He did not approve of firearms. In the first place, he

did not know how to use them, and in the next place it seemed to him such a foolish and unnecessary noise to make about a difficulty. To call the attention of all within hearing distance to an affair that could just as well be kept quiet seemed to him the height of American absurdity. A good knife was silent and sure in results. Any man could kill with a long, keen blade, but who could be sure of a noisy, unreliable revolver that might not even shoot when you wanted it to, and was by no means certain of hitting anybody if it did.

Having settled this question to his own satisfaction, Tony got up slowly and betook himself to the hardware emporium nearby, which had a monopoly of the trade and the name.

"Oh, go on. What's the matter with you?" the clerk said, when Tony had made his wants known and shown that he was in funds. "A club is what you want—a stuffed club, all same policeman in the city."

"No, no. No lika club. Lika knife; bigga knife. Sharp; cutta clean, cutta smooze. Carry in da belt under da coat so can getta quick," with a dramatic pantomime, showing how it could be used.

A customer came in just then, and the man paid no further attention to Tony, who shambled out, disappointed but not disheartened. When Giacomo Frascatti came to town he could trade a new fangled jack-knife he had for Giacomo's dagger. If not, he knew he could buy it. So he waited.

The summer passed with the usual festivities incident to the Fourth of July, and the annual Swiss picnic. Tony marched in the procession on the Fourth with dignity and decorum.

It was a gifted boy who could fire off crackers during the parade without being caught by Tony, and when one of the horses drawing the carriage containing the Goddess of Liberty became frightened at the

band, it was Tony who reached him first and quieted him. At the Swiss picnic he was on hand all day and evening near the pavilion to see that order was kept and that no one without a dancing badge was allowed on the floor. From the chrysalis of a loafer without visible means of support, Tony had emerged into an important citizen in his own eyes, and an added dignity of carriage and deportment that was very noticeable was uncharitably attributed by superficial observers to over indulgence in liquor.

His duties had been discharged every day since his election with pride to himself, and, as he believed, with satisfaction to his constituents. To be sure, there were still a few residents of the town who did not know of Tony's election. One day a woman for whom he had once done some work asked him to wash windows for her, but he explained to her that he was now town marshal and had no time for such things, and no one had made such a mistake since. How he lived no one knew or inquired. He patronized the free lunch counters in the two saloons liberally, and usually slept in an empty box car, but ever since his election Tony's shabby coat had been brushed till it fairly shone, and once he so far descended temporarily from his exalted position as to run a lawn mower a whole day to earn money to buy a pair of spurs, which he felt were a necessary detail in the correct dressing of his part.

At last the ninth of September, the anniversary of the admission of the State into Uncle Sam's family, dawned cloudless and warm, the day that was to be celebrated by the little town with a parade, a barbecue and a dance. The Main street was crowded with country people, who drove in early before the heat of the day; young men and women, who had gone from their homes to the city, but had returned to help

celebrate, and the townspeople, dressed in their best clothes as bebefitted the occasion.

Tony appeared, attired for duty, in a discarded dress coat and a stove pipe hat, given him by a constituent. His every-day blue overalls were tucked into boots, from the heels of which the spurs jangled together musically. A bandana handkerchief took the place of a shirtfront, and altogether Tony was satisfied that he was dressed to do honor to the occasion and to the electors who had given him their suffrages.

Promptly at eleven o'clock, an hour later than announced, the procession started. At the head rode the grand marshal and his two aides on prancing horses, followed by a brass band of eight pieces. Not all the instruments were tuned to the same pitch and the suits of the members were not uniform, but the music furnished was loud, and the bass horn and the drum marked accurate time. Next came a gorgeous float in which rode a local beauty, gowned as Minerva, with one hand resting on a stuffed bear while the other upheld a gilded spear. She wore a trailing white robe, with California poppies in her dark hair, and looked so lovely that two young men nearly came to blows later in the day over the grand march, in which each considered himself entitled to be her partner. Then came the floats of three fraternal orders and six decorated carriages containing the orator and president of the day and several town officials and prominent citizens. After them came a long line of farm wagons, trimmed with bunting and filled to overflowing with people from the surrounding country, resplendent in gala attire. Bringing up the rear came Tony, his tin star, insignia of office, polished to the last degree of brightness. He held himself erect and marched proudly, scorning to so much as

glance at the boys who jeered at him. It would be well for them not to get in the line of march nor disturb the speech at the pavilion, that was all. He, Tony, had his eye upon them.

All day Tony was in his glory. No one questioned his authority, and when he touched his star significantly and politely requested the people not to crowd so densely in the door of the pavilion, or to stand back a little from the trench where the barbecued beef was smoking, they laughed good-naturedly and obeyed. Once he deserted his post long enough to treat a dazzling Italian beauty to lemonade, but he explained to her that he was obliged to watch for possible bunko men, and reluctantly escorted her back to her mother and six younger sisters.

When he started for his home in the freight car about midnight, it was with a delightful sense of an important duty well done, of personal dignity and honor, that caused Tony's heart to expand with pure bliss. Not even an alarm of fire nor a fight had marred the day's pleasure, and he felt sure that no one could have looked after the affair better than he had. The only crumpled roseleaf was the presence of James Brown, the man who persisted in pretending that he was marshal, but he had done nothing that day to show that he was an officer. Tony had even seen him dancing. As he walked on, it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to go around by the bank and see that all was safe there. Since Tony's election he had never omitted a nightly visit to the bank and the post office, the two institutions where he thought that money was recklessly exposed.

He reached the bank building and peered through the glass door. A curtain hung before it, but a faint light seemed to glow through a tiny hole. He tried the door gently. It was locked. He crept softly around

to the back. A narrow door opening into a store room behind the bank was unfastened. He stooped and carefully removed his boots, with their jangling spurs, passed through noiselessly and tip-toed cautiously to the door between the rooms. This had been broken open and he saw one man in the bank vault, with his back to the door, while another was sitting on the floor, packing some drills and various tools of his trade in a small bag. Tony comprehended the situation in a flash. For months he had been expecting just such customers, and he knew exactly what to do. Silently as a cat he crawled up behind the man on the floor. As he went, he gently pulled out his long, keen knife, kept out of sight, but always sharp and bright—the knife that made no noise and that he knew would act when needed. The burglar reached out with his left hand for a drill that had rolled a little and Tony made one quick stroke. The man fell forward without a groan, and Tony leaped to the vault and made himself flat against the wall beside the iron door.

The burglar in the vault turned at the sound of his comrade's fall, and took in at a glance the probable cause of the disaster. There was no sound to tell where his assailant was, nor whether there was more than one, so he waited and listened, his revolver pointed to the door of the vault. Now, a gun, however accurate it may be, cannot shoot around a corner, but to an expert with a knife all angles are alike. Being accustomed to taking chances the man in the vault had recognized the possibilities of the weapon that had proved the undoing of his pal, and he had distinct objections to being carved in the same way. Therefore he crouched in the back of the vault, listening for some movement to tell him from what direction to expect an attack, but none came. Not even a sound of breathing was

audible. Outside absolute stillness reigned, except for a fugitive strain occasionally from the band in the pavilion, where the dancers still revolved.

The big clock on the wall ticked slowly and solemnly, the hands crawling at a snail's pace. Five minutes past twelve—six—seven—eight. It seemed a century until the ten minutes were reached. A party of merry-makers passed singing, then one or two stragglers, and then all was still outside. Meanwhile the dead man lay where he fell, his blood making little pools here and there on the floor as it flowed sluggishly along. The surroundings were not cheerful, and gradually the silence, the tension of listening, wore on the burglar's nerves to the point of desperation. He moved cautiously to the door of the vault. Moment after moment passed in the same deathly stillness. The lantern burned dimly on the floor, casting grim shadows over the dead man lying so quietly there. Surely whoever had surprised them must have gone for reinforcements; he could not keep perfectly still so long. The man in the vault decided that he had foolishly wasted a good deal of precious time, and he stealthily leaned out and took a hasty glance to the right. Quick as thought Tony's hand flashed from the left; the double-edged knife slid across the burglar's throat, smoothly, silently, followed by a gush of red blood, and the man fell, struggling, gasping a moment, and then lay as still as his confederate.

Tony wiped his knife carefully on his handkerchief and put it back in his belt, closed the vault door, and stepping around the pools of blood, blew out the lantern. Then, deciding that all was safe, he put on his boots and went quickly to the bank president's house to report. One of the burglars proved to be valued by the State at five hundred dollars,

dead or alive, which seemed to Tony very good pay for less than an hour's work, but beyond all money considerations was the satisfaction

of proving who was the real marshal of the town, brave and wise enough to guard its treasure when the test came.



Historic Sycamore near Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica.

A TREE WITH A HISTORY

By Louis J. Stellmann

STRETCHING its giant arms a hundred feet on either side of its mammoth trunk and towering above its pygmy fellows, like a Gulliver in Lilliput, a great sycamore tree stands near the Soldiers' Home in Santa Monica—a tree about whose life is woven history almost as interesting and momen-

tous to all the nation as that of the Charter Oak.

Perhaps, of all California's landmarks, this is the least known. No graven tablet or other sign to distinguish it from neighboring trees has been placed on or near it, and it is seldom visited by sightseers in the vicinity—yet the tales that

cluster about it are based on episodes that made important pages in the history of the West.

The age of the historic sycamore no one knows with certainty, though legend has it that, more than five hundred years ago a band of northern Indians planted it and made their home beneath its ever-spreading shade for many generations, until the "Hijos" drove them further inland into desert climes.

During the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, Junipero Sera, father of the California Missions, northward bound with his band of San Franciscan friars, found a grateful shelter from the scorching sun in a sycamore grove and camped beneath the greatest of them all for many days. It is said that Father Sera, ere he resumed his journey, inscribed upon this tree the insignia of his order and blessed it formally, according to the ritual of the Church of Rome. This, becoming known, earned for the tree the name of Holy Sycamore, and made it the Mecca of Mexicans and Mission Indians, many of whom, it is said, were cured of diseases and disabilities by spending a night beneath its branches.

During the Civil War, however, the tree received an evil name. A band of Secessionist guerillas infesting Southern California, captured and hanged ten men to this tree for allegiance to the Union cause. It became shunned by natives and Indians, and when in later years thirty Mexicans swung to death,

suspended from its limbs, for horse-stealing, the neighborhood was avoided with superstitious awe and tales of ghostly revels beneath its giant branches on moonlight nights spread through the land.

Of late the tree has commanded small attention from the sight-seer though its noble proportions alone are enough to excite comment from passers-by. It stands midway between Santa Monica Beach and the National Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, in a gully lined with sycamores, which, though of goodly size, are dwarfed by comparison with this forest monster, which from a distance looks like a grove in itself, so wide is the sweep of its boughs in all directions from the great, gnarly trunk, fully twenty feet in diameter at the base.

So far as is known, no effort has ever been made to fell any trees in this grove, though many others in the vicinity have been cleared by Mexican and Italian choppers. Superstition is largely responsible for the salvation of this historic sycamore, and though an effort has been made to call the attention of the Landmarks Society to the tree, with the purpose of taking some definite steps toward its protection, nothing of this nature has yet been accomplished.

The tree is in a fine state of preservation, and if unmolested by the woodman's axe, will probably add several more centuries to its already Methuselan years.



A "WEE ANGEL"

By R. Martyne

A SOFT, mellow light drifts through the fog. A light, in which there is a blessing of warmth, a consolation of hope. Presently a lance from the sun glances the length of the life-boat, and rests upon a group in the stern, a young man holding gently in his arms a wee white form from which the heavy rug has been pushed aside, while a rough, sea-faring man is loosing the straps of a life-preserver from about the sleeping little one.

"'Tis a blessing we 'ave 'ere," said he, "an' 'tis w'at 'as saved us."

"The only baby saved?"

"She was the only little baby on board," answered the man who held her. "I saw her in the nurse's arms—her mother and father were 'way up folk."

"I wonder if they were drowned?"

"They were lost. The steamer drew them down with her. They seemed to have been hit by some part of the rigging, and stunned. They were standing close together, his arms about her and the baby. The maid was clinging to the lady's skirt. I was rushing past for the boat. The maid sprang up and caught hold of me, screaming: 'For God's sake, take this child; her name is——' Just then there came a terrific lurch. I grasped the bundle she had snatched from the mother, and shouted: 'Save yourselves, quickly!' That instant the blow came. I saw them felled to the deck, and the maid leaning over them. Then I leaped, and you fellows caught me."

"Then they all went down."

"Some one in the other boat may know the name of her folks."

"We will 'ope they do, if we 'appen to come athwart 'em."

The women, of whom there are three in the boat, are arousing to a sense of their position. From the steerage of the lost steamer it seems incredulous that they were rescued at all. The Trans-Atlantic was struck below water line, and the sea had rushed in so rapidly that it was miraculous that any below decks could be saved. But here the poor wretches were, drenched and shivering. Two are Scandinavians and cannot speak or understand English. One, an Italian, who comprehends a little, and speaks brokenly. She looks across at the child and down at her own dripping garments.

"No?" she questions. "Tua vet." Then again: "You no giva me?"

The man shook his head and held the child closer.

"Et is bettar a vomaan ten' her," said a man, also Italian. "A vomaan she knows vera mucha about childas—that baba has mucha sleep. She is mucha hungar when she wakes up. I have a Lotto an' hava ten' her mysel' mucha. My Lotto can ver' near losing her pa dis timea."

The Italian woman, recognizing an interpreter, quickly made use of him, her shrill voice piercing the ocean's sullen boom, and for a time an animated conversation was carried on with the result that the baby was transferred to the woman's arms, while the two men ransacked the boat for provisions. They found cases of biscuit and pressed meat. Casks of water and of wine, and

several cans of condensed food—enough to last them several days with careful distribution. The man who had been intrusted with the baby seemed unanimously to be the most capable of taking charge. He accepted the responsibility, and portioned out the morning meal—two biscuit, a slice of pressed meat, and a cup of wine and water. He also assumed command. "Captain" Jamison, they called him, and every one of these Trans-Atlantic half-score survivors submitted without demur to his discipline. It may be the presence of a "wee angel" in their midst had much to do with their peaceful submission. There is no bitter railing against fate, no cursing or wrangling over the provender, no demands for more liquor. Not a man of them all, but is grateful and responsible in his way, for the little child they helped to save.

She is awake now, the wide-open beautiful eyes are gazing inquiringly into the face of the Italian woman—then wonderingly about. They prepare her a breakfast of pieces of shredded biscuit in condensed milk. Captain Jamison, on his knees in the bottom of the boat, coaxes her to eat. She takes a bit, like a little bird pecking at unaccustomed food, then looks wistfully around, then tries another little bit, but her eyes are searching each face, and questioning pathetically.

"Poor little one, can you not eat your breakfast? See, it is very, very nice. Now, just a spoonful more, wee angel!"

"No, no, I wants my dea' maman. Dood man, I wants my papa. I wants Lona. Oh, dood mans, is you Wilm?"

"Yes, dear, yes, I'm Wilm, and I will take care of you, little one."

"Lona takes care Lila, an' tisses her, an', O, where is my Lona? Wilm, find my Lona!"

"By and by, little one. We must wait two or three days, dear. We must be good and wait."

"An' my dea' maman, an' my big papa, too!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Lila will be ver' dood. Now, you may tiss me, Wilm."

Captain Jamison turned away and rubbed his eyes and face on the sleeve of his coat, then he bent his head reverentially and kissed the wee angel.

The life-boat drifted all that day and following night. Near sunset of the second day slender black lines were limned above the horizon. A little black cloud next appeared floating away from funnel's rim. Then the gray hull of an ocean liner bearing towards them. Jamison hoisted a red blanket on one of the oars and waved a signal of distress, and they all shouted for joy, although their voices did not carry twice the length of the boat.

The steamship veered to another direction, and they all despaired, but still the signal jerked: "Boat adrift! Boat adrift!"

Away in the distance a soft white wall seemed advancing, settling on the green waves, and smothering the sparkle of curling whitecaps that formed on the crest of each billow.

"They must see us, or we are lost!" exclaimed Captain Jamison.

"By the Holy Babino, I hev here som' thing. They shalla see. Why think I not mucha sooner!" And the Italian gropes underneath a seat and drags out a bundle, water-proof, and compact. Undoing this, with swift, eager fingers, he discloses packages of Roman candles and rockets. "For Loto! For Loto. Praise to the Virgin and Jesu, I hed them here."

Fortunately one of the men has a metal box of dry matches. With an anxiety too deep for utterance, they watch the kindling of the fuses, the swift creeping fire and the leap of the rockets, followed by red, blue and green globes which play in mid-air. A brave display, with the impenetrable white wall rapidly approaching, threatening to envelop

them in its fatal density. And the ship on which their hope of rescue is centered still veers away.

Against the background of fog, the rockets stream and break in many colored stars. The Roman candles rise and fall gracefully, lighting the softly draped waves with iridescent gleaming. But heavy are the hearts and wistful and haggard the eyes of those who watch as well the white wall so nearly upon them.

"Ah, she turns! She turns! She sees! She understands!"

"She will give us a signal if——"

The sentence is not finished. A babel of cheers and joyous exclamations arise from the boat. Three globes, red, white and blue, float together high above their heads an instant, then lower down a signal is flashed: "We are coming!"

Suddenly they are enveloped in a broad ray of light. Through this she bore down to them—the U. S. liner Columbia, homeward bound.

Little Lilia's eyes were big and solemn, searching for dea' maman an' papa an' Lona. But her foster-mother cuddled her and claimed her jealously, although Captain Jamison protested that the little one should be cared for by far better folk.

Down in the second cabin Lilia wondered and waited patiently for dea' maman and papa.

"Thou shalt see maman, little one, maman who will love thee. But no, not thy very own." And she said to herself: "Now I will marry Riego ver' soon, for I will get much money for the babina. No poor shall Riego's wife be. But rich, rich. We will hav' business of our own an' be happy. And the little babina—she shall hav' nice maman, but not her own, never more, and no papa. Poor babina."

Arriving in New York, Jamison took passage immediately for his home in Newfoundland. The Italian woman, with twenty dollars in her

bundle—a contribution from the passengers of the Columbian for the baby, put up at a cheap Italian boarding house. She told all who were curious that the child's parents were both lost in the shipwreck, so she had taken the care and would soon find a home for her with some nice people she knew. And she added to herself: "Yes, yes, nice rich people, an' they will give mucha money, mucha money."

She bought at a second-hand store a child's cloak with hood, a warm woolen gown and tiny socks. Dressing Lilia in these, she started out one day to find a purchaser, to get her dowry money. Among the tony folk living in the grand mansions there were many, "yes, ver' many who will wish to buy this beautiful babina, and giv' money, ah, so mucha money! And here is one grand street where we may find maman."

Up the avenue a short distance an auto carriage drew in to the curb, a glittering, showy equipage—with liveried chauffeur and footman. Walking very slowly the woman sees the servant get down from his seat and open the low door of the carriage and stand deferentially aside for a lady to alight. A lady so fine, so dashing, so insolent. Fluffing with lace, rustling with rich fabrics, redolent with perfume.

"Yes, yes, she is the grande lady who will be your maman, little one. She will giv' to me a big price!"

The auto drove away and the Italian walked slowly past the mansion, critically examining its external details.

"If I only could know of the people of papa and maman of this babina I might get more, mucha more money. But no, Riego will never wait, an' money I must hav' now."

Presently she turns and comes back to the house. Finding a side entrance she goes up the few steps and raps loudly. An Italian maid opens the door, and would close it

instantly, but recognizing one of her own countrywomen, abruptly demands her purpose. "To see my mistress? No, my mistress sees not one like you. Important, very! Well, indeed no! Is that you babina?"

"No; its maman and papa are dead. It has no one."

"Poor babina! It is an angel!"

"What is an angel, and whom are you talking with, Bettina?"

"Signora, it is a woman having a little angel in her arms. And she would trouble you, but I say no, my signora will have none of you!"

"Yes, but the angel, Bettina. I am sure I will be afraid to look at one, but it is such a wee bit I must see it. Ah, 'tis a beautiful one! Where are your wings, and what is your name, tina bijou?"

"I is Lilia, an' I wants my dea' maman and my big papa. You, lady, takes Lilia to dea' maman?"

"Oh, you little cherub! Give her to me, woman!"

The lady sinks on a couch, and taking the child in her lap, hastily removes the wrappings from the dainty form, tossing them aside disdainfully—the cloak and the dress and coarse, tiny socks, till Lilia is clothed only in her night-gown. The fine garment, trimmed with exquisite lace and soft ribbons and fastened at the throat with a diamond pin. "First water," the lady mutters, but aloud: "What tawdry jewelry, and for such an angel! Whose child is this, woman?"

"Mine, Signora."

"You said to me, 'It is not mine,' and now you tell my mistress it is!"

"Never mind, Bettina, we know it is not her child. She has probably stolen the little one. Now, my good woman, this treasure stays with me. Bettina, take your countrywoman away and give her something to eat. Then bring her to me in the library. I and this wee angel are going to get acquainted."

A large octagonal room, with

mullioned windows of tinted diamond-shaped glass, through which the sunlight streamed across the quaintly carved furnishing to the grand tiled fireplace, on either side of which the walls are covered by Oriental paraphernalia; masks and jeweled swords, daggers, scepters and crowns. Bejeweled slippers and embroidered sashes, all arranged to form a perfect scheme of color. The remaining space between the two elaborately carved doorways is covered by books in Russian leather, lettered in pink and gold. Long panel mirrors at intervals.

Drawn before the blazing grate is a crimson lounging chair and a slender taboret supporting a cut-glass flagon of wine, some warm-tinted peaches and luscious grapes and a bunch of rare orchids, with long stems.

Into this room comes the signora with Lilia hugged close in her shapeless arms. She sinks into the crimson chair with a sigh of supreme satisfaction.

"My maman," inquires a pathetic little voice. "I does want my dea' maman an' my papa an' Lona. I wants to wock in the big crib an' be so sleepy an' hug an' tiss my maman. See, lady, I has my nighty on, an' you may tiss me if you brings my maman."

"Oh, you dear, you dear! My little treasure, my wee angel! Maman and papa wish you to stay with me always, and love me, and call me dea'. I am so happy, tiny bijou, for I have just now found heartease—and salvation."

As for the Italian woman, she confided to Bettina the truth, and received from the Senora more wealth than satisfied her avaricious longing. But the poor creature was allotted a very short time for joyful anticipation. That very evening she was taken crushed and unconscious to the receiving hospital.

Riego waited long for his sweetheart, who was never to return.

Finally he married a countrywoman with mucha money, and went into business.

Across the sea, a memorial shaft

of white marble bears this inscription: "To the memory of Lord and Lady Lanston and 'wee angel' Lilia."



California Poppy.

BRAVE BLOSSOMS

By F. E. Hawson

A STRANGER visiting San Francisco in autumn, and noting its background of bare, brown hills, or passing through the undulating, wind-swept sand dunes on his way to visit the Cliff House and gaze on the ocean, would not unnaturally conclude that no wild flowers could flourish in the dry soil after the long, rainless summer months. But he would be mistaken.

Many hardy flowering plants will

not be discouraged by lack of rain. They send down their long roots to drink the moisture ever to be found far below the surface, and at night the soft fogs which float in from the Pacific nourish and refresh their leaves, and thus they thrive and bloom under conditions which, to the surface observer, would seem most unfavorable.

But the Californian, who is also a student of nature, as he wanders



Golden Yarrow



Yellow Sand Verbena.

over the brown hills and sandy dunes he loves so well, knows that the discovery of many flower discs and cups will reward his search, and to him the sweet blooming faces are more beautiful in their parched surroundings than the innumerable blossoms of spring and early summer in their framing of lush, green vegetation.

First on the list of autumn flowers is a species of the lovely Cali-

San Francisco. It varies in size and shade according to the soil, attaining to a larger growth in a rich, sandy loam. This flower is a true sun worshiper. At night it closely furls its golden petals, opening them widely only to the full warmth of the sun; on foggy days it partially unfolds them, sometimes not opening them at all.

Another plant which the absence of rain does not deter from putting



Yellow Lupin.

fornia poppy (*eschscholtzia Californica*.) This is a paler variety than the rich cup of orange gold which gilds and glorifies the plains and hillsides in spring, but it is a beautiful blossom, nevertheless, with its pale yellow crinkled petals deepening into rich orange in the center. The poppy can be found everywhere, even growing in profusion in vacant lots almost in the heart of

forth its delicate white blossoms is the beach strawberry (*fragaria Chilensis*.) As the poppy loves the sun so it loves the sea, and clothes the uninviting sand hills overlooking the ocean with a thick carpet of dark green leaves, and sends out long, graceful red-brown streamers, which drop rootlets into the soil at every leafed joint. Though the beach strawberry blossoms in the



White Yarrow.



Beach Strawberry.

fall, the flowers are barren at this season; it bears its luscious red fruit only in the summer.

The yellow sand verbena is another plant of a creeping habit to be found on the hills overlooking the ocean. Its yellow blossoms bear a close resemblance to those of the garden variety. They are very fragrant, and it needs little imagination to picture mentally the magnificent bloom which might be evolved from this hardy little sea lover by the genius of a Burbank. The roots of the sand verbena are of an immense length, and the pale green leaves exude a glutinous substance which causes the sand to cling to them.

Two common but charming flowers to be found blooming on the uninviting sand dunes and on the bare hillsides are the white and yellow yarrow (*achillea millefolium*) and (*eriophyllum confertiflorum*.) The white variety is especially lovely, its delicate, forget-me-not shaped flowers growing in broad, flat-topped clusters. Some times the blossoms are of the palest pink, and I have found pink and white clusters growing on the same plant. The medicinal virtues of the bright green leaves of the yarrow are well known. They admit a pun-

gent, but not unpleasant odor.

The flowers of the yellow yarrow are totally different from those of its white sister, being round and bunchy and without rays. By the observant little ones they are not inaptly named "soldiers' buttons" and "thimble tops."

A shrub which is thickly scattered over the sandy wastes and on the brown hills is the yellow lupin. Its pale blossoms are exquisitely perfumed, and its pearly gray green leaves have the habit of closing at night. The blue lupin is also quite common, but it rarely blossoms in the fall. The lupin acts as a pioneer on the sand dunes. Its long, rope-like roots hold the shifting sands together, and the seeds of smaller plants drift to its shelter, germinate and root before they are blown away by the high winds which often prevail near the ocean.

Amongst other flowers which bloom at this season are three varieties of asters; white and yellow daisies; everlasting flowers; purple nightshades; monkey-flowers; wild fig; pink mallow; scarlet flame plant—and sometimes, though its proper season for blossoming is the spring, the beautiful California lilac crowns its deep green foliage with a few pale blue scented racemes.



"THE ONE ANGLE"

A LAY SERMON

By Armond

"OUR exaggeration of all fine characters arises from the fact that we identify each in turn with the soul. But there are no such men as we fable; nor Jesus, nor Pericles, nor Caesar, nor Angelo, nor Washington, such as we have made. * * * Human life and its persons are poor empirical pretensions. A personal influence is an ignis fatuus. If they say it is great, it is great. If they say it is small, it is small; you see it and you see it not, by turns; it borrows all its size from the momentary estimation of the speakers; the will-o'-the-wisp vanishes, if you go too near; vanishes if you go too far, and only blazes at one angle."—Emerson.

We make gods of our heroes and they stand, Colossus-like, where our admiration focuses, but drawing a little nearer or a little further away we see them as they really are. Then they fail us. From afar the magi journeyed to Bethlehem, but they never returned. It was not the "star in the East" that led them astray. They came too near and then went too far. They did not see the blaze of the Light from the "one angle." Their first survey was from the mountain of extravagant expectation. Their second survey was from the valley of disappointment. Always the one wrong view is as unsatisfying as the other. "Familiarity breeds contempt." The proper distance, which is the "one angle," "lends enchantment to the view." The mountain's caverned base and

gully and crevice-cleft sides are its own by nature, but from the one angle they are a pleasing, symmetrical whole bound together by mosses and flowers and ferns and evergreens, and the mountain stands grandly, nobly and heroically, a fitting type of sterling manhood.

To be without spot or blemish in all the winding ways of life's pilgrimage between the cradle and the grave is to be unnatural, to be a contradiction, to be a travesty. But the true man has fewer spots and blemishes to-day than he had yesterday. In the long ago, in the spring-time, the snow upon the hillside melted under the hot glare of the sun, and formed a lake of clear, crystal water in the little valley below. The sun beat upon the water and vaporized it until there remained only a fetid and noisome pool. In it lived and sported living things that were slimy and poisonous. A rose grew and blossomed upon the bank. It complained bitterly of the foulness of the water. And it gloried all the more in its own bright colors as it made comparison. One morning the rose, peering into the foul water, saw what was to it a hideous thing. It saw a dark, green compound of vegetable attributes that seemed to be the embodiment of all that was unwholesome in the foul pool. The next morning the rose saw that the hateful thing had reached above the water's level with its head all slime-covered and matted with foul scum. The rose bade the intruder go back into its home

of loathsomeness, and the intruder replied by leisurely throwing aside its outer garments and standing forth a lily as pure and as white as the driven snow, in the reflection of whose whiteness and purity spots black and hideous were revealed in the rose. Judge not.

There is no immortality in the universe, *per se*. We judge the righteousness of the conduct of others by our own righteousness, but good or bad as we may be, our descendants five thousand years hence will refer to all of us as the wicked and immoral people of the twentieth century. When whom we call the criminal evolves ethically to where he eschews murder because it is a sin and gains a livelihood by picking pockets, he is a better man than when he was a murderer. When he was a murderer he did not deem himself immoral, much less so when he became a pick-pocket. We call both the murderer and the pick-pocket immoral because we judge them by our own standard of morality. If the Almighty would apply His standard of morality to us, the distance that separates us from Him would be very many times greater than the distance we have established between ourselves and those we call immoral. Morality is merely a matter of education of the heart. Our social conventions and standard of commercial integrity are established for prudential reasons, and they conveniently shift, sand-like, to accommodate themselves to circumstances, nor are circumstances of themselves greater than we, except when we permit them to be greater for our convenience, or rather for an excuse for not accomplishing that which we know to be right.

The ethics of the Lord Christ abound in love, honesty and tenderness, but the person himself would be rejected by our ultra temperance folk because he drank wine, and our ultra social conventions would bar

him out of good society because he associated with publicans and sinners and others of spotted character. That is to say, our best society would not permit Jesus in its circle because he seemed to prefer the companionship of people far below its members in the social world. Yet if viewed and measured from the standpoint of the "one angle," his personality would satisfy the most exacting.

The dialects of one age become the classic speech of a subsequent age, but the manners and customs and conventions of yesterday are vulgarisms and unconventionalities today because we are viewing the Christ from a point nearer to the one angle, thus dialects and idealism harmonize at the cross-roads of ethical culture and soul aspiration where, if they became interdependent, they form a nursery of the best in man, which grows until the one angle is the one point of observation and conduct. Then the real Christ—the Christ principle—is truly the Comforter. Then Moses, Buddha, Plato, Pericles, Zoroaster, Marcus Aurelius and other Christs of God, are known and understood. Then viewer and viewed are identified with the Over Soul which dwells upon the apex of the one angle.

Clemence De La Baere happily illustrates in numerous fables the absurdity of viewing from the wrong angle: "Once on a time a beautiful bird of paradise was imported from India and exhibited in a town where it received the greatest admiration. When the native animals heard of this they resented it as an intrusion upon their privileges, and decided to call in a body upon the stranger so as to find out what all this ado was about. They approached the delicate foreigner informally and frowned at its graceful motions, sylph-like figure and display of tropical feathers. The ill-will which had brought them spurred them on, and as their jealous envy

could find no fault, they resorted to spite and sarcasm—ready weapons of the incompetent: 'Can you mew?' said the cat. 'Can you quack?' said the duck. 'Can you crow?' said the rooster. 'Can you bleat?' said the goat. 'Can you bray?' said the donkey. 'Can you croak?' said the frog. 'What is all that?' politely inquired the bright bird. 'Ha! Ha! Ha! He does not know anything! Come, let us go; we do not want to associate with a fool.'

"On their way home they accused the fine foreigner of all the ugly feelings which were in their own hearts."

The Buddhas and the Christs are asked the same questions by animal men whose viewpoint is obstructed

by the tangled foliage of jungle-born spirituality. "It is not your outward form which constitutes your being, but your mind; not the substance which is palpable to the senses, but your spiritual nature," says Africanus from the Milky Way in "The Dream of Scarpio." The one angle is spiritual, and the morning and the noon and the night of human life must be surveyed through the theodolite of the soul. It is with the soul of men and things that man must identify himself. The fable of the cross and of the loaves and fishes has an internal sense which is the root of the tree of knowledge and life, but it is the fruit of the tree that should concern us most, and humanity is the fruit.

HYPNOTISM

By Rev. A. J. Baden

FROM the very earliest times of which we have any historical record, there has always been recognized a power or influence, altogether apart from mere physical or physiological superiority, whereby certain men or bodies of men have been enabled to exercise authority, power or influence over their fellow men. For the most part, this peculiar faculty or power was ascribed to supernatural agencies, and its exercise was variously viewed with mingled sentiments of awe, reverence, detestation and dread. Following down the centuries, we arrive at length at the Christian era, the very beginning of which was accompanied by signs and wonders far exceeding in marvelousness the traditions of the earlier ages. These were soon followed by the mysterious miracles of the master himself, and so on

down to the year 1776, when Fred-
eric Antony Mesmer, a German physician, published a thesis on what is now called Mesmerism, or animal magnetism. Although there is considerable difference between Mesmerism and hypnotism, nevertheless, to Mesmer is undoubtedly due the credit of being the first to bring psychic phenomena to the notice of the more modern civilized world. Some years after his great discovery, Mesmer went to Paris, where, by the marvelous effects of his manipulations, and the wonderful cures effected thereby, he caused the greatest excitement. The people generally looked upon him as a benefactor, but the regular medical profession, as usual, regarded him as a quack. Mesmer demanded an investigation, which the Government granted, the result being that, while freely admitting the truth of Mes-

meric influence in general, they stoutly denied that magnetism, either animal or otherwise, had anything to do with it, but declared that the influence was merely subjective; in other words, the power of mind over matter was tacitly admitted.

It is to James Braid, a Manchester surgeon, that we owe the term "hypnotism," which is derived from a Greek word signifying sleep. He so named it because he found that by causing a person to gaze intently upon a bright object held in the open hand for some little time a kind of sleep was induced, during which phenomena could be produced in every way similar to those ascribed to the influence of so-called animal magnetism.

Hypnosis, or hypnotism, may be induced by three distinct methods, to wit: the physical, the suggestive and the magnetic, or Mesmeric method. The physical, or Braidian method, is brought about by purely physical action on the brain and nervous system through the physical senses, especially the sense of sight, as for example, looking fixedly at a definite object for an indefinite period, of longer or shorter duration, according to the susceptibility of the subject. By the suggestive method, hypnotism is induced by purely mental means, physical or physiological operations having, of necessity, nothing whatever to do with the matter. Suggestion is the presentation to the mind of an idea, and, hypnotically speaking, may be either mental or oral, or a combination of both. The magnetic, or Mesmeric method, is brought about solely by the will of the operator exercised upon peculiar properties which are, to a greater or less extent, inherent in all of us. The mode of operation consists in making "passes" with the hands over the body of the subject, from the top of the head downwards, gazing intently into the eyes, concentrating all the energies of the mind upon

the matter in hand, and resolutely willing the patient to sleep.

In order to insure hypnotic success in all cases it is absolutely necessary that the suggester should have the fullest possible belief in the efficacy of his suggestions. Without self-confidence on the part of the operator, little or no effect will be produced on the subject. But the human mind is also susceptible to suggestions of its own which, sometimes, are so much more powerful that they supercede the suggestions of another; in such cases, the efforts of the operator are rendered nugatory. In technical parlance, this inherent power is called "auto-suggestion," and either wittingly or unwittingly, on the part of the subject, is a most potent cause of failure on the part of the hypnotist to effect his purpose. Therefore, perfect passivity on the part of the former is just as necessary as mental efficiency on the part of the latter in order to secure the most complete success. The practical efforts of auto-suggestion will be more clearly demonstrated as we proceed with this article. In the normal state, the human mind can hardly be swayed against reason; but when under hypnotic influence is, or certain faculties thereof, are always amenable to suggestion; and the hypnotic subject will unreservedly accept any statement, and act up to any suggestion offered, no matter how absurd, or contrary to his normal experience it may be. But it is impossible to impress upon a subject a suggestion so strongly as to compel him to perform an act in utter violation of the settled principles of his whole life. Moreover, the symptoms of almost every disease may be induced, and even structural changes may be brought about merely by suggestion. Perfect health both of body and mind is the normal condition of every man, woman and child. Under hypnotic influence, this normal con-

dition may be changed into the abnormal; therefore, if this latter influence be brought to bear upon a person already in an abnormal or diseased condition, it should thereby be restored to the normal or healthy state. Ay! and so it can be by any one who thoroughly understands the principles and practice of hypnotism. Altogether apart from materialism or materialistic measures, there undoubtedly exists a faculty or power inherent in man whereby he is able to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow creatures, merely by mental suggestion, backed by the resolute exercise of the will; that power can also be controlled, directed and intelligently exercised whenever, wherever and howsoever it may be requisite. But in so far as mental healing is concerned, Mesmerism or animal magnetism is without doubt the most potent method, inasmuch as it employs not only mental and oral suggestion, but it also invokes the aid of that peculiar aura or influence which results from Mesmeric manipulations. In Mesmerism there is a most decided and unquestionable physical effect produced by the so-called Mesmeric passes, even in persons who are in a perfectly normal condition. Among many other proofs of this which might be adduced is a most interesting experiment made under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research of London—a society having among its members some of the most noted scientists of to-day, which has done, and it still doing, wonders towards the elucidation and furtherance of psychology as an exact and veritable science. Moreover, this society has branches in every part of the civilized world, and has already collated, demonstrated and substantiated a vast array of facts of inestimable value in furtherance of this great object. Its methods of investigation are strictly scientific, and no pains are spared in tracing

every phenomenon from its source to its ultimate conclusion; and nothing is accepted as proven until such proof has been demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt. In the experiment referred to, a man was completely blindfolded; his hands were then placed, palms down, flat upon a table, and his fingers extended as widely as possible. A mesmerist then made passes over several fingers, separately, taking great care that in so doing his own hands should be kept far enough away from those of the subject that no atmospheric or other influence produced by mere motion should indicate to the subject which fingers were being acted upon. In every instance the result was that those fingers which were mesmerized, and those only, were anaesthetized or deprived of sensation, the others remaining in a perfectly normal condition. The experiment was then carried still further, the hand of the mesmerist being guided by the hand of another person so that the former should not know which fingers were acted upon, the result being that no effect whatever was produced by the passes, thereby proving beyond the shadow of a doubt not only that physical effects were produced by the passes, but also that mesmeric influence could only be produced by the knowledge and will of the operator; in other words, that there is an aura or effluence emanating from a mesmerist, and that that effluence is controlled and directed by his will.

In the endeavor to hypnotise others, operators often become themselves hypnotised. A very decided instance of this is recorded in one of Braid's works on the subject of hypnotism. One day, a gentleman called upon the latter, earnestly desiring to be hypnotised, but Braid being busily engaged at the time, a friend who was present offered to supply his place; the applicant accepted the offer and sat

down. The operator began by fixedly gazing and pointing his finger at the eyes of the subject. By-and-bye, Braid himself appeared upon the scene, and perceiving how matters stood, found the operator fast asleep, his arm and finger in a state of cataleptiform rigidity, and the subject wide awake and staring at the finger all the while. Every successful operator must more or less become hypnotised in order that he may be en rapport with his subject; but of course not to the extent just described, but partial hypnosis is absolutely necessary before telepathy can be fully established. Telepathy is the communion of subjective minds or souls, and it is the normal means of communication between them. There is no doubt whatever but that subjective minds or souls of men do hold communion with another without either of them being actually cognizant of the fact. Among near and dear relations, this is a common experience; hence, the "warnings" of sickness, death, or some such special happenings one so often hears, or reads about; such souls are said to be en rapport. So also in hypnotism; the mind or soul of the operator and his subject should be en rapport; in which case suggestions are much more easily made and much more effectively received. Distance sets no limits to the effects of telepathic communications, and does not act as an adverse agent in modifying its effects. A very pertinent paragraph picked up a few days ago is so very apropos that I cannot forego the pleasure of quoting it: "The science of telepathy, which was ridiculed by the scientific world only a few years ago is rapidly gaining ground, and statements which would have been considered absurd at the end of the nineteenth century appear perfectly natural at the beginning of the twentieth. And after all, is there anything antagonistic to reason in the idea of telepathy? May not two

brains which vibrate in unison several miles apart be moved by one and the same psychical force as well as two etheric waves be moved in unison by a physical force? May not the emotional force of the brain travel through the ether in the same manner as attraction and strike the brain just as a sound through a room makes the chords of a piano or violin vibrate? This is still a mystery to-day, but the unknown of yesterday is the truth of to-morrow."

Faith, also, is an essential prerequisite to complete hypnotic success, especially from a therapeutic point of view. Even the Christ himself admitted the fact, giving as a reason for non success the absence of sufficient faith; such faith is equally essential both on the part of the operator and that of his subject. The faith required for successful hypnotic experiments is of a purely subjective character, and is easily attainable merely by the abeyance of active objective faith; therefore, perfect passivity is prerequisite to complete success—in other words, passive submission to the suggestions of the operator. Passivity merely means the suspension of the activity of the purely objective, or physical, mind for the purpose of permitting the subjective or spiritual mind to receive impressions and act upon them. Natural sleep is the most perfectly passive condition obtainable; therefore, it is the very best time to telepathically transmit suggestions, and such suggestions may be communicated through the will of the operator just before going to sleep. Moreover, therapeutic suggestions imparted during sleep invariably result also in favor of the healer, the power of auto-suggestion being just as potent in one's own case as in that of an outside subject. Every one can control by suggestion the operations of his own subjective mind, even though that suggestion be in

direct contravention of his own objective belief or even against reason and sense, if strong enough. By this means, any one may not only cure himself of disease, but what is of at least equal importance, he can also prevent or ward off disease. Auto-suggestion embraces not only the assertions of the objective mind, addressed to his own subjective mind, but also his habits of thought and the settled principles of his whole life, and the more deeply these are rooted the stronger and more potent will be the auto suggestions, and the more difficult to be overcome by the contrary suggestions of another.

There is a very general impression abroad that hypnotism in the hands of unscrupulous persons might be productive of very serious consequences, especially in reference to the commission of crime. Such notions, however, can only be held by such as know little or nothing of either subject itself, or of the natural laws which govern its operations. Auto-suggestion is at least equal in potency to the suggestions of another; and whenever counter suggestions are offered the strongest will always prevail. The individual character and habits of the subject have everything to do with the case. The more repulsive the suggestion, the stronger will be the resistance; anything contrary to the usual habits of the subject will also be strongly resisted. Surroundings also play a most important part. Exposure to ridicule is greatly resisted by a great many. In short, the more repugnant the suggestion the stronger will be the resistance, especially when it is known or even suspected, to be really wrong. Conflicting suggestions cause confusion in the mind of the subject, and almost invariably re-

store him to normal conditions. The question as to whether hypnotism can or cannot be used as the instigator to the commission of crime, must, therefore, entirely depend upon the character of each individual subject; the same may be said regarding its successful employment for criminal purposes. A criminal subject may be induced to commit crime by a criminal hypnotist, but a virtuous subject—never. Abundance of proof in support of this assertion could be adduced, assertions to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding. The moral tone of the subject under genuine hypnotic influence is always elevated. The whole manner appears to undergo a thorough refinement; the animal propensities seem to be more or less in abeyance, while the moral and intellectual faculties are generally exalted, sometimes even to a most remarkable degree; the expression of the countenance and even the voice are changed. In short, the subject appears to be an altogether changed individual, and that change always for the better. This is particularly true as regards women. A virtuous woman under hypnotic influence often exhibits an appearance so purely spiritual as to disarm the intent of the most brutal sensualist. In short, there is no well-authenticated instance on record in which a virtuous woman has been violated while under hypnotic influence who would not have suffered in the same way under ordinary circumstances. Instigation to suicide has often been cited as easily accomplished by hypnotism. So far from this being the case, exactly the opposite is true, and for various reasons well known and understood by every one who thoroughly understands the subject of hypnotism.

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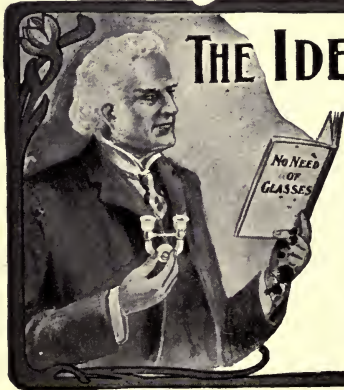
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This is a picture of an automatic machine for selling 5-cent pencils.

It pays no rent, and works night and day and holidays. It keeps no books, requires no clerk, takes no bad money, cheats no one.

It will stand on a pedestal in every busy place: in schools, colleges, universities, public buildings, libraries, depots, hotels, news blocks, stock exchanges, newspaper offices, street-cars, department stores, ocean steamships, and other places numerous to mention.

You drop in a good nickel, and out comes a fine Dixon pencil, opened and ready for use and rubber-tipped—a good pencil and money.

If you accidentally drop in a penny, a dime, a \$5 gold piece or a 10-cent nickel, the machine hands back the money.

It is the only slot-machine in the world that does not cheat or cheat you.

You can't work it with a slug—no use trying.

The pencils it sells cost 1 cent and sell for 5 cents.

The white space you see on the machine carries advertisements that roll around when you pull the lever.

These advertising spaces sell for \$1 each a month.

There are six of these spaces on each machine.

The machines cost about \$10 each to build.

They are leased for \$50 each to managers all over the United States.

The profit will be tremendous—figure it out for yourself.

Now remember this: Years from now you will tell your friends that you remember when the company was starting

offered its stock for sale to YOU at \$50 a share.

If you want some of this stock and can't pay cash—all right; you can buy it on easy payments, from me.

DON'T SAY YOU ARE TO POOR—THAT'S WHY YOU ARE MAIN POOR. DO SOMETHING TO MERIT WEALTH.

Wealth doesn't like poor people—never did. Get into a groove when it is poor, and get rich with it.

This company is going to try to make its stockholders rich—of them.

It is hoped to put out 400,000 machines. The profits from these machines will be millions.

You have figured the profits; figure them again.

Do YOU want some of this money? Then get some stock—get it NOW.

The machines by actual test sell more than 10 pencils a day.

They were tested in hotels, depots, business blocks, offices and stores.

The United States government protects slot-machines that are for sale, but prohibits gambling slot-machines.

This machine doesn't gamble—it sells a necessity.

It will be welcomed wherever civilized people live—people who use pencils.

Let This Machine Make a Living for You

"He who is too negligent to investigate an opportunity for making money ought never to have money, and he usually doesn't have it."

I am herewith offering to you through the OVERLAND MONTHLY, an opportunity to buy from me some shares in the UNITED STATES PENCIL VENDING COMPANY, owners of a machine destined to drive away poverty, and bring wealth to its stockholders. Many OVERLAND MONTHLY readers investigated, and purchased stock. They learned that I told the facts, and that the proposition was even better than I had stated. They had faith in me, and confidence in the machine.

I did not urge them to buy. I never do that. I state what I have to say, and then let my client decide.

I stated then that the stock WOULD ADVANCE; and I state it again.

The present price is \$50 a share, par value \$100. To those whose credit is good, I also extend the benefit of my easy payment plan. You have NO EXCUSE for not owning one or more shares of this excellent stock.

It is THE BEST I have ever associated my name with. There has never yet been a financial failure in the slot machine business. All make money, and this one will make more than any of its predecessors.

Read these facts relating to the Company:

It is the only machine of the kind in the world, and the only machine to sell lead pencils. It has a monopoly—is a small trust in itself.

It is patented.

The company owes no debts.

The company has its stock of pencils on hand, and paid for. It has cash in the First National Bank of Los Angeles. It has discounted its bills. It is a company that has no skeleton in the closet. It is a clean company.

The company has money in it. Figure it out again and see.

Now isn't it a sensible proposition?

Selling pencils hurts only the blind beggar. Share your dividends with the blind man when the business begins to hurt him and pay you.

You can see the sense in a machine to sell pencils. Write to me about the machine and ask questions.

This company is all right. It was started right, and has grown steadily better ever since.

There are 100 shares for sale at \$50 each.

So don't delay too long—wise people act quickly. Look this matter up, and write me at once.

Think of the fortunes made out of thousands of inventions since that of Fulton's steamboat during the days of your grandfather.

ALL GOOD THINGS ARE INVENTIONS; SOME ONE MAKES THE PROFIT OUT OF THEM. WHY DON'T YOU SHARE IN A GOOD INVENTION?

This pencil company will be a big profit payer. It will make thousands of dollars.

Some men claim that a share selling for \$50 today will some fine day be worth a thousand dollars. Looks sensible too, doesn't it? Anyway it will be worth hundreds.

The sewing machine stock sold at \$5; it is worth \$2000. The cash register stock sold at \$5; it is worth \$1000, and other inventions have made still greater advances.

For instance, the telephone and electric light, the chewing-gum slot-machine, and the peanut slot-machine.

Now don't put this off. Get in a hurry, and investigate this proposition. If it looks good to you, send me your check, and I will send you the stock.

Someone is going to buy it. I want YOU to thank me some day for interesting you in it. If you want it, all right. If not, other OVERLAND MONTHLY readers will buy it. If you want money, I have now given you the opportunity to make it.

I have said all I can think of to say about this investment. If I could think of anything more, I would print it in this advertisement. I have given you fair WARNING that this stock will advance, and that I have very little for sale.

So send your order in AT ONCE



This stock is of such a creditable nature that I am proud to stand behind it and offer it to my personal friends and clients, through OVERLAND MONTHLY, believing that it will earn more money than any other investment I know of, and in the shortest possible time.

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You are now invited to become identified with a big gem mine that promises to rival the famous Kimberley mines of South Africa. It is better than a gold mine, and it means an income for life.

These mines are located in California—San Diego County—and by getting in now at the inception you will help to build up another mammoth California industry. Every California gem that is worn is a beautiful and permanent advertisement for the glorious state of California. Fill in a coupon and send it to us today. Call and see us if you can—do it now.

This is the Property

The Mesa Grande Tourmaline and Gem Company's property consists of 784 acres of land at Mesa Grande, San Diego County, Cal., and about fifty miles distant from the City of San Diego.

Upon this property is located the largest and most valuable deposits of Tourmalines so far discovered in the world. The property is in such good condition as regards handling that in comparison to any business proposition we can offer you better terms and conditions than are usually given.

We predict that the Mesa Grande Tourmaline and Gem Company will, in a few years, be the greatest independent enterprise in the entire west—where big things are the rule and not the exception.

\$100 may Make You Rich

You can't figure the profits. You can buy one share of stock for \$100 cash or \$105 on installments. Par value \$100, full paid and forever non-assessable. If you can't pay cash you can pay \$25 down and \$10 per month for eight months. Let your savings work for you and help build up an honest industry. Buy as many shares as you can possibly afford, but anyway get one share and get it now. Tomorrow may be too late. We want every client of this office and every one of our friends to have at least one share of this stock and there are only a few hundred shares to be sold. Fill in the coupon. Do it now!

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Druid Priests gathering mistletoe for the Christmas festival.



Christmas—Wide awake at 6 A. M.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XLVI December, 1905 No. 6.

CHRISTMAS---ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Rev. Dr. A. B. Jenner

CHRISTMAS is rather the commemoration of an event than the celebration of any particular day. The event commemorated is the birth of Jesus the Christ; but the exact day on which he was born is not known, and never will be known by any man or woman now living, or whoever will live on this terrestrial sphere. But although the actual birthday is unknown, the religious significance of the festival remains the same, and is appreciated as such by all good Christians.

The discussions as to the exact day of the Nativity have been both loud and long; sermons innumerable have been preached, and numberless treatises written concerning it; the reasons for assigning December 25th as the precise date have also been both manifold and multi-form; but all to no purpose, at least in so far as arriving at any degree of certainty is concerned. The nearest approach to a common sense view of the matter is that expressed by Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest astronomers, mathematicians and philosophers who have

ever lived, who was born on December 25, 1642, who said: "A good parallel is to be found in the Brumalia (a Roman festival held about this time) when the sun, then in the winter solstice, was, as it were, born anew, even as Christ, the 'Sun of Righteousness,' then dawned upon the world." Be all this as it may, it is quite certain either that Jesus the Christ was not born on December 25th, or the circumstances attending his birth as recorded in the Gospels are both incompatible and inconsistent with the truth, the two together being utterly irreconcilable.

The birth of the Christ most probably took place at some time in the autumn; either late in September, or during the month of October, or early in November at the latest.

Besides, even from the very earliest times, this event has not always been commemorated on the self-same day. Formerly, by some, it was celebrated on January 1st, and by others on January 6th, and thus combining and connecting the Nativity and the Epiphany. Again, originally, most of the annual eccle-

siastical festivals were fixed at cardinal points of the year; which may be another reason why the date of the Nativity was fixed at the Winter solstice, the exact date being utterly unknown. Moreover, people of nearly every nation and religion held high festival at this season of the year; and as Christianity spread among the nations, the primitive teachers, finding it extremely difficult to wean their converts from their accustomed usages, very probably, as a mere matter of expediency, engrafted many of them on those of Christianity. Furthermore, the festivities of the Roman Saturnalia became intermingled with those observed in Britain by the ancient Druids, and ancient customs practiced by the Germans and Scandinavians, at the Winter solstice, combined, constitute our Christmas festivities as we have them to-day.

Christmas, properly speaking, begins on Christmas eve, December 24th, and ends on "Twelfth Night," on January 6th.

For a description of the observance of both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day "in ye olden tyme," we want none more graphic or concise than that given by Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion," which is here transcribed as follows:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.

The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village maiden choose.

The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair,'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
The general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

"Christmas Day."

"The fire with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The large hall table's shining face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No marks to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blythely trowls;
Here the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pye;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry masquers in
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see,
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;

But, oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half as light.
England was 'merrie England' when
Old Christmas brought his sports
again.

'Twas Christmas brewed with
mightiest ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest
tale;

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half
the year."

The hanging of the mistletoe and

found, was gathered with great solemnity. The arch-Druid, or chief priest, arrayed in a white robe, and standing upon the broad back of a white bull, with a golden knife, cut this precious parasite, which was found adhering to the oak—the Druidical sacred tree. In this situation, the plant was always more or less rare, but now it has become so much more so that it can scarcely be found on an oak. It could always be found adhering to the wild crab-apple tree, which was indige-



Hunting for more Christmas candy.

the burning of the yule log always were, and still are, two of the most constant concomitants of Christmas festivities. The first of these originated in Britain. In olden times, at the Winter solstice, the ancient Britons, accompanied by their priests, the Druids, went out in great state in search of mistletoe, which was regarded by them with the utmost veneration, and when

nous to England, but this was not held in such high honor as that which was procured from the oak. When enough mistletoe was collected, the bull was sacrificed, and the plant was subdivided, and portions of it were distributed among the several dwellings.

Nowadays, it is almost wholly procured from apple trees, and several English counties, especially

Gloucestershire, supply large quantities of it, which are sent to London, and thence distributed all over the country.

Many mysterious qualities were formerly ascribed to this peculiar parasite, but its most potent modern attribute consists in the liberty which it confers on any man to kiss any woman whom he can catch beneath a bough of it, and it goes without saying that its consummation is a source of infinite amusement.

The burning of the yule log was derived from the Scandinavians, who kindled huge fires in honor of the god Thor, at the feast of Juul, or Jul, at the Winter solstice. In olden times the bringing in and placing upon the hearth of the yule log was a matter of much ceremony; and the kindling was always accomplished by setting fire to a portion of the last year's log, which had been saved specially for that purpose.

The Christmas tree originated in Germany, and was introduced into England by Prince Albert, the husband of the late Queen Victoria, and as it may readily be supposed, such an introduction secured for it immediate adoption, so that almost at once it became nearly as common a Christmas concomitant as any of a much more ancient date. Its introduction into America was also of German origin.

Almost all of our other Christmas usages were derived from the Saturnalia, a Roman festival held in honor of Saturn, to whom, among many other things, was attributed the introduction of agriculture, and falling as it did at a time when all agricultural labors were fully completed, this great festival was celebrated as a sort of universal "harvest home," and was observed by people of all classes as a period of absolute rest from ordinary work of every kind, and devoted entirely to joyous re-

creation and unrestrained merriment.

The origin of the Saturnalia is entirely lost amid the mists of the most remote antiquity. The whole of the month of December was dedicated to Saturn, but the Saturnalia proper was confined to one day only—December 16th, which, however, was subsequently changed to December 17th, but the merry making usually lasted at least seven days, one of which (*dies juvenalis*) was especially devoted to children; hence the peculiar significance of our Christmas for children and young people generally.

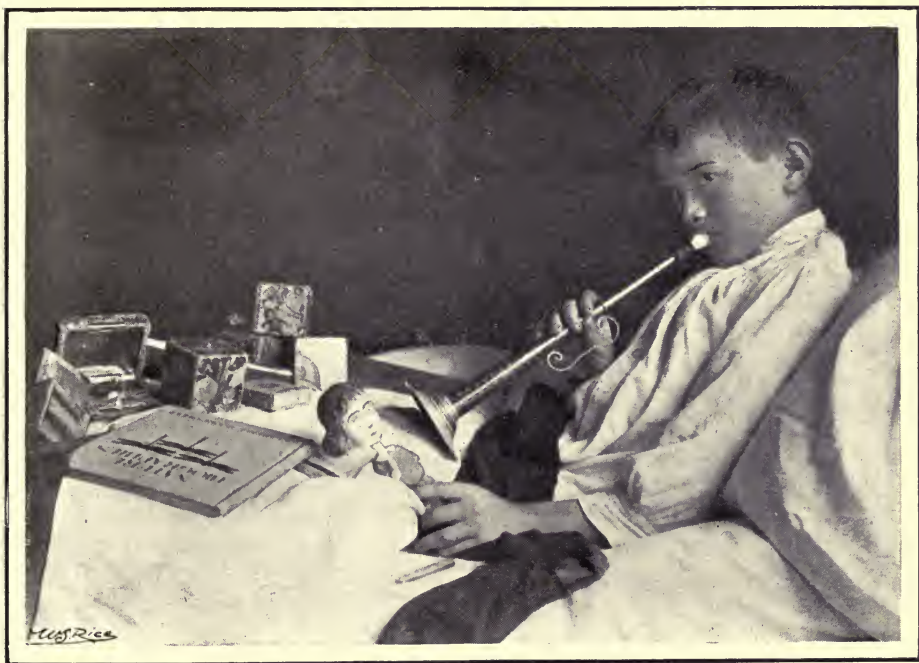
The festival of the Saturnalia began with public sacrifice in front of the temple of Saturn in the Forum; this was followed by the great public banquet (*convivium publicum*) at which the toga was relinquished and the "synthesis" or dinner dress was worn, and people of all classes devoted themselves to feasting and mirth. Crowds thronged the streets shouting: "To Saturnalia," which is equivalent to our "Merry Christmas," and so also in our own day, wherever Episcopacy prevails, Christmas Day is always begun with divine services in the churches, which are soon followed by the "Christmas Dinner," par excellence, during which, as everybody knows, the utmost freedom and jollity prevail.

During the Saturnalia, no public business of any kind was transacted, law courts were closed, and the various schools kept holiday. Special indulgences were also granted to slaves; they were relieved from all ordinary labor, and permitted to wear the "pileus," or badge of freedom; they were also allowed full freedom of speech, and every sort of restraint was wholly removed, and attired in clothes belonging to their masters, they also partook of a sumptuous feast, at which they were waited upon at table by their masters in person.

Somewhat similar customs formerly prevailed at Christmas during feudal times in England and Europe. The baron, his family, and all his retainers, met on terms of perfect equality in the great baronial hall, and indulged in feasting and wassail to their heart's content. To a great extent the same sort of thing is customary at some of the great houses and noble halls to this present day. The master of the household, his family and servants,

during the intervening six or seven days the masters have to shift for themselves, thus causing much inconvenience and discomfort, which, however, is for the most part anticipated and provided for.

"Snap Dragon" was a very favorite amusement during the Saturnalia, and while it was in progress all other lights were put out, so that the lurid glare of the burning spirit may exercise to its fullest extent its weird effect. As everybody



Christmas morning—the invalid.

meet on terms of perfect equality; all ordinary restraints being wholly laid aside, and after sumptuous feasting, frolic and fun of all sorts is freely indulged.

There is a curious custom, common in the county of Cheshire, in England, however, which is somewhat at variance with the state of things above mentioned, wherein servants engage themselves from New Year's Eve to Christmas Day, thereby rendering it necessary that

knows, snap dragon is one of the favorite amusements at Christmas, even up to the present time, and is provocative of much merriment, especially among the young folks. There seems to be but little doubt that in this amusement we retain not only a festive feature of the Saturnalia, but also a trace of the fire-worship of the ancient Druids, and perhaps also of the ordeal by fire of the Middle Ages.

Small images (sigillaria) made

either of dough or baked clay, were especially characteristic of the Saturnalia, and closely correspond with the "Yule dough," or cake, in the shape of a baby or small image made of dough, which was formerly baked at Christmas and presented by the bakers to their customers. Colored Christmas candles were also made by the chandlers, and in like manner were presented to their customers at Christmas. Christmas presents generally also originated in the Saturnalia.

There was also another custom common at this Roman festival, which exactly corresponds with one which is practiced by us up to the present day, and is the characteristic amusement of "Twelfth Night," and is productive of much fun and merriment; to wit, the election of a mock king. In England both a king and a queen are elected. After tea, a "twelfth cake" is produced, and two bowls, containing respectively the male and female characters, such as king, queen, ministers of State, maids of honor, ladies in waiting, etc. These are printed on small slips of paper, and so folded that the nature of the character thereon cannot be seen. These slips are then drawn by the several members of the company present, and each person is expected to play his or her part till midnight. Undoubtedly, this custom gave rise to the election of the "Lord of Misrule," in England and the "Abbot of Unreason" in Scotland. When entering upon his office, the Lord of Misrule absolved his subjects of their wisdom, leav-

ing them just sense enough to make fools of themselves, a privilege of which they freely and fully availed themselves.

Masquerading was always much in vogue among the Roman people, but especially during the Saturnalia, when men and women respectively assumed the attire of the opposite sex, the result of which can be much more easily imagined than described. This was the origin of the masquers and mummers who went about from house to house acting masques and other ridiculous plays, the myth of St. George and the Dragon being an especial favorite.

Whether we look at the matter from a religious or purely secular point of view, Christmas is pre-eminently a season of gladness and general rejoicing, and prompted by the spirit of the time, we are animated by a sense of charity and feelings of good will towards all mankind. Christmas is also an anniversary around which gather sweet memories of our childhood and recollections of happy moments associated with the days and years that are past, and in wishing one another a "Merry Christmas," we either desire to perpetuate such thoughts in those who are like-minded with ourselves or to impart them to such as have never experienced them. Actuated by such sentiments as these, then, let us hope that each of us, according to his or her idea of happiness, may enjoy a right merry Christmas ourselves, and do all we can to help all those who are in need to do likewise.



THE LAST MASS IN DOLORES

By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

SPRING was descending like a benediction. The soft, rolling hills were changing from russet-brown to yellow-green, and a purple haze hung over the city, meeting and mingling with the opalescent fog which rose from the smooth blue bay that lay like a slab of Lapis lazuli between the engirdling hills.

In a peaceful environment, hemmed in and protected from trade-winds and fogs by the sheltering hills, stood the little Mission of Dolores, as white as alabaster amidst the monochrome of dingy tenements that vandal hands had built well-nigh up to its venerable walls. On an adjacent street electric cars were passing, and among the more progressive members of the parish there was secret talk of building a modern church to take the place of the old adobe Mission, founded by the Spanish Fathers, before the seven barren sand dunes which they named Yerba Buena, held more than the embryo of San Francisco. About the beautiful little Mission grew a settlement of Spaniards and Mexicans, the descendants of whom still cling to the vicinage of the Mother-Mission, and live on the ground their fore-fathers chose.

Progress was encroaching; still the Mission stood undesecrated—overlooked, in its churchyard peaceful with the peace of the departed, melancholy with the melancholy of the forgotten. The marble stones were weather-beaten, and the wooden head-boards were stained with mildew and mould. A weeping willow grew at the corner of the

yard, between the church wall and the fence, and its pendent branches hung in garlands to the ground.

Here, when the twilight fell, came a venerable figure clad in robes of black. The children of the neighborhood watched his slow progress from his humble cottage near-by to this consecrated ground, with reverence, for they knew that Father Joaquin was going to visit his graves.

By day he succored the sick and the poor, though he was both sick and poor himself, and with the coming of the twilight he passed among the graves in the deserted churchyard, and said Ave Marias and paternosters for the souls of the forgotten dead. With them he wished to be buried, beneath the graceful weeping willow, close to the wall in his Mission, though no one was now laid to rest in that neglected graveyard of the past. The Mission, ancient like himself, was a part of him, and he was a part of the Mission. The oldest of his flock could not recall the time when he had not officiated at its altar, and women grown coarse with age told of the day when, in white veils, they had received their first Holy Communion from Father Joaquin. They all loved him well, and marked with sorrow that as the spring budded, his feeble steps became more laborious and his wasted face more pallid and transparent.

One evening at the usual hour, Father Joaquin made his way falteringly among his graves. He lingered lovingly beneath the newly-leaved tree, a sweet pensiveness on his pure old face. His calm eyes

rested on the white wall rising from out the tangle of juicy grass. His Mission was his heart—his life.

"How bravely you have stood," he thought, "while generations christened at your font lie buried beneath the shadow of your cross. We have stood together; together we have grown old; together we are passing. Our time is nearly come."

As he raised his eyes heavenward the cross surmounting the roof seemed to quiver against the sky.

He was dizzy from weakness, and he tottered as he stood.

"Not long, not long," he murmured, smiling, and gently nodding his head.

Then turning from the dead to the living, he moved painfully out of the graveyard into the street, and thence to the house of an old invalid where he left words of comfort and a few small coins.

"Aye, Father," said the sufferer, noticing his decrepitude, "you think too much of others. You look sick yourself."

"No, not sick," he answered, "but my work is nearly done."

And with a blessing he passed out.

This visit had delayed him, and when he reached his cottage it was past the time when Marie, the old Mexican woman, laid his frugal supper. A light streamed from the window.

"Marie is thoughtful," he said.

Entering the small, bare hall, he saw a group of men in the room reserved for company.

"Father, we have been waiting for you. It is late, is it not, for you to be out?" said one, advancing.

There was a certain constraint in his manner—the outward demonstration of inward confusion.

Father Joaquin knew them all. They were his "children"—members of his congregation.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting when you wanted me.

There is nothing wrong, I trust?"

The men exchanged glances; then with hesitancy he who had first spoken, began:

"Father, we have come to tell you of a change."

He broke off, twirling his hat in his hands, and tracing imaginary figures on the floor with the toe of his high-heeled Mexican boot.

Father Joaquin nodded, and silently waved his hand.

—"A change, Father, of which you, being wise, will approve. It has been decided—aye, that is—we have raised the money to build a new church."

Father Joaquin half-rose, a look of agony stamped his blanched face, then he sank back with a faint moan, trembling and clutching at the arm of his chair.

After a struggle he nodded again.

"We propose," continued the speaker, "to repair the Mission, and preserve it as a curiosity."

There was something in the old priest's look more awful than any spoken rebuke, which made further speech impossible. The committee withdrew embarrassed, leaving him as impassive as the images of the saints on the altar that he loved. His head sank on his breast and through his brain beat these words:

"Have raised the money * * * * to build a new church * * * preserve the Mission as a curiosity."

He was faint; a rush of unformed emotions bewildered him; a mighty fire seemed to rage in his head, but his hands and feet were icy cold.

Marie appeared at the door.

"Father, supper is on the table."

"Aye!" he answered in a hollow, broken voice, "you need not wait, Marie."

And she left, as was her custom after serving the humble meal.

The little oil lamp burned out, and he sat stupified for hours in the dark. At midnight he started up, and groping his way through the gloom, passed out into the night.

He glided through the mist to the church, with a strength of spirit rather than of body. With bowed head he crossed the threshold of the Mission, and making the sign of the cross, dropped down on bended knees before the altar. Then, with feverish haste, he lit the candles, and their flickering radiance cast a mellow glow over his silver hair and kindled into a deeper rose the flush that was burning in his cheeks. As the tapers flared and waned, the Christ on the cross above the Sacrament seemed to writhe, and the images of the saints appeared to be playing a solemn game of hide and seek.

Father Joaquin moved through the shadow and began to search for something which dangled from above. He clutched it with tremulous eagerness, and tugged wildly at the mouldering rope, but no sound came, save the straining of the cord and the low shivering moan of the wind.

A shower of dust fell from overhead; the old chimes of Dolores had not been disturbed for many years.

He paused, panting painfully, and his blue lips moved. Then slowly straightening his bowed shoulders, he grasped the rope with renewed strength, and lifting his feet from the floor, he swung his whole weight on the rotting cord.

A peal of melody burst from above. A sobbing, laughing, reverberating swell of sound. It shook the ancient building, it throbbed and beat and saturated the heavy midnight air. What if the metal throat was cracked; what if the tongues were rusty with disuse and age? The soul of Father Joaquin lashed the bells into life—into ripples and

streams and floods of all-pervading harmony.

Some sleepers started, listened, and slept again. No one went to find out why the chimes of Dolores were ringing that night.

The last echo faded into stillness. A bright light shone in the old priest's dim eyes, a lofty smile softened the wrinkles round his mouth.

Mounting the altar he brought forth his prayer book, and in resonant tones began to chant the mass. His low, sweet voice was clear and true, and its perfect cadence rang in measured rhythm until at last, the beautiful service finished, he stretched forth his arms in one last gesture of devotion, and with a look so intense that his life seemed to go out in it, he gazed round the little Mission as a departing parent gazes on his child.

* * * *

When some devout worshiper entered the Mission in the early morning, he found Father Joaquin lifeless before the crucifix where he had fallen.

People said, when they saw him, that his was the face of a saint, and there was much whispering among the old women of how the angels rang the chimes when Father Joaquin's soul entered heaven.

He was laid to rest in the little churchyard close by the crumbling wall of Dolores, under the shelter of the weeping willow tree. A mouldy slab marks his grave, untended and uncared for by those whom he loved. But the birds sing anthems in the tree overhead, and the wild poppies and the grass deck the humble mound.

The new church now rises just beyond, but the protecting wall of Dolores still stands between.



His Boots

by

Capt. J. A. Leckwood.

IT was Christmas morning at Fort Laramie. The good-natured Irish Quartermaster-Sergeant of B troop was issuing clothing to recruits. As he tossed Private Moonface his new top boots he remarked jocosely:

"Them's a Christmas present from Uncle Sam, 'rookey.'"

The recruit caught them and grinned from ear to ear of his broad face.

An hour later, wearing his brand-new, yellow-trimmed uniform, with brass buttons, five in a row, and his cavalry boots—the pride of his heart—Private Moonface set forth on foot from the fort to the frontier town, distance three miles as the crow flies, but somewhat longer by the trail.

It is an easy walk for a country-lad.

The object of the walk? A girl, of course.

Girls who won't look at "dough-boys" and despise civilians cast goo-goo eyes at cavalymen in high boots.

Moonface had been told this by old "non corns" who ought to know. At all events he believed it, and gazed down with solemn satisfaction at his boots as he walked.

Half-way between the fort and the town the railroad crosses the trail. Trains come along at all hours. Sometimes they whistle, as they ought to, to give warning of their approach. Oftener they rush by without whistling.

When Moonface, absorbed in thoughts of his boots and his girl, reached the track, one of the trains which didn't whistle was about to cross the track.

Alas, poor Moonface! He never reached the town with his boots, and for aught I know to the contrary, his girl is waiting for him yet!

They picked him up from where the train struck him, some jolly young lieutenants driving back to the fort half an hour later. He was unconscious as they lifted him up tenderly, with manly tears in their eyes. It was a sight to make even a soldier misty about the eyes, for his legs were cut off "clean as a whistle" just below the knees!

They drove back to the fort and took him to the hospital, where the surgeon took charge of him and dressed his wounds.

Gradually he regained consciousness.

"Oh, don't leave them! Don't leave them!" he cried, pointing down to where his feet should have been. Then he swooned again.

One of the surgeons remembered hearing, as a medical student, that men who have lost their limbs, sometimes for days afterwards feel imaginary or sympathetic pains in the missing members. He sent for the legs of poor Moonface. They were brought to the hospital. Shortly afterwards Moonface again awoke

from his stupor.

He asked of the surgeon who was standing near, pointing below his knees:

"Did you fetch 'em, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes," said the kindly surgeon, "they are taken care of; they will be buried. Then you won't feel any more pains in them."

"It's not the legs I'm after, doctor—it's my Christmas present—it's the boots," cried Moonface.

The boots were finally brought to him. Caressing them tenderly, poor Moonface fell asleep.

O, THOU COMPASSIONATE

By May-Ethelyn Bourne

How deeply comforting the tender phrase,
Thy greater attributes seem merged in this—
Through all life's long and dark and weary maze,
Thou art Compassionate.

To God of Justice and of Power we turn
When wrong or devastating blow cuts deep;
And yet in daily struggle needs must yearn
For one Compassionate.

In limits of our souls we live, alone,
And e'en our nearest may not understand;
But all "the household jar within" is known
To thee, Compassionate.

Thou know'st the many sorrows of the day;
Wide longing, narrow opportunity—
We bring life's broken toys, as children may,
To one Compassionate.

We may have blundered grievously and long,
Darkened Thy world we might have made so
bright,
Still Thou doth heal the heartache and the wrong,
O, Thou Compassionate!



CHRISTMAS IN YE OLDEN TYME

By A. J. Baden

IT was on a Christmas eve, and a beautifully bright moonlit night, but extremely cold, that a big family sleigh drew up in front of a large, old-fashioned house, situated on its own grounds, in the vicinity of Boston, and known, for miles around, as "Stoneham's Place." Besides the driver, the occupants of the sleigh were a man, a woman and four children. The sleigh had hardly stopped ere the front door of the house was opened by John Stoneham himself, or "Old John," as he was familiarly called. He had opened the door in person, to welcome George, his youngest son and his family, who had come, as usual, to spend Christmas with the "old folks at home."

For many generations past, it had been a rule with this family to celebrate the Christmas festivities in the real old English style, and this rule had been handed down from generation to generation, and rigidly observed up to the time when this story begins.

One of the most ancient and beautiful customs of old-fashioned Christmastide was the assembling of all the various branches of the family under the paternal roof on Christmas day, and it was in accordance with this good old custom that George Stoneham had come with his family to spend Christmas at the home of his ancestors.

As soon as the party had entered the house, they were immediately

ushered into the "Family Hall," where a goodly company were already assembled. The yule log (which according to ancient custom had been duly lighted with a brand which had been carefully preserved from the last year's firing) burned brightly on the genial hearth, spreading both heat and light over the spacious apartment. Cordial Christmas greetings and loving embraces were mutually exchanged by the older folks, but the hugging and kissing among the children was a sight which gladdened the heart, and when once seen was never forgotten.

The arrival of George and his family completed the Christmas group. Every member of the family was now present, and a happy and numerous assemblage indeed they were. This Christmas gathering consisted of jolly "Old John," and his genial dame; his bachelor brother, George, and Ann and Sarah Wilson, the maiden sisters of Mrs. Stoneham. There were also his three sons, John, Stephen and George, with their respective wives and families, and his two daughters, Jane and Mary, with their husbands and children, making in all thirty-five, twenty of whom were children, the latter ranging in age from eighteen to three years.

On each side of the spacious hearth was a capacious, high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair, in one of which sat jolly "Old John," and in the other his bonny old wife; the others were scattered in groups about the room, laughing, talking and in other ways enjoying themselves. Everybody was happy. What could be more delightful than to witness such a gathering as this—a happy family circle, around the Christmas hearth?

Soon after the arrival of George and his family supper was announced, and all betook themselves to the great dining hall, which was warmed by a blazing fire, and light-

ed with waxen candles, set in scones around the walls. It was profusely decorated with holly and evergreens, and a bunch of genuine mistletoe hung over the entrance door, and the kissing of the girls as they passed under it was a sight to gladden the heart and freshen the memory, the astonishment of the unwary, and for the most part un-availing, attempts of the knowing ones to escape, were also the cause of much amusement and merriment. On a large oaken sideboard, one at each end, were two immense candlesticks, in which were set two enormous Christmas candles, made of genuine wax, which were always lighted on Christmas eve.

In this spacious hall were two long oaken tables, one of which was placed across the upper end, and the other down the middle of the room, leaving a wide space between them. In the center of the upper table, and at the lower end of the other, were two immense bowls of "irumenty" (wheat boiled in milk and highly spiced and sweetened), which in olden times was always a standard dish on Christmas eve, and a wholesome and nutritious dish indeed it was. Everybody, both old and young, partook of it, and everybody enjoyed it. The tables were also heavily laden with other good things, including, of course, mince pies.

The supper table was the scene of much gaiety and hilarity, which was at least augmented, if not entirely incited, by the humorous sayings and doings of gay old Uncle George, who was the life and soul of the company. He was a general favorite with the older ones, but a very idol among the children. He could also sing a good song and tell a good story. In short, he was the spirit of frolic and fun personified. The very man for the occasion.

After supper was ended, all returned to the "Hall," where a right merry dance was started. Both old

and young joined in the dancing, even "Old John" himself tripped the "light fantastic toe" among the best of them, but Uncle George, who prided himself much on his dancing, was "all in his glory;" he danced with old and young, great and small, and the "capers he cut" were the source of hilarious laughter and merriment, especially among the little ones. During the evening, Christmas carols were sung by the children, having been previously rehearsed therein by their respective parents in anticipation of this invariable custom at grandfather's on Christmas eve.

When the children were in bed, dancing was resumed, in the course of which Uncle George, in partnership with one of his maiden sisters-in-law, who was nearly as clever as himself, did the old "Rigadoon" and other ancient and fantastic "toe and heel" step dances, to the great gratification of jolly "Old John" and the rest of the company, the whole concluding with a real old country dance to the tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley." Hot spiced ale and wines were now introduced, and freely indulged in, amid great gaiety and merriment. After awhile the party broke up and retired to rest and dream of the joys of the morrow.

At midnight, the "waits" (a band of strolling musicians) always played under the windows of "Stoneham Place," and as the strains of the music gradually died away in the distance, the stillness of the moonlit night seemed to be a fitting forerunner of the glories of the morrow.

At Stoneham's Place, Christmas Day was always begun with prayer and suitable hymns, John Stoneman himself acting as the parson. After service, which was always held in the Family Hall, all betook themselves to the dining hall, where, either beside the plate or on the seat of every one present was laid a

Christmas gift, which (unlike the custom nowadays, when costly Christmas presents are given), chiefly consisted of warm woollen articles of wear, which, for the most part, were the deft handiwork of the donors themselves, and therefore were much more highly appreciated by the recipients than are often the costly presents of to-day. Of course there were also toys for the children.

After a good, substantial breakfast, including the "Harkin" (an enormous hot sausage, which occupied many hours in boiling), all amused themselves in their own way—some went skating on a pond near by; some went for a sleigh-ride; all, however, thoroughly enjoyed themselves until dinner-time.

Christmas dinner, at Stoneham's Place, was always a matter of great ceremony as well as joviality. The "boar's head," decorated with rosemary, and having a lemon in its mouth, was brought in with great formality and ostentation, and placed in the middle of the upper table in front of the jolly host. At the bottom end of the long table was an immense baron of beef, behind which sat gay old Uncle George. A huge roasted turkey, stuffed with "forcemeat," and roasted ducks, stuffed with sage and onions and other savory meats, were also placed upon the tables, in front of the older male members of the family. At the upper end of the long table was placed the time-honored peacock pie. This dish was profusely decorated with the head and neck of the bird in all its plumage, and with the feathers of the tail displayed, completely covering that end of the table therewith.

Ample justice having been done to the meats and the dishes removed two immense plum puddings, ablaze with burning brandy, were brought in; one of them was set in front of the host, and the other in front of Uncle George. Pastry and

sweetmeats of various kinds, including, of course, the traditional mince pies, were abundantly spread over the table, and partaken of with great gusto, especially by the younger ones.

Dinner being ended, and the cloth removed, fruit of various kinds was spread over the tables. Then an enormous bowl was brought in, with much ceremony, and placed before the host, whose countenance was fairly beaming with good nature. It was the "Wassail Bowl." The liquor contained therein was composed of strong ale, sweetened with sugar and spiced with nutmegs and ginger, in which roasted crab-apples floated.

The appearance of the "Wassail Bowl" was the signal for much clapping of hands and vociferous applause. When this had subsided, Uncle George sang the following stanza and chorus, impromptu:

"Old Christmas comes but once a year,

But ever gay and hearty;
And the folks come in, from far and near,
To join our Christmas party.

Chorus:

Three cheers, then, for his jolly soul,
For Christmas, gay and hearty;
Bring forth the bowl—the "Wassail bowl,"

And drink each of our party.
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" etc.

When the cheering had subsided, the host, after wishing a right "Merry Christmas" to every one present, raised the brimming bowl to his lips, and then passed it round that each might follow his example, saying: "It is the ancient fountain of good feeling, when all hearts meet together." "Snapdragon" brandy poured over raisins contained in a dish and lighted), was introduced among the children, and their

efforts to extract the plums without burning their fingers was the source of much merriment among them.

The conversation during dinner (if such it might be called) chiefly consisted of waggery, wit and repartee among the older ones, Uncle George, as usual, taking the most prominent part. This last gentleman took great delight in teasing his favorite grand-niece, Dolly, a very pretty girl, just "sweet sixteen," between whom and her cousin Max, a smart young fellow, of eighteen summers, there was supposed to be some reciprocity of feeling of a warmer nature than usually exists among cousins. The girl seemed to enjoy this bantering immensely, but her cousin good-naturedly resented it, giving his uncle a "Roland for an Oliver" every time, for Max was particularly good at repartee, and the war of words between them was often highly amusing. Uncle George also greatly enjoyed quizzing his two maiden sisters-in-law, one of whom was exceedingly prim, and therefore against her his shafts were chiefly directed, but the other was nearly as smart as himself, and usually gave as good as she got. Some good stories were told and jokes were passed, which, though small in themselves, were the cause of immoderate laughter. The youngsters were chiefly engaged in discussing the good things before them.

At length this "feast of reason and flow of soul," as well as the material dinner, came to an end, and all repaired to the "Great Hall," which had been cleared for the games of the children, but in which the older ones also took part. Here again Uncle George was most prominent. In the old-fashioned game of "Blind-man's-buff" he was the first to be blindfolded, and the fun that the children had with him and the way in which he took it, were laughable in the extreme. They pulled on the tails of his coat, they

pinched him and played all sorts of pranks with him, but lithe and slippery as eels, they managed to elude his grasp. At length, however, a bright, chubby little lass was caught, whose identity he at once discovered, and at which he appeared to be greatly delighted, for he seemed to know that she was one of his greatest tormentors, and the penalties to which she had to submit were rigidly enforced. She was obliged to kiss him but once, but for that one, he gave her a dozen, and rubbed her smooth cheeks with his rougher ones, until he made them as red as a blood-red rose. When they were tired of "Blind-man's-buff," the laughable game of "Hunt the Slipper" was substituted, which, after awhile, was followed by "Forfeits," which elicited peals of laughter and sonorous sounds of kissing. When they were tired of the games the children were called to the dining hall, where an excellent supper awaited them, which also was greatly enjoyed.

While the children were busily engaged with their games, Uncle George, with several of the older ones, disappeared from their midst, and by the aid of odd trappings and absolute finery, they transformed themselves into a company of "mummers," preparatory to acting an old-fashioned "masque."

The children had hardly returned from supper, when at the sound of a trumpet the door was thrown open and a procession, headed by the trumpeter, blowing his horn, entered and marched to the farther end of the hall. The king and queen seated themselves upon two chairs, which had been "fixed up" to represent thrones; the courtiers stood on the right hand of their majesties, and three men, one of whom was evidently a prisoner, stood on the left. The king was an exceedingly fierce-looking personage, and when the prisoner was brought before him, by the savage gestures which

he made, the fate of the poor fellow was self-evident. He was immediately seized by the officers, and they were about to remove him when one of the queen's ladies stepped forward and knelt, beseeching, before the king, but she was savagely repulsed; another tried, still harder, but the result was the same; then the queen herself arose from her throne and prostrated herself before her husband, but at first even she was unheeded. At length, however, the king relented, and the prisoner was set free. Then ensued such a scene of hilarity and such capers were cut (in which even the king and queen took part), that the children who, during the first part of the performance were awe-struck, were now convulsed with laughter, and it was not until then that the identity of the performers was discovered, so well had they been disguised. The meaning of the play was afterwards explained to them, to the effect that the prisoner, who was a brother of the king, had been accused of high treason, and was to have been beheaded, but at the earnest entreaties of the queen and others, he was ultimately pardoned.

The children, after having listened to some fairy tales told by Aunt Ann, and some ghost stories by grandfather, retired to rest, well satisfied with their share of the Christmas rejoicings.

When the children had gone, their elders went in for supper, and another scene of hilarity and harmless revelry ensued. The "Wassail bowl" was again passed around. Toasts were drunk and responded to; songs were sung and stories told, until the host cried: "Hold enough!" when all returned to the "Great Hall," and wound up the day with a merry dance, in which every one present took part. And thus ended one of the most glorious Christmas gatherings ever enjoyed at Stoneham's Place.



BRUMMELL, THE LAST OF THE BEAUX

By Arthur Inkersley

REMARKABLE and interesting as was the part played in the great world by Beau Brummell in the early part of the nineteenth century, his origin was humble. His grandfather had a house in Bury street, St. James's, and was lucky enough to let part of it to Mr. Charles Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, who made his landlord's son, the Beau's father, first an amanuensis and then a clerk in the Treasury. Later the Treasury clerk became private secretary to Lord North, in whose service he

accumulated a considerable fortune; and in 1788 he purchased an estate named "The Grove," near Dornington Castle. Mrs. Brummell, mother of the Beau, one of the prettiest women of her day, was the daughter of a lottery-office keeper named Richardson. Fox, Sheridan and many other wits and literary men were visitors at "The Grove," so that the young Brummells must have heard plenty of brilliant conversation. George Bryan Brummell, born in London, June 7, 1778, was a handsome, gentlemanly boy, of a self-

indulgent temperament. He is said to have cried because he could devour no more of his aunt's damson tart, and to have shed tears over a letter in which his father addressed his elder son as "My dear William," and his younger as "George." The two boys were sent to Eton, where George early displayed his talent for elegant dress, being known as "Buck Brummell."

From Eton George Brummell went up to Oriel College, Oxford, where he made many rich and high-born friends, and was said to be "the correctest man in point of dress and manners." At a dinner party he was introduced to the Prince of Wales, who gave him a coronetcy in the Tenth Hussars—then, as now, one of the most fashionable regiments in the British service. At the age of eighteen Brummell got his troop, soon after which the Tenth was ordered to Manchester. Brummell was horrified at the idea of being quartered in a provincial town, and told the Prince that he really could not go there, and that, with His Royal Highness's permission, he would sell out. The Prince replied: "Oh, by all means! Do as you please, Brummell, do as you please." Brummell accordingly gave up the profession of arms, and devoted himself to the congenial task of leading fashions.

By the death of his father he found himself possessed of an inheritance of \$150,000. He took a house in Chesterfield street, Mayfair, where he lived well, but quietly and elegantly. He had a good pair of horses and an excellent French cook. His little dinners, at which the Prince of Wales was often a guest, soon became famous, and Brummell was recognized as an authority of the highest importance on matters of taste. Fox and many of the leading men of that day affected a certain carelessness, and even untidiness in dress, but Brummell's fine figure was always dress-

ed with scrupulous neatness and propriety. He wore Hessian boots and 'pantaloons, or top-boots, and buckskins, with a blue coat and a light or buff waistcoat, in the morning; in the evening he donned a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons buttoned to the ankles, striped silk stockings and an opera hat.

He was always a gentleman, his manners being tinged with an antique chivalry and old-fashioned courtesy. He was a clever conversationalist and a great favorite with women. Yet he could do and say very cool things, as when he held between a finger and thumb the lapel of the Duke of Bedford's coat, saying: "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" In a similar vein he called Captain Jesse, who afterwards wrote his biography, a magpie, because he wore a black coat and white waistcoat.

Previously neckcloths had been merely strips of limp cambric, but Brummell originated the idea of having them starched. The cravat, measuring twelve inches in width, was placed round the neck, was then firmly but slowly compressed by the chin to a width of four inches, and tied. If the Beau did not succeed in his first attempt he gave the neckcloth to his valet to be carried away to the laundry.

Brummell, being possessed of good humor, correct taste, perfect breeding and a sarcastic wit, soon established himself as a leader of fashion. A swell London tailor in the course of conversation with a customer about the kind of cloth to be used in a new garment, said: "The Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating: it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; suppose we say the Bath coating. I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference." At a ball at Almack's a Duchess warned her daughter to be very careful to give

"the celebrated Mr. Brummell" a good impression of her.

If any one ventured to presume upon the Beau's acquaintance, he was likely to be summarily dealt with. Brummell, after dining with a rich young man who was not quite of his set, said that he was going to a ball at Lady Jersey's, and asked who would take him there. The host eagerly offered the use of his carriage, to which Brummell replied, "Very kind of you—exceedingly so. But how will you go? You would

mire?" The valet replied, "Windermere, sir," whereupon Brummell drawled out: "Ah! yes—Windermere; so it is—Windermere."

On another occasion a dinner having been given to him by a man of the name of R., Brummell said: "He wishes me to notice him, but desired that I should make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont and a few others, and the affair turned out unique; there was every delicacy in or out of season; the sillery was perfect



Oriel College, Oxford, where Beau Brummell lived for awhile.

hardly care to get up behind, and it will hardly do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you."

Nor was Brummell very patient with bores, as the following story shows: Some man was tiring him dreadfully with a long account of a tour in the English Lake district, in the course of which he repeatedly asked Brummell which lake he liked best. At last the Beau said to his valet, who was in the room: "Robinson! Which of the lakes do I ad-

and not a wish remained ungratified—but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I assure you that Mr. R. had the assurance to sit down and dine with us."

One night Brummell went to the house of a Fellow of the Royal Society, bearing the plebeian and cacophonous name of Snodgrass, and knocked at the door until the neighborhood was aroused. The academician, putting his head out of the window, Brummell politely asked:

"Pray, sir, is your name Snodgrass?" The artist replying, "Yes, sir, my name is Snodgrass," Brummell rejoined, "You don't say so; Snodgrass, Snodgrass, a very odd name that, upon my soul. Good-night to you, Mr. Snodgrass."

Brummell was a welcome guest in the houses of people of the highest social standing, and even went to many noblemen's houses uninvited, taking a servant and valise with him, and afterwards spoke of them as "good houses to spend one night in." He was intimate with the Prince of Wales for several years, but Mrs. Fitzherbert and Brummell never got on well together. She was jealous of his influence over the Prince, and eventually she effected an estrangement between them. The common story is that Brummell asked the Prince to ring the bell for wine, and that the Prince did so, ordered Brummell's carriage, and never spoke to him again. Brummell always denied having asked the Prince to ring the bell, but he did, at any rate, say of his royal friend: "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him." Moore says that the Prince quarreled with Brummell because the latter "threatened last year, in a superfine passion, to cut me and bring the old king into fashion."

Whatever may have been the true reason of the falling-out between Brummell and the Prince, the former ended all chance of reconciliation at "the Dandies' Ball" given at the Hanover Square rooms by himself, Henry Pierrepont, Lord Alvanley, and Sir Harry Mildmay.

The Prince having accepted the invitation, the givers of the ball waited at the door to receive his Royal Highness, who stopped and spoke to the others, but cut Brummell. As the Prince, who was somewhat corpulent, turned to go, Brummell said: "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?" George, Prince of Wales, though he tried to keep obesity

down, was certainly "fat," while Brummell had an excellent figure, rendered highly attractive by an intellectual face, light brown hair, a finely-formed hand, and eyes full of wit and fun.

Though Brummell's good looks, charming manners and brilliant wit exercised a great fascination over women, and though he had a boxful of locks of hair and other mementoes, he was himself very little influenced by the fair sex, nor did he ever live a dissipated life. But, like other men of fashion he played high, and luck turning against him, he lost his last \$50,000. Then he got a friend to endorse a promissory note, the profits to be divided equally between them; this was all lost, and Brummell found himself without funds or credit. One evening in May, 1816, Brummell wrote from his room in Chapel street, Park Lane, a note to Scrope Davies:

"My Dear Scrope—Lend me £200; the banks are shut, and all my money is in three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

"Yours, G. B."

He soon received the following reply:

"My dear George: 'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money is in three per cents.

"Yours, L. Davies."

The same night Brummell left London on his way to Calais. Soon afterwards his books, porcelain, furniture, wine and other costly belongings were offered for sale by Christie, the auctioneer. Among other things was sold a fine snuff-box in which was a slip of paper inscribed with the following words: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety to me."

Brummell's exile in Calais was for some time quite splendid, for his fashionable friends sent him large sums of money with which he fitted

out his apartments with much elegance. The Duchess of York sent him a table cover of her own handiwork, and he still retained possession of several valuable snuff-boxes, ornaments in gold and silver, and a fine service of Sevres porcelain. He lived quietly and regularly, spending two hours each morning in dressing and two more in reading the Morning Chronicle and the reviews. At 5 o'clock he began to dress for dinner at 6. At dinner he had to content himself with a *petit verre*, Dorchester ale and good claret. Visiting Englishmen and residents invited him to dinner, and he was still able to keep up his elegant habits in some degree.

But gradually his position grew harder. John Chamberlayne, who had regularly made him an allowance, died, and Brummell pestered the executors to continue the payments. The Duchess of York, who had always been kind to him, also died, and want of money began to make itself painfully felt. Little by little his fine furniture disappeared. In September, 1821, the Prince, now George IV., stayed two days in Calais, but gave no indication that Brummell might visit him. They met in the street, and the King almost involuntarily exclaimed: "Good God, Brummell," but he did not aid him in any way.

At last Brummell asked the Duke of Wellington to procure a consulship for him, and in 1830 he was appointed consul at Caen in Normandy. What still remained of his furniture was sold, and \$1,600 of his first year's salary assigned to appease his creditors, and enable him to leave Calais. As the consulship was worth only \$2,000 per annum, this left him \$400 to live upon. On his way to Caen he passed through Paris, where he was entertained by many persons of note. The French and English residents of Caen received him very well, so that with common sense and care he might

have managed to rub along; but something of his old extravagance broke out again. He considered three clean shirts and three neckcloths a day, and boots polished with paste specially procured in Paris, till they shone like mirrors, as necessities of life. In six months he was pecuniarily embarrassed, but by the help of friends and the sale of his watch and plate he still struggled on. He was the leader of fashion in the French town as he had been in the English metropolis, his customary dress being a blue coat with velvet collar, buff waistcoat and black trowsers. He carried a brown silk umbrella rolled up in a tightly-fitting case.

Seeing a chance of a vacancy in the consulships of Havre and Leghorn, he unluckily wrote to Lord Palmerston that the consulate at Caen was useless and might be abolished. The suggestion was accepted, and the abolition of the office left Brummell without resources. His misfortunes were increased soon afterwards by a stroke of paralysis. His creditors began to press him hard, but friends came to his rescue. Soon a second paralytic stroke seized him. One morning, while yet in bed, he was aroused by *gens d'armes* and hurried off to jail. But even here his fastidiousness did not entirely desert him. With a few francs obtained from a fellow-prisoner, he purchased some soap, a bootjack and a looking glass.

His friends clubbed together and raised the amount necessary to get him out of jail. The king subscribed to the fund which set him free. Eleven weeks after his arrest he was out of prison and attended a party where he was congratulated. Some one asked him whether he had any intimate acquaintance with William, when, as Duke of Clarence, he was in the British navy, to which he replied: "I can't say I did. The man did very well to wear a cocked hat and walk about a quarter-deck

and shout 'Luff!' But he was so rough and uncivilized that I had to cut him."

His memory now failed him, and last of all his pride. He ceased to maintain the faultlessly neat appearance characteristic of him, and became indifferent to his dress. Yet, poor as he was, he still kept to a few luxuries, such as eau de cologne, primrose gloves and Rheims biscuit, though he had to pawn his few remaining possessions to obtain them.

Yet even in these last sad days, recollections of his former splendor sometimes showed themselves. He would have his poor bare room prepared to receive company, the door opened by his servant and some of his old friends, such as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Alvanley, Lord Sefton and others announced. These guests he received with his old, easy manner and with a befitting sense of the gratification their visits caused him. At ten o'clock his visitor's carriages would be announced, and the farce ended.

In the summer of the year 1838 Brummell's mind absolutely left him, and in this imbecile condition he destroyed many valuable books, letters and presents from eminent people. Gluttony was now the only pleasure remaining, and his once fastidiously neat personal appearance rapidly changed to repulsiveness.

One morning in the winter there arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre a lady, without servant or baggage. She was evidently a person of high social position, and asked the proprietor of the hotel if she could see Brummell without being seen by him. The landlord accordingly stopped Brummell while he was on his way to the table d'hôte, and kept him for a few minutes in conversation within view of the lady, whom, on returning to her, he found in tears. That night she left Caen without disclosing her identity, and went on to Paris.

Brummell became more and more infirm, until he was at last removed to the Hospital du Bon Sauveur. Here, though he at first fancied himself to be in a prison, the kindness of the Sisters of Charity soon reassured him, and after he had been there some time, he assured his friends that he had never been so comfortable in his life. On March 30, 1840, he died, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Caen, a slab of black marble being raised over his grave.

It has been the fashion to write of Brummell as though he was a mere empty-headed man of fashion and utterly devoid of all honor and proper feeling. He was a really remarkable man. Without the advantages of high birth, rank or great fortune, he ruled the proudest aristocracy in the world as an aristocrat. He said many witty things, and his audacity was unbounded. Yet he had no court influence in his favor; indeed, for a great part of the time that he ruled fashion, the Prince Regent was his bitter enemy. There must have been more than impudence and good dressing in a man who could accomplish such results. He had, of course, great physical advantages; his face was very expressive, his voice pleasant, and his figure graceful. He dressed with exquisite propriety, could tell a story well, had some knowledge of music, and great elegance of manners. Besides all this, there must have been something lovable about him, for his friends and acquaintances repeatedly, during a long series of years, contributed large sums of money to rescue him from debt and imprisonment, and every one, man or woman, whom he met, retained friendly recollections of him. He was the last and perhaps the greatest of the Beaux, and as a man of wit, courage and originality, deserves to be not wholly forgotten. May the French soil in which he rests lie lightly on his ashes!

CHIEF PAMBLO'S STORIES

THE CHIPMONK AND THE SQUIRREL

As Related to A. V. Hoffman by Pamblo, Old Chief of the Yuba

“LONG time ago,” said Capitan Pamblo, “chipmunk he no little squirrel; he all same plenty big, all same grey squirrel. He findem hole in tree, he makem nest in hole, he plenty sleepem. All winter he heap plenty sleepem. Big grey squirrel he gittem stick, he gittem grass, he gittem moss, he makem nest in tree all same blue jay. Bimeby rain he come, snow he come, he heap plenty wettem nest. Grey squirrel he very mad now. Bimeby he go look, he see chipmonk he stickem head out of hole in tree; chipmonk he plenty laughem grey squirrel.

“‘Ho, ho!’ chipmonk he say. ‘What for you all time wet now? What for you no plenty dry like me?’

“‘Rain he makem nest all wet now,’ grey squirrel he say.

“‘Ho, ho!’ chipmonk he say. ‘Grey squirrel he one very big fool now.’

“‘What for you say me one very big fool now?’ grey squirrel he say.

“Chipmonk he heap plenty laughem grey squirrel. Grey squirrel he heap plenty mad now. He jumpem this a-way, he jumpem that a-way, all same one-legged man he jumpem.

“‘Ho, ho!’ chipmonk he say. ‘Grey squirrel he heap likem dancem. He heap likem switchem tail. Plenty good way dryem tail now!’

“Grey squirrel he mighty heap plenty very mad now.



“Rain be maken nest all wet now.”

“‘What for you all time laughem?’ grey squirrel he say.

“‘You heap big fool,’ chipmonk he say. ‘You takem stick, you takem grass, you takem moss, you makem nest all same blue jay. Bimeby rain he come, snow he come, nest he gittem plenty wet now.’ Chipmonk he say:

“‘How you makem nest?’ grey squirrel he say.

“‘Me findem hole in tree, me takem stick, me takem grass, me

takem moss, me makem nest in hole. Bimeby rain he come, snow he come, he no wettem hole in trée, me plenty sleepem. Long time me sleepem,' chipmonk he say.

"'Ho, ho!' grey squirrel he say. 'You let me havem hole, me go sleepem now.'

"'Ho, ho!' chipmonk he say. 'Grey squirrel he thinkem me one very big fool now. You go findem hole in tree, you makem nest in hole.'

"Grey squirrel he go lookem, he go huntem hole in tree. Bimeby he findem hole, he go lookem hole.

Long time me makem.' Woodpecker he very mad now.

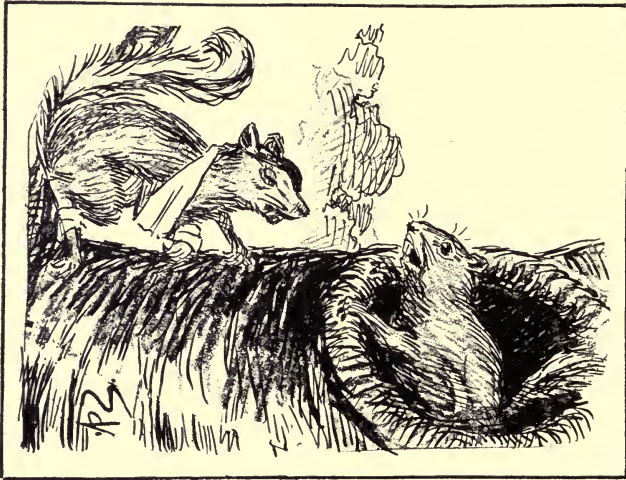
"'Me no go 'way,' grey squirrel he say.

"'You no go, me peckem nose,' woodpecker he say.

"'Ho, ho!' grey squirrel he say. 'Me findem this hole, me makem nest now.'

"'You no go 'way me peckem nose, peckem leg, peckem tail. All over me heap plenty peckem,' woodpecker he say.

"Grey squirrel he takem stick, he try puttem in hole. Woodpecker he very mad now. He plenty peck-



"Woodpecker, he plenty peckem."

"'He plenty good hole,' grey squirrel he say. 'Me gittem stick, me gittem grass, me gittem moss, me makem nest in hole.'

"Grey squirrel he gittem stick, he go takem in hole. Whee! One big woodpecker he livem in hole.

"'Hello!' woodpecker he say. 'What for you gittem stick, you come woodpecker hole now?'

"'This my hole; me findem,' grey squirrel he say.

"'You go 'way,' woodpecker he say. 'This my hole. Me makem.

em grey squirrel. He peckem nose, he peckem leg, he peckem tail. All over he heap plenty peckem now. Pretty soon grey squirrel he very sorry, he go 'way, he see chipmonk. Chipmonk he plenty laughem grey squirrel.

"'What for you all over bleedem?' chipmonk he say.

"'Me go findem hole, me go makem nest, woodpecker he plenty peckem,' grey squirrel he say.

"'Ho, ho!' chipmonk he say. 'You go try stealem woodpecker hole!

Ho, ho! Grey squirrel he very big fool now!

"Grey squirrel he go 'way, he go lookem 'nother hole in tree. Bimeby he findem hole, he go lookem hole.

"'Ho, ho!' grey squirrel he say. 'He pritty good hole. Me go see he woodpecker hole now.' Grey squirrel he plenty 'fraid woodpecker he livem hole now.

"'Hello, woodpecker!' grey squirrel he say. 'Hello, woodpecker! You livem this hole now?'

"Long time grey squirrel he listen—he no can hearem woodpecker in hole—he no can see woodpecker in hole. Grey squirrel he very glad now.

"'So, ho!' he say. 'Me gittem stick, me gittem grass, me gittem moss, he heap plenty makem nest now.'

"Grey squirrel he gittem stick, he go takem in hole. Plenty honey bee he livem in hole. Honey bee he come out, he very mad now.

"'What for you gittem stick, you come my hole now' honey bee he say.

"'This my hole. Me findem,' grey squirrel he say.

"'You go 'way now,' honey bee he say.

"'Me no go way. Me makem nest,' grey squirrel he say.

"'You no go 'way, me stingem nose, stingem leg, stingem tail. All over me plenty stingem,' honey bee he say. Honey bee he very heap plenty mad now.

"'Me no go 'way,' grey squirrel he say. Honey bee he very mad now, he stingem nose, stingem leg, stingem tail. All over he plenty stingem. Grey squirrel he jumpem this a-way, he jumpem that a-way, all same one-legged man he jumpem; grey squirrel he very sorry now, he run fast, he go see chipmonk. Chipmonk he plenty laughem grey squirrel.

"'Ho, ho!' chipmonk he say. 'What for you jumpem this a-way, you jumpem that a-way?'

"'Me go findem hole, honey bee he livem hole; honey bee he plenty stingem,' grey squirrel he say. Chipmonk he laughem grey squirrel.

"Bimeby grey squirrel he go lookem tree, he see hole in tree. He plenty 'fraid honey bee livem hole now.

"'Hello, honey bee! You livem this hole now?' grey squirrel he say.

"Long time he listen, he no can hearem honey bee.

"'Honey bee he no livem this hole now,' grey squirrel he say. 'Me go gittem stick, gittem grass, gittem moss; me makem nest now.'

"Grey squirrel he go gittem stick, he go takem in hole. Plenty red ant he livem in hole now.

"'Hello!' red ant he say. 'What for you takem stick, you come my hole?'

"'Me findem hole; he my hole now. Me makem nest,' grey squirrel he say.

"'You go 'way,' red ant he say. 'You no go 'way, me bitem nose, bitem tail. All over me plenty bitem.'

"Grey squirrel he no go 'way. Red ant he bitem nose, bitem leg, bitem tail. All over he plenty bitem. Grey squirrel he very sorry now, he run fast, he go see chipmonk. Chipmonk he plenty laughem grey squirrel. Grey squirrel he heap very mad now, he takem club, he go fightem chipmonk, he heap whippem chipmonk. Chipmonk he plenty scared now, he run fast, he no come back. Grey squirrel he takem chipmonk hole, he go sleepem in hole. Long time he sleepem.

"Chipmonk he very sorry now. He go 'way, he lookem tree, he see hole in tree, he say he very good hole; he go make'n nest in hole. He gittem stick, he gittem grass, he gittem moss, he go makem nest. Bimeby wild cat he come, he plenty mad now.

"'Hello!' wild cat he say. 'What for you come my house now? You git!'

"Bimeby chipmonk he go look, he see other hole in tree, he say very good hole. He go gittem stick, gittem grass, gittem moss, he go makem nest in hole. Bimeby coon he come, he see chipmonk in hole, he very mad now.

" 'Hello!' coon he say. 'What you do in this hole? You git!'

"Chipmonk he go, he see other hole in tree, he say he very good hole. He go gittem stick, gittem grass, gittem moss, he go makem nest in hole. Pritty soon fox he come, he see chipmonk hole, fox he very mad now.

" 'Hello, chipmonk! What you do in this hole? You git!' fox he say.

"Chipmonk he mighty very heap sorry now. He no can gittem hole; no can makem nest. He lookem sky, he see rain he come down pritty quick now. Chipmonk he cry; long time he cry. Bimeby Good Spirit he hearem chipmonk, Good Spirit he come see chipmonk, he talkem chipmonk what for he cry now. Chipmonk he say he lookem sky, he see rain he come down pritty quick now. He no gittem hole in tree; no can makem nest. All time he findem hole wild cat he come, coon he come, fox he come. No can keepem hole. Pritty soon rain he come, no can keepum dry. Chipmonk he say.

"Good Spirit he very sorry now for chipmonk. He plenty talkem chipmonk. He say no matter now; he say he makem chipmonk one very little bit squirrel, so chipmonk he can findem one very little bit hole in tree, he can makem one very little nest in hole, and wild cat no can go in, coon no can go in, fox no can go in, grey squirrel no can go in. Good spirit he say. Good Spirit he fixem chipmonk. Now chipmonk he very little bit squirrel. He long time ago.

said Pamblo, digging his toes into the sand, and gazing afar off at a dead oak, where half a dozen woodpeckers were busily drilling holes in the decayed bark, and filling them with acorns.

"Woodpecker plenty big fool! Long time he workem; makem hole, pickem acorn, fillem hole. Bimeby he go 'way, long time he no come back. Bimeby little worm he come, he findem acorn, he heap eatem acorn. Bimeby bluejay he come, he heap eatem worm. Bimeby woodpecker he come back, he no can findem acorn, he no findem worm. Acorn he gone, worm he gone. Bluejay he gone. Woodpecker he findem plenty hole—he no can eatem hole.

"Long time ago woodpecker he thinkem he plenty smart, all same boss. All time he say, 'ca-hack! ca-hack! ca-hack!' He no workem, no peckem hole, no pickem acorn. He makem bluejay plenty workem, pickem acorn putem in hole. All time woodpecker he watchem bluejay. Bluejay he findem worm, woodpecker he takem. Bluejay he findem bug, woodpecker he takem bug. Bluejay he all time plenty hungry now. Bluejay he plenty die.

"Bimeby one bluejay, he very ol' bluejay, he go see all other bluejay, he heap talkem all other bluejay, he say pritty soon all bluejay he go dead now. Long time bluejay he talkem. One, two, six, four day he talkem. Bimeby he say all bluejay he go fightem woodpecker, heap whippem woodpecker, bluejay he say.

"Bluejay he go fightem woodpecker. Long time he fightem. Woodpecker he plenty strong, he heap whippem bluejay. Bluejay he very sorry now, he plenty cry, he plenty hungry, he say he pritty soon all die now. Woodpecker he very glad. He all time say 'ca-hack, ca-hack, ca-hack.' All time now he makem bluejay peckem hole, pickem

The Woodpeckers and the Bluejays.

"Woodpecker plenty big fool!"

acorn, fillem hole. Woodpecker he say he very big heap chief now.

"Bimeby one yaller-jacket come, he set on tree, he look, he see how woodpecker he all time makem bluejay plenty hard workem, yaller-jacket he plenty laughem bluejay.

"What for you laughem?" bluejay he say.

"Me laughem see woodpecker makem bluejay all time work,' yaller-jacket he say.

"Bluejay he very mad now. 'What for you laughem bluejay?' he say.

"You likem work?' yaller-jacket he say. Bluejay he say he no likem work.

"What for you work if you no likem?" yaller-jacket he say.

"Bluejay he say woodpecker he heap big chief now; he boss. He makem bluejay all time work. Yaller-jacket he plenty laughem. Bimeby he fly 'way.

"Pritty soon butterfly he come, he look, he see bluejay he heap workem. Butterfly he laughem bluejay.

"Hee, hee!' butterfly he say. 'What for you all time workem?'

"Bluejay he say he no got time for talkem butterfly. Woodpecker he heap big chief, he plenty big boss now; woodpecker he no like for bluejay talkem. Butterfly he go 'way.

"Bimeby grasshopper he come, he see bluejay plenty workem, he laughem bluejay.

"Ho, ho!" grasshopper he say. 'You likem work all time for woodpecker?'

"Bluejay he say he no got time for talkem; woodpecker he boss now.

"Grasshopper he scratchem head. Bimeby he go 'way.

"Little red ant he come 'long. He look, he see bluejay he work very hard now. Little red ant he stop. Bimeby he talkem bluejay, he say: 'What for you all time workem?'

"Bluejay say he no can stop now;

woodpecker he boss. Bluejay he pritty soon all go dead now. Bluejay he say.

"Little red ant he plenty laughem. Bimeby he say:

"You like me tellem how you beatem woodpecker?" Bluejay say he heap likem.

"All right,' little red ant he say: 'When acorn he come, woodpecker he come. When acorn he go, woodpecker he go. When woodpecker he come. Bluejay he go. When woodpecker he go, bluejay he come.'

"Long time bluejay he thinkem. Bimeby he say he un'e'stan' what little red ant he talkem. He say when acorn come woodpecker he come. Then bluejay he go 'way; long time he no come back. When woodpecker he go, bluejay he come back, heap eatem worm. Whee! Little red ant he pritty smart now. Woodpecker he heap big fool."

Shoolow and the Coyote.

"Long time ago one Injin man he go to Boston Bar. He go to Yuba, he plenty fishem Yuba River, Boston Bar he go fishem. Injin man he name Shoolow. Injin man he takem fish-hook, he throwem in water; pritty soon big fish he heap bitem, Injin man he pullem out; Injin man he throwem fish on ground where he no can get back in water. Then Injin man he throwem hook in water; he workem very hard catchem more. Bimeby one coyote he come, he see Injin man he fishem, he see big fish Injin man he catchem; coyote he heap likem fish. Long time he watchem Injin man. Bimeby he go this a-way, heap plenty slow, no noise he makem, pritty soon he grabem fish, he heap runem fast, Injin no see.

"Bimeby Injin man he catchem one more fish, he go takem puttem with other fish, he no can see other fish now. Injin man plenty mad. He puttem fish on ground, he work

very hard catchem more. Coyote he hide in bushes, he all time see Injin man he catchem 'nother fish, bimeby coyote he go stealem other fish. Injin man he no see.

"Bimeby Injin man he catchem one more fish, he go puttem with other fish, he no can see other fish. Injin man he mighty heap plenty mad now. Injin man he say he know some other man he stealem fish. Injin man he say he watchem, mebbeso he catchem other Injin man, mebbeso he killem. Injin man he say. Bimeby coyote he come, he makem no noise, pritty soon he grabem fish, he runem fast now. Injin man he plenty see.

"Ho, ho!" Injin man he say. "Pritty soon now me catchem coyote, me heap killem."

"Injin man he very smart man now. He go fixem trap, pritty soon coyote he come 'long, trap he catchem. Injin man he come, he see trap he catchem, he plenty laughem now.

"Hello, coyote!" Injin man he say. 'What for you stay this place now? What for you no runem fast? Mebbeso you like some fish?'

"Coyote he no laughem. He plenty talkem Injin man; coyote he say: 'Injin man, me stealem fish. Me plenty hungry, me no can catchem fish. Injin heap catchem.'

"Ho, ho!" Injin man he say. 'Pritty soon now he killem you. Me takem club, biff! coyote he go dead pritty quick now.'

"Injin killem coyote, Injin he die. Me one very bad spirit. Me makem all Injin he die." Coyote he say.

"Coyote he one big lie!" Injin man he say. 'Me takem you my house now, me showem all Injin how me killem. Me takem skin, me makem blanket, me heap sleepem blanket.'

"Injin man takem coyote his house now, all Injin he come see coyote.

All Injin he say killem coyote. Bimeby coyote he heap plenty talkem Injin mans, he tellem he one very bad spirit. 'He say Injin no killem, bimeby plenty deer come, plenty quail he come, plenty jack-labbit he come, plenty acorn he come, Injin he all time heap plenty catchem. Injin killem coyote, big rain he come, all Injin he very sick now, bimeby all Injin he die. Coyote he say.

"Injin mans he makem big talk. One, two, ten, six, five day he talkem, some Injin he say killem, some Injin he say no killem. Bimeby Injin he say he no can tell what he do. He say he go tellem jack-labbit, go tellem squirrel, go tellem woodpecker, go tellem rattle-snake, go tellem ever'thing he come talkem Injin what he do. Bimeby he labbit, he squirrel, he woodpecker, he rattle-snake, he all come Injin campoodie, he talkem Injin.

"Jack labbit he say coyote he very bad spirit, he all time chasem labbit, he all time heap plenty scarem labbit, more better coyote, he die now.

"Squirrel he say he no 'fraid coyote. All time coyote chasem squirrel, squirrel he plenty laughem coyote, squirrel he runem fast, he climbem tree. Squirrel he say Injin no killem coyote.

"Woodpecker he say coyote he one very good bad spirit. He say coyote he no stealem acorn, no eatem worm. Woodpecker he say.

"Rattle-snake he say he no care. Injin killem coyote, all right. Injin no killem, all right. Rattle-snake he say.

"Bimeby one little bird he come, he singem song. All Injin he go hearem song. Pritty soon now 'nother little bird he come, he takem knife, he cuttem string, coyote he runem fast, Injin he no more catchem.

"He long time ago."

CHRISTMAS MARKETING

IN CHINATOWN

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

JUST around the corner from Fish Alley, the visitor in San Francisco can always find a certain unpainted masterpiece, a Cantonese model who would have been a treasure for any Dutch genre painter of the seventeenth century. When I first stumbled upon him, light, background and the general composition happened to be just right, and I stopped short, enjoying my find as if he had been an obscure canvas, the work of an unknown genius, such a picture as one discovers sometimes in the neglected side cabinets of a museum.

He was a fowl vendor, an old man, grey-queued, leathern-faced, of sphynx-like expression, and wearing a skull cap that might have dated from the sphynx carvers, so faded, moth-eaten and grease-rimmed was the dull green felt. He was squatting on a low stool at the curb stone and holding on his knees the remainder of his stock in trade, a solitary speckled hen with a top knot. Before him, to the right and left, stood two curiously woven basket cages, empty now, in which he had brought his wares to market. They were made of bamboo strips, and shaped somewhat like rudely rounded jars, the mouths of which were closed with stoppers, also woven of bamboo. A bunch of long, tough strands of grass was bound to one of the stoppers.

The life of Chinatown flowed past him, bulky merchants, bloated with prosperity; meagre coolies trotting

between two baskets; Eastern tourists, correct in attire, frankly curious, frankly amused; skulking "dope fiends," moon-faced China babies in silk, and half-grown devilkins in cast-off American clothes, shuffling old women and painted slave girls. Meanwhile the fowl vendor sat on his three-legged stool for the space of ten minutes without getting an offer, and only once did a prodigious yawn, exposing two semi-circles of yellow, well-worn teeth, indicate that he had any feeling on the subject. The rest of the time he remained as patient as the hen, whose lemon-colored legs and feet stuck out forlornly yet stolidly from under his shriveled, brown hand.

A stout, perspiring Italian on his way from the fruit warehouse where he worked to the Latin Quarter where he slept, in the bosom of his family, passed by, laden with a bottle of olive oil and several brown paper parcels for Christmas dinner. He stopped in passing, lifted the speckled hen, and poising it in his hairy hand, calculated the appetites of himself, his spouse, and their offspring. Alas, it was weighed in the balance and found wanting. With a scornful grunt, he returned it and went his way.

The leathern face under the green felt skull cap showed no emotion at having lost a customer; no more did the hen.

It was destined for better things, that speckled hen. A Spanish girl, with ripe figure and a bedraggled

skirt, with fine oval face, lustrous eyes and a scarlet magenta hat, flitted past, accompanied by a withered hag, whom she, I am afraid, would all too soon resemble. In passing, she cast but a glance at the hen, and with feminine intuition marked in that glance all that the heavy Italian could learn from the grasp of his fat hands.

"Two bits!" she said, hastily, and without stopping.

She was half way across the street before he had time to utter the negative "Ugh, ugh!" She was at the opposite curb, and well nigh passed beyond recall before he reconsidered and exclaimed: "Hey, you come heah!"

It was not loud—it was loud enough, for her ears had been expecting the summons, the wily one, and she quickly turned, re-crossed the muddy stepping stones, and like a careful housewife, corroborated her intuition and weighed the fowl by hand. Would it be sufficient for the Christmas feast? Yes, it was large enough for her lover, herself,

and I hope there was also some for the withered hag, her mother; for thou, too, senorita, will ere long, be the last to be considered.

The shabby little purse was opened and five nickels counted out while the vendor deftly bound the legs of the luckless fowl with a strand of twisted grass.

Quite a small crowd has stopped to see the transaction consummated, one or two grave Celestials, a couple of ghastly "Chinatown bums," a cluster of China babies clad in rainbow hues, and sundry shriveled old women of the Latin race who felt of the fowl and uttered shrill congratulations, for it was indeed a bargain at two bits.

His wares were sold, and our impassive merchant had completed the business of the day; so, attaching his baskets to a bamboo pole, one at each end, and securing his decrepit stool to one of them, he shuffled away, betaking himself, his business and his grey pigtail to that particular cubby-hole in the burrows of Chinatown set apart for him.

IN CALIFORNIA

By Hallett Abend

Into the luring purple of the West
I've come to ease the burden of my days,
And find at last the longed, and sought for rest,
And live my life 'mid pleasant, peaceful ways.

The land of summertime is mine at last,
And here, beside the sunny Western sea,
I realize that toil and strife are past,
For joy and great content have come to me.

The blighting breath of winter comes not here,
To these fair scenes the Northern birds have come
To sing on through the death-time of the year,
And I, as they, have taken this for home.

AN ALASKAN PROSERPINE

The Legend of Kish-ah-kla and Too-yet.

Anonymous

MANY, many snows before the white men came, there lived in the Land of the Yakutats two lovers. Too-yet, the youthful hunter, and Kish-ah-kla, the tender maiden, had as children played upon the beach together. When they grew to be youth and maiden, it was their delight to follow the hair-seal as he floated about upon the ice-floes. Kish-ah-kla would take her place at the stern of the light canoe, and Too-yet would seat himself at the bow. Upon sighting a seal Too-yet would put his paddle in the canoe, and Kish-ah-kla would send the light craft noiselessly through the water. When she had the canoe near enough, Too-yet would hurl his spear into the unsuspecting victim, and the proud pair would return to their village with the trophy. But it came to pass that Too-yet brought to the council fire a wolverine, a silver-grey and a blue wolf; and finally the great bear from Mt. St. Elias. Then, when he had taken a place among the men of his tribe, it became known that old Sheo-ook had consented that Too-yet might have Kish-ah-kla to be the mistress of his barabara.

One day, after Too-yet had been hunting, he was returning, bow in hand, along the beach, when he saw Kish-ah-kla coming from the village to meet him. Suddenly a giant halibut, the sacred fish of the Yakutats, arose from the sea, and carried the beautiful maiden under the dark waters.

Too-yet was broken hearted, but

he preserved the stoicism of his fathers, and set about to regain his lost treasure. He consulted Son-quo, a great sachem of his tribe, and was told that it was not the sacred halibut that had carried off Kish-ah-kla, but the witch of the Thieves, posing as such. Son-quo explained that the maiden had been carried to the den of the witches beneath the lake.

"Tell me," Too-yet pleaded, "how may I enter this den; tell me how I may find my Kish-ah-kla and regain her?"

After regarding long and earnestly the face of his questioner, Son-quo spoke, with solemn dignity as follows: "My son, it is possible for you to regain your sweetheart, but to do so you must be both brave and patient. Sit you down at the foot of yonder totem, and I will explain to you the ways of the witches.

"The witches live the same as the rest of us, but their hunting grounds are in solitary places where men do not go, their barabaras in great caves under the mountains. If a man should chance to find a witch he would be very fortunate, for the witch would do much for him if he did not reveal the hiding place. And so you, my son, might bribe them to restore Kish-ah-kla. But that is impracticable, for when the witches hunt they have scouts on many hills, and you would not surprise them. Then, too, they never venture out except at night, unless it be in the guise of some animal, bird or fish.

"Yet, you must not lose hope,

young warrior. I will tell you of another plan. If you are in earnest and brave and true, if you have never done your people or your chief a wrong, if you have never offended the great spirit, my brothers and I will teach you the mysteries of our art—knowing them, you may call to your assistance the good spirits. But remember, the trial is long and the ordeal hard.”

“My father,” Too-yet rejoined, “I have shown my courage upon the war-path and the hunting trail; I have proven by loyalty to my chief and people many times; I revere the great spirit as my mother taught me to; you cannot doubt my strength, for who is the young man in my tribe that equals me? Take me in your hands, great shaman of the Yakutats, and you will not feel shame for your pupil.”

“Young man,” Son-quo replied, “you do not boast, but speak what all our people know to be facts. I will teach you.”

Son-quo took Too-yet apart from the village and into the hills. There the feet of the apprentice were bound together and his hands tied above his head. He was kept in this position for four days and nights, without food or drink. Frequently the shamen whipped him with thorns. All this was to drive out any evil spirits that might be lurking in his body.

On the fifth day Son-quo said: “Too-yet you are now free from evil spirits, and while you sleep to-night we will cause the spirits of our good genius to enter your body. You will then be able to control the forces with which the shamen work. You can then commune with brothers of distant tribes, make yourself invisible, foretell future events, and if your courage is good, you can meet and battle with the witches, but at fearful odds.”

Too-yet was now sent to rest beneath the cedars. He slept long and soundly, as well he might, after his

terrible trial. On the morrow, when the sun was bright, Son-quo awoke the lover from his slumber and gave him his final instructions:

“Young brother,” the old shaman began, “I have spent the night in the hills communing with my spirits of divination. It has been revealed to me that the maiden is a prisoner in a witches’ den under the mountain back of yonder lake.”

Son-quo indicated a lake which was many miles away, and would have been invisible to a Philistine, then continued: “To enter their den the witches must dive under the lake and swim upward through the black tunnel which forms the entrance. This you will have to do. I know that you are a mighty swimmer, but to perform this feat will require great fortitude. Dare you attempt it?”

“To accomplish this great object,” Too-yet answered, “I will gladly go into the jaws of death. Without Kish-ah-kla life would be empty for me, and I would not care to live.”

“Well said, brave youth. Now, let me tell you further of the habits of the witches: You notice that the lake has five outlets, all of which converge. The large stream in the middle is the main river of the witches, and the one they always travel when returning upstream. The branch at the extreme left is the one by which the stealing witches descend; and it is this one in which we are interested. However, I will explain the peculiarities of the other streams. The short one next toward the center is the Lie River. Just to the left of the large stream is the Good River; and the witches that come down through it are harmless. At the right you see the People’s River, and near its source is a village of our people. A learned seer and shaman lives at this village, and you must visit him before attempting to enter the great cave. I communed with this fa-

As Too-yet approached the lake, he saw some very large seals sitting upon the bank. When the seals perceived the man they dived into the lake. Upon seeing them in the water, he decided from their size and actions that they were not seals but witches, disguised as such. Too-yet immediately embarked in the invisible canoe, to which Koothkut had given him the secret, and went rapidly down through the water in close pursuit. But however vigorously he plied the spirit paddle he could not overtake the ostensible seals. Yet, by keeping them in sight he was enabled to find the entrance to the witches' cavern. The big hole burst upon his sight black and forboding, but the shaman, nothing daunted, continued his pursuit into the dark channel. Up and up he went, guided now by the phosphorescent track of the fugitives until he felt that he would faint from exhaustion and suffocation. But suddenly he brought up upon a rock, and he knew that he was in the cave. Once out of the water and in their own element, the witches had re-assumed their human shape and slipped away. Too-yet found himself in a strange land without a guide. He was forced to sit down to rest until he had regained his strength and accustomed himself to the close atmosphere and the dark-

ness. Presently he began to penetrate the obscurity, and it was then that he knew that the faculty to see without light had come to him, as Kooth-kut had said it would. When he rested and felt his full strength, he set out over the crags and the gorges. Too-yet had climbed the roughest mountains and scaled the most precipitous elevations, but he was now traversing regions in which he would have been arrested at once had he not been endowed with superhuman powers. Still he was not free from opposition. The warrior shaman was proceeding cautiously when he realized that a big overhanging rock was about to drop upon him. None too soon, he leaped from under it, only to find that a deep crevasse had opened before him. Retreat was impossible, and advance seemed equally hopeless, so a flank movement was necessary. To his left was the cave wall, leaving a turn to his right his only alternative. He had wished to avoid this, for he had divined that a large body of witches were ambushed there. Nevertheless, he went boldly toward his enemy when he felt that further attempts at concealment were useless. The witches were hidden among the rocks, and as soon as the man was well advanced they rushed upon him from all directions. Right ahead of Too-yet was a steep ascent, and it was there that most of the witches were massed; yet, notwithstanding, he made it the point of his attack. The battle between the man and the immortals, which would appear to be so unequal, closed with such ardor that the witches were nonplussed. They dreaded a wound. Too-yet, seeing his advantage sent an arrow through each eye of the witch leader, and, while his foes were trying to console their headman to the fate that had deprived him of sight, Too-yet slipped away.

Without the sun the hero could not reckon time, but after he had

traveled a great distance, he noticed that he was coming to a part of the cave which was much narrower, and suddenly the great bluff, of which Kooth-kut had told him, confronted his path. At this the shaman concealed himself in a cavity near at hand to gain a short but much needed rest, as well as to consult his good spirits, who, he hoped, would tell him of a way to scale the precipice. But the spirits gave him only an indefinite answer, as was their wont, in which they said that assistance from the witches would be necessary to him.

Too-yet, having satisfied his hunger from his store of a very compact food which Son-quo had given him, was about to leave his hiding place, when he noticed a witch lying asleep on a rock near by. If he could but overcome this witch he felt that he would have an ally to help him up the cliff. Therefore the warrior set about to surprise the unwary sentry, for such he correctly judged the witch to be. To reach the sleeper undisturbed he knew that he would have to go very carefully and quietly. The probability, on the other hand, that he would awaken his victim was offset by the danger of his being seen by the other witches. The training which the young man had received on the hunting trail never stood him in better stead than now. Lying flat on his stomach, he began to worm his way towards his magical adversary. Once, when he had accomplished about half the distance, Too-yet saw a witch coming up the cave straight towards him, and to avoid discovery he threw himself into a small crevice.

Too late, Too-yet realized that he had got himself into a very precarious situation. If the approaching witch should find him wedged in the tight fissure, the chances would have been against him. The witch proved to be a scout who had been sent out to inspect the sentinel posts. He stopped near the hidden

Too-yet, evidently to look for the sentry who had been stationed there, but apparently seeing nothing, the scout moved on, much to the relief of Too-yet. After a time the young man worked himself out of the crevice, and continued in his attempt to capture the sleeping witch. Suddenly he perceived that by crawling upward to a shelving rock he could drop upon the witch from above. This idea was carried out successfully, and the sleeper awoke to find himself in the iron grasp of the mortal.

Too-yet threatened to carry his captive to the upper world unless he should be shown a way to ascend the mighty cliff. Knowing that resistance would be useless, the witch gave the required promise, and promised further that he would not reveal to his fellows the presence of Too-yet. To put his charge upon the top of the bluff, and direct him to the chieftain's camp was the work of an instant for the witch after he had determined to do so. It now occurred to Too-yet for the first time that he had the power to make himself invisible. Acting upon the impulse, the shaman performed the transmutation, which gave him the power to see others without being seen himself.

The danger of his being cut off by the witches was greatly reduced after he had assumed the invisible state, and traveling became comparatively easy for him. He met many witches, but was able to avoid them without difficulty. Thus, he pursued his course until he approached a council of the witches, which he found to be in session.

The under-world councilmen were seated around the conventional council-fire, with their chieftain upon a pedestal. Near the chief a white bear-skin was spread, and Too-yet felt his heart give a mighty bound when he saw his beloved Kish-ah-kla led forward and left standing upon the skin.

The witch-chief gave his fantastic rattle a great shake, and proceeded to address his subjects.

"My people," he said, "we have called this meeting in order that we might present to you the beautiful damsel whom we have captured from the upper world, and whom we propose to make our queen and consort. She is yet a mortal, but after this meeting is dismissed, our greatest medicine-man will begin the process of bewitching her. The doctor will report to us when his work is completed. Then you will again be called to the council fire to receive instructions for the preparation of a great pot-latch, with which we will celebrate our nuptials.

"You, in your all-seeing wisdom, doubtless know that in the world above this maiden had a lover, who among his brethren was reckoned a mighty hunter and a brave warrior. Rumor has reached us from brothers living near the entrance to our kingdom that this mortal has made his way to these regions and given our frontiersmen fierce contention. These rumors we reject as absurd, but even should they prove true, the invader would be quickly destroyed.

"We have spoken, and you are now dismissed."

While the chief was delivering his harangue, Too-yet had taken a place beside the trembling maiden, and as the witch uttered his last sentence, the shaman revealed himself to the astonished assembly. He stood with his drawn spear in his right hand, with his left he held the damsel's arm.

Before the witches had recovered from their surprise, Too-yet spoke out boldly and said: "Petty chief of a band of thieves, I heard the brave speech you just made to your cringing puppets.

"You would make a consort of this maiden? Bah, I would rather run her through with my spear while she still has the privilege of

dying. What, Mr. Medicine-man, you would bewitch me? Why, I am a servant of the great spirit, who is as far above the world as you are too base to breathe the air of freedom. I am impregnable to you, and I defy you!"

Turning again to the chief, he resumed: "Cowardly abductor of defenseless women and destroyer of human happiness, you think me unable to enter your dark hole? You will destroy me? That is the talk of a fool. I shall take the maid and return to my people, and woe be upon the one of you who attempts to restrain me. I shall tell my people what an insignificant lot you are, and they will come down here and carry you away in throngs. Give way, lest I tread on some of you. Come, Kish-ah-kla!"

The impulsive young man would, no doubt, have attempted to lead the maid away, but, bidding Too-yet halt, an old witch, famous for his wisdom, advanced to the council fire and delivered the following advice to his chief and peers:

"Great chief and brothers, before we act against this young stranger, I deem it wise for us to consider the result such an action might have. Word has this moment come from the frontier which confirms the rumor you, my master, told us awhile ago. The rumor further asserts that the mortal has outfought and out-witted our people repeatedly. That he should come amongst us here, unobserved, would tend to prove his statement that he is under the protection of our powerful antithetical rivals. It is true that he has spoken insultingly to you and to us, but under the circumstances that is not unnatural. Our ability to restrain the woman is unquestioned, but can we prevent the man from escaping? This great cavern has been the home of our people since the mighty mountain above us burst from the earth, and a mortal has never before succeeded in en-

tering it. Should we not devise a sure way to prevent this one from exposing what he has seen?

"For the benefit of his people, our generous ruler can easily forego the lass. Indeed, he can easily capture another instead, who, if she does not equal the present captive in beauty and grace, can be quickly modified. Now, for the welfare and safety of our race, I recommend that in return for a promise from both the strangers that they seal their lips to what they have heard and seen, we return them safely to the upper world."

The old chief stepped back, and took his place in the circle, and the leader of the fighting witches stepped forth.

"Oh, chief and comrades, the brother has spoken wisely. I, too, think we should assist these lovers to return. And I advise also, that as a recognition of this man's valor we present him with the twenty-five tin-ahs which will make him a headman among his people."

A silence fell after the second speaker closed. The chief bent his head as if he were in deep thought. At last he bade those who would not second the advice of the speakers to reseat themselves, but the entire assembly remained standing. With this the chief retired, saying: "It shall be as my subjects desire."

* * * *

After giving the required promise the pair were conducted by an escort of witches to the entrance of the cave. The medicine-man, who had spoken in their behalf, caused a vacuum to form in the water. The party stepped into this wonderful compartment, and went rapidly down the incline to the bottom of the lake, then rose to the surface. On the bank of the lake, in the darkness, for it was night, the head witch presented Too-yet with the coveted twenty-five tin-ahs. This done, the witches disappeared in the

water, leaving the lovers alone in the darkness.

(NOTE.—Prior to the introduction of civilized money, the Yakutats used the large copper shield, made by the Indians at the head of Copper River, as a medium of ex-

change. The man who had acquired twenty-five of these, either by trading or as booty from the warpath, became a chief. Another medium of exchange was the blanket, made from the mountain goat's wool. One shield, or tin-ah, was valued at forty blankets.



LITTLE ISRAEL

A STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO

By Grace Helen Bailey

RACHEL leaned against the door-jamb, her eyes fixed on the tall sheeted figure that stood on its pedestal between the wide windows of the bare room. The sweet, placid maternity of her face was disturbed by a passing anxiety, and her lips trembled in forming the question that had ruffled her usual calm.

"Ezekial," she said in a low voice,

"I fear me that my father-in-law means to do thee and thine harm. The madness of Kishineff is still in his blood. Do you remember that he thinks you were responsible for the discovery of his plot against the police?"

A man sat on a stool before the covered image, his sensitive, slim hands working with a nervous energy as they moulded a small head

on the yielding clay that stood on a slab by his side. A tremor passed over his features, and for a moment he silently reflected. Then he made answer in tones at once fiery and tender, jubilant and sad:

"Dear Rachel, Ezra Kranso has a great hatred for me in his heart. I had hoped to show him that his way was not the one to gain the freedom of our people, the people cursed through many generations. Treachery is for those who do not believe in the faith of our fathers. It is not for the children of Israel, the poor wanderers who have hungered for the true manna in the desert of their captivity. Ah, but Rachel, it shall be given to them if they will but hear the call, see the light in the darkness."

He half-rose from his seat, and then, sinking back, he exclaimed in sudden melancholy: "But will they? The poor, mis-guided children of the seed of Abraham!" He put his hand to his brow with a quick gesture as though in pain, a pain that blighted his sight and quenched all the fire of his eyes.

Rachel Viazesky was of the type of Jewish woman that suggested the patient forbearance of a long-suffering race, the bearer of many burdens, the dark-eyed helpmate of men who had bent the neck beneath the hateful yoke of cruel oppressors. She was young, scarcely out of her twenties, but the shadow of many horrors was in her soul and the quick tears of loss and recent anguish mingled in the kindness of her motherly glance. At the reassuring words of the youthful leader before her, at the promise of better days, a hope sprang into her voice, and clasping the well formed hands, stained and cracked with much toil, she exclaimed:

"Is it really true? Oh, Ezekial, will it ever be? Will we ever have a land of our own, where we can dwell in peace? A beautiful country free from all vexation and grief;

a land where we can be happy in the practice of our own religion?"

For answer, the young Jew rose from his seat, and silently, with almost reverence, put down his clay and uncovered the tall form that had been hidden by the sheet.

"Oh!" came from Rachel, with an involuntary note of admiration.

The sculptor fell back a pace to study the statue before him. With critical eye his glance swept over the white length of robe, the human, outreaching hands, the force and strength of a full grown man marbilized into the passivity of inanimate substance. There was a power, a might, a spiritual uplift about the figure that filled the observer with awe; a concealed something that hinted at divinity and a great soul-moving purpose. It was completed—all but the face. In that unchiseled countenance lay the mystery of the call.

"Oh!" breathed the Jewish woman, "it has come at last. It is—it is——"

"The Messiah," finished Ezekiel. "And he is here already in the hearts of the true followers. The time is not ripe for his real coming. We must grow strong in the faith, and we must prepare ourselves for the final deliverance. See, my soul is not ready, not ready to do more than to dream the divine face—as yet."

The speaker took up a small chisel, and with shaking fingers held it toward the enraptured Rachel.

"See, I hope to have the sacred features come to me before Christmas night of the Christians. On that night we must all gather here in the center of a civilization where the hearts are cold and hard, where the orthodox Jew has grown deaf to the cry of his banished people. We must wake to life, beautiful new life, the old prayers, the old psalms, and the Torah must read us the old lessons, the old laws, in letters of flame."

The glow faded from Rachel's face. She was oppressed by a great doubt. Many called Ezekiel the crazy Jew, and even his own flock was a little skeptical as to the success of his plans, the plans of the wanderer, passionate in his hunger cry, the wanderer moving on to the Zion of his dreams. Out here in the west was liberty, the chance of making a great fortune, and why, they asked themselves, should they go forth into a sterile land to till and cultivate the soil for unborn generations? And sometimes, the bolder ones hinted as much to the enthusiast, and at such moments the iron went deep into his soul, and with anguish he saw what the years of banishment had done for his own race; in a swift insight he beheld the splendor of the old Jerusalem lost in the tarnish of the trafficking mart.

It was in these deep discouragements that the ardor of the prophet quickened, and holding fast to his vision, he prayed that the hour of deliverance might be near at hand.

All these things came to Rachel as she stood at the door of the room, the poor, mean room where Sarah had breathed forth her gentle spirit. Gladly had that life been sacrificed in the cause of the beloved prophet whom she called husband.

Perhaps Ezekiel read her thoughts—for he said in his sad, insistent way: "Ah, Rachel, you are thinking of my Sarah. Do you know, I never see her as she was when she died here! She comes to me as she did on that first morning when I found her in the furrows planting seed. Her little bare feet were **purple** and her hands swollen from the cold. But oh, the morning was in her face—the dear, fair face had gathered all the warmth and tenderness. And in that instant, she was mine, and we plighted troth in the first glance that she gave me."

"But," said the listener in a hesitation that feared to wound, "why

did you offend the old Kranso? He despises you, Ezekial, and with my father-in-law I fear is plotting your ruin. That is why I came up to warn you to-day. My husband was the only one who had any influence with them, and after he was killed on that red day at Kishneff they both seemed to go mad with a desire for revenge. And why did my father-in-law insist upon following you? And why did old Kranso brave the terrors of the frontier flight and come to California with little Israel? The boy is not strong, and he has already the look of Sarah when she first commenced to spit the dark blood. I fear me, I fear me," repeated the woman with a shake of her dark, braided head.

"My father-in-law never forgave me for living as a poor man," said Ezekiel. "He was glad when he found that I wanted his daughter, and that was because my father was the richest merchant in Kishneff, the only Jew who stood high in the eyes of the Russian Government. And when Sarah and I began to live as simple peasants, he was enraged. It was at that time that I learned of his plot. I warned him that I would inform the police. So when the riot began at Baku, he thought I was the traitor. Oh, Rachel, will you ever forget the horrors of that day and night?"

The speaker covered his face with the delicate womanish hands and his breast was shaken by a great sob. "And then," he continued, "I vowed that the wealth of my father's mills and factories should go to free down-trodden and much scourged Jews of the great Imperial Russia. When this statue rises in the public square of our own city, the citizens of the new Zion will forget the past in the joy and peace of the present. It will come," he said dreamily, "yes it will come."

The sculptor went to the window and threw it open. The tenement where the Viazeskys, the prophet,

and his wife's people lived, was a tall, rambling building, perched high upon the most uncertain steep of Telegraph Hill and over-looking the wide sweep of bay with its narrowing Golden Gate and the ocean beyond. Ezekiel got the first glint of dawn as it came out of the East and lost itself in the white of a fishing smack's sail; and the West gave up its last red to the window opening out upon the hills that folded one on the other as they fell away from the mist-hid brow of Tamalpais.

Distance gave a purity of out-line

dered at last to the window where Ezekiel stood, and rested there with a wistful yearning remarkable in one of his years. The boy sat in the stern between two old men, but his mind was not set on the conversation carried on in Russian, with its pauses broken, every now and then, by short and vehement sentences.

His face was a pale oval, with mournful eyes, its mobility crossed by the same patient resignation that marked the Jewish woman's placidity. He, too, had lived deep of the bitterness that comes with in-



"I found her in the furrows planting the seed."

to the rookeries clinging to the dizzy slopes, and the dim thread of the Berkeley shore glinting with its myriad lights in the dark and blazing with its myriads of reflections at sunset, seemed, to the dreamer, a fit prospect for one who saw as in a cloud the mirage of a far-off city.

Down on the waters of the bay where the strength of the ocean came in with every breeze that blew a boy was watching the evening light as it traced strange fantasies on land and sea and his eyes wan-

justice and a brooding melancholy had settled on his young life forever.

"He is a fool," hissed the old man addressed as Ezra, "a fool to buy up all that land down South. Do you think that people are going to leave comfortable homes in a place like San Francisco and go off at the word of a crazy Jew?"

"Bah! He is a crazy Jew," returned the other. "One of those possessed of evil spirits. If it were not for such cowards as he, Russia

would have been free long before this, and we would now be happy drinking our vodka. There is no place for us here. There are too many of the young of other countries, the young of a mixed blood. And this Zion that he talks about is the raving of a diseased brain."

"Why did you leave the beloved Russia, then?" asked Ezra, with a sly wink. "Did you hate to part with the dear 'Little Father'?"

"I have no love for him, traitor that he is," said Viazesky. "But why did you leave yourself—if I may ask?"

A fierce anger burned in the sombre eyes of old Ezra Kranso, and the garrulous mouth twisted into a hideous contortion. He was a muscular man, with powerful knarled hands and curved back and curly gray hair, in direct contrast to the small, red-headed, blue-eyed Viazesky.

"You know why I left," he answered gruffly. "I swore that I would have revenge on him for that dirty trick he played on me about the police."

"He is rich, very rich," meditated Viazesky, "and who knows, we may bring him to terms and get some of the money out of this Zion business. He is your dead daughter's husband—you have some reason to expect——"

"Bah, you do not know the fellow. He has not the fear that troubles you and me. It is the ghost of Abraham that he is scared of. He thinks more of that white stone than of all the moneys in the Russian Bank because, they say, he thinks it is to lead the renegade Jews back to the orthodox faith."

Both old men chuckled, and then with a frightened gravity Viazesky asked: "Will the young Cohen wait for the money, or do you have to pay the interest now?"

"Now, now," cried Ezra. "Jake fears that the old Cohen will get wind of what we are trying to do

and the old fellow has become a follower of the fool Ezekiel. Oh, if we could only have a Ghetto of our own right here, and if the three of us could control the land and the moneys paid by the tenants. Good business—fine business," he rubbed his hands at the mere idea of what they might hold in the future.

"Won't he wait?"

"If I can get the money out of my son-in-law for the venture, well, then, everything is settled—and fine—but—if——"

"Well! Well?"

There was a breathless pause, and the two old plotters came together until their greedy eyes met in a long look of silent understanding. There was a harsh laugh and the rattle of a chain as Ezra emptied his pipe against the side of the boat. Little Israel shrank back in his seat and his terrified glance went up to the window on the hill.

II

Rachel sat in the door-way. Mrs. Cohen occupied the chair with the plush bottom, and with the regal air of a superior, rocked her much-decked body to and fro, gently undulating the rustling silk of her ample draperies. She detested visiting these poor Russian Jews, but here she sighed inwardly—one must be politic, and Jake had said that he was going to get religious and all because of the business. They said that the queer man who always looked as though he were half-starved, had a lot of money. Mrs. Cohen speculated as she looked over the hostesses' head into the plain kitchen beyond, and notwithstanding Rachels' fine figure she was filled with a great disgust.

"And so we're goin' to see the statue," she said, after a long pause. "It seems most sort of foolish to make such a fuss over a piece of stone. But when I said that to grandpa Cohen, he got furious, and

said that we Americans didn't belong to the chosen people. He got awful mad and went off into Yiddish, as he always does when things don't suit. I began to cry and Jake took me off to the theatre to make it up to me. But tell me, Mrs. Viazesky," she leaned almost out of the chair in her eagerness, "do you know what this fuss is all about, anyway? Grandpa Cohen said something about going off a long way. Surely he didn't mean it? Jake and me won't go, even if he has all the money."

Rachel pressed the youngest to her bosom, and her mild glance rested upon the tight, glossy waves of the visitor's hair, and upon the sharp nose and general splendor of the pert little Mrs. Cohen. And in her soft voice, with a careful picking of her English, she said slowly:

"It means that we are to be free. That we are to have a beautiful country of our own; sunshine in a promised land." Unconsciously she was repeating the prophet's words. "In a land where there is no mark of blood, no separation through cruel laws, no death because of——"

She had gathered the baby closer, and coming to her feet, she stood in the door-way, a tragic picture of a haunting memory.

"But I don't want to go away," wailed Mrs. Cohen, "off to a place where there ain't no theatres or fun of any kind. It isn't fair, and I just won't go."

"You don't understand," said Rachel. "The new Zion isn't for your kind. One must believe and one must have suffered." And then she said in her kind, motherly way:

"But come to the meeting to-night and perhaps it will mean something to you ever after. I must go in now and get the children's supper. We hope to see you all to-night—remember."

After the visitor had gone and the children had been put to bed, the Jewish woman sat for a long

while on the steps waiting, listening for the step of Ezekiel. She remembered his face as she had seen it last time, transfigured with a glory that made it wonderful to behold. The statue was finished, and he had gone out to Sarah's grave. To-night he was to reveal the Messiah in all his promise and hope assured, and those who were willing to join the band of the faithful were to sign their names in the presence of the Rabbi Zonger and a notary.

The roar of the city came to her faintly as she listened from the great elevation and she thought of the people making holiday on this festival of peace and good-will. Fulfillment had come to them, to the Christian world, but the children of captivity were still waiting. A great desire took possession of Rachel; a passionate desire to look upon that wonderful countenance, to read the lesson for herself without the aid of any one.

She was one of those Jewish women whose faith is unchangeable through all change, of the kind whose mild gaze followed Paul on his mission, but whose heart remained one with the old law. All the chords of her being were moved to a love intense and powerful, the maternal love that aspired for a new kingdom for her own bone and flesh. Hers was the royal motherhood of a lost Judea.

She went up the stairs with slow falterings, and on the threshold paused in astonishment, having almost stumbled over the limp form of the sleeping Israel.

"Child, child," said Rachel, stooping down, "what are you doing here?"

The boy raised himself on his elbow, his lids heavy with sleep. "He is in there—the Messiah," he whispered.

"Come," said Rachel, laying her large, firm hand on the youth's shoulder. "We shall see it together, Little Israel."

They pushed open the door noiselessly and went into the room. Gleaming white the majestic form rose between the two windows and the lowering sun just reached the out-stretched hands to touch them with crimson fire. The statue was instinct with a marvelous life force that seemed to embrace the watchers in a widening spiritual loneliness. A throb of some emotion never experienced before swept them nearer to the promise of a new era. They slowly raised their eyes from the flowing drapery to the face, their gaze full of solemn expectancy and intense faith.

There was a cry of mutual anguish, and little Israel fell on his knees in an agony of recollection. It was not a dream then! Some one had stepped over his prostrate body and entered the room!

Marble dust, fine as powder, lay on the base of the pedestal and over the chisel and over the floor, and chips of splintered marble bore silent testimony to the ignominy that cursed the children of Israel.

And while they clasped each other, overcome at the awful deed of malice, a shadow fell across the path of the setting sun as it streamed in through the open window. Two black shadows, dark with hate, stood contemplating the work of destruction. And then the old Kranso and the little Viazesky stole away and the woman and child were left alone in the darkness. Ages seemed to pass in a slow flight down the desolation of that waiting.

There was a step on the stairs, a step stumbling and uncertain, and Rachel clutched the boy in a terrible fear.

"It is he—it is he!" And then she paused to listen as the steps came nearer. There was the murmur of many voices below stairs and she remembered that it was the hour of the meeting. She shrank away, unable to witness the wonder or to en-

dure the questioning that would surely follow.

The door swung back and Ezekiel stood on the threshold. Some one was behind him with a lamp, and in the light his face was very pale, and his eyes went past the statue and to the window, eyes particularly vacant and lustreless. His hands went gently in a strange new discovery over the door-jambs and across the walls of the room. He came like a little child uneasy in its first lesson of independence. Back of him hobbled old grandpa Cohen and his little daughter-in-law, hushed for once into quiet, and all the Zionists who had joined the trio on the way up. They were all there, and they came silently with the relaxation of a great catastrophe over them and a dull pity in their commonplace faces. They, too, stood on the threshold undecided, and then, one by one, tip-toed into the far corners of the apartment. The notary was there and back of the speechless company walked the Rabbi.

Ezekiel turned round with a strange look of listening, and then in a voice of authority he demanded:

"The pass-word, my brothers. There are to be none but the children of Israel. The Messiah—he has come to them at last." The long sigh from his parted lips was drowned out by the whisper of:

"Sholem!"

With dazed gropings the prophet reached the feet of the statue. With infinite tenderness his fingers stole upward. They rested on the hands now pallid in the white radiance from the lamp, and then trembled upward to the noble brow of the deliverer. Like a musician too full of harmony to take notice of the poor instrument, or the painter too full of the ecstasy of color to heed the inferior canvas was this stricken sculptor, and the blunted features of the defaced Messiah

gave no hint to his dreaming soul of the tragedy. The cruelty of revenge was obliterated by the patient resignation that softened the loss of sight in the melancholy eyes.

"Rachel, where is Rachel?" murmured the prophet. "Let the Rabbi tell her."

"Rachel Viazesky, where is she?" asked the Rabbi Zonger, in a voice full of sympathy.

Reluctantly the Jewish woman came forward, her toil-worn fingers tightly clasped, her bosom shaken with a tempest of sorrow.

"You must see to him from hence-

Has he not come to us at last, the yearned-for Messiah?"

And looking upon his followers with the unseeing orbs, the prophet spoke in burning words, and their amazement turned to questioning and then to intensified compassion that gave a tender brotherhood to the pity in their hearts as the murmur went softly round:

"He is quite mad, the poor blind Ezekiel."

But the mad Ezekiel gave no sign of reading their minds, and with a masterfulness penetrating his every utterance, he caught at and held



"Little Israel sat in the stern between two old men."

forth, my daughter," said the Rabbi, "it was thus that we found him, our beloved prophet Ezekiel, and we led him up out of the darkness, as he has led us, but it is not in the power of man to lead him into the light."

"What matters that?" said Ezekiel in triumphant and ringing tones. "I have seen and there is no darkness for the child of faith. Look ye, my people, on this countenance of unsurpassed love and beauty; is it not worth all the sorrow of the long years of oppression?

their luke-warm faith and warmed it with some of his flaming zeal.

"My brothers," he cried, "ye who will not follow me into the Land of Promise—good-bye. Ye fibre of another race—another creed! Ye who will not walk with every nation of the earth and be proud in the cry: I am a Jew,; ye who will not sing in the face of the Gentiles: Behold, I am a Jew, and apart, though seemingly one of you, alone shall I be until the end of time. Ever separate shall I be. I am a Jew and not an object of your Christian char-

ity that says in a generosity that mocks: He is a poor, despised Jew, brother and son of a despised race. Ye who will not follow me, be forever an alien in a foreign land without promise or hope of deliverance. Ashamed of your own flesh and blood, forever cursed in the spirit of low greed. Out of this country where the sickles are yet bright in their newness; where the law is not of love, but of avarice, not of fellowship, but of hate. On to the city of Zion high in the hills of a sacred Judea; not the Palestine of the old world, but the blessed Zion of the new. Because of us history is rich indeed, but men have grown faint-hearted in the worship of false gods and have forgotten the promise of a fairer Jerusalem. Teach your sons and daughters to be proud of the title of Jew, the exiled and long-suffering descendents of a great people. Think of our national tragedy that has out-lived the drama for 1900 years, and then look at this divine face, and dream through the long night as I have dreamed of the Messiah to be."

There was a silence so intense that Rachel stifled the swelling sobs, and little Mrs. Cohen let the tears

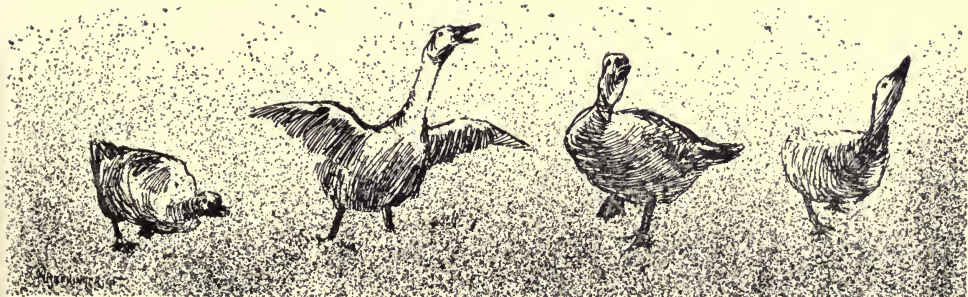
run unwiped down her bright cheeks. And then the voice went on in milder cadences.

"The light has come to you, my brothers, and gone from me. Is there any one amongst you who is willing to take my place, the place of the prophet with his eyes open and fixed on the vision?"

A tug whistled on the bay and there was the rush of bells ringing over the city. Merry crowds were hurrying home in the joyousness of the season's fulness, but high up on the hill, amid its poverty and its squalor, there was a new Jerusalem throwing wide its gates to a wandering nation.

A Jewish boy, with dark brow and melancholy eyes, rose to his feet, and in the surprise that followed his movement, the men and women gathered in that poor, mean room, felt close to one of those sublime moments when the unseen world lies close to the pure, white soul.

"Dear brother Ezekiel," rang out the clear treble of Little Israel, "I have seen the vision and heard the call, and I would be the prophet who knows no fear as he walks on to the Land of Promise."



A STRANGE STORY

By W. W. Battles

DO I believe in clairvoyants, mind-readers, mystic adepts, etc.?

If you had asked me that question a year or so ago, I should have answered you without a moment's hesitation. I should have aired my superior ignorance by asserting that every sort of occult phenomena was either humbug or delusion. Or if compelled to admit that a single instance of the kind might be genuine, what was the good of it? To-day I am not so sure of my position in matters mysterious. The fact is, about a year ago I had an experience that rather staggered my former belief. Shall I tell you about it? It happened this way:

I live in San Francisco—when I am not stopping elsewhere, which I do rather frequently. One of my elsewhere stopping places is on a timber claim in the Big Basin country, some miles above Boulder Creek.

Early last spring I took a trip out there, leaving the train at Boulder and hiring a horse and buggy for the rest of the journey. It was nearly night when I arrived at an old cabin which had served as shelter on several previous occasions. A few rough boards tacked up for a roof in one corner of a small corral constituted my barn, which that night at least was in keeping with its occupants, for the horse and buggy I had hired were both venerable members of the Shack family. I was the only respectable looking party in the outfit, a fact not really worth bragging about.

In the night I was awakened by

the sound of rain on the old shake roof. I lay for some time listening to the patter of the drops and wishing I was back in San Francisco. But finally the monotonous drone of constant, quiet rainfall made me drowsy, and with the hope that the sky would clear in the morning, I went to sleep again.

In the morning, however, the sky did not clear. The rain which had come up so unexpectedly now seemed to have settled down to a prolonged drizzle. Meantime, the road back to Boulder was getting worse every minute. I made up my mind to break camp as soon as possible, but when I went out to feed and harness the old horse, I found that he had decided to patronize the Big Basin restaurant, and was taking his breakfast out. At any rate, he was gone, and I must either hunt him up or "hoof" it back to town. After I had tramped about in the mud for three hours or more, I found my ancient friend in a little gully still eating his breakfast. He looked at me for a moment, then went back to his fare with the calm, deliberation one might feel who had all eternity at his command. He did not run from me, but with stupid stubbornness stood his ground, grabbing for the last mouthful within reach as he was led away.

I hustled him back to camp and prepared for a speedy departure. It was then about noon, the drizzle was still on, and the road was sloppy enough.

Presently the wind, which had been quiet and well behaved, began to whistle up the canyon, and I

knew that the Big Basin country at least was in for a good one.

I had planned on this trip to hunt up the boundary stakes and get ready to fence in my possessions; but Mother Nature had been planning, too, so there was nothing for it but to beat an unmasterly, though by no means hasty, retreat. At a creeping pace we made our way over several miles that lay between camp and Boulder Creek. With rain-drops trickling down my back and gusts of wind slapping me in the face, my state of mind was not one of ecstatic delight. Yet I tried to take things philosophically and succeeded fairly well till we came to a sharp turn in the road, when, without apparent provocation, Methuselah came to a dead stop, and all my persuasive eloquence failed to budge him.

Above the road was a hill a hundred yards high, built on an incline that was by no means gentle. Below was a gorge some thirty feet deep.

The steady drip of the rain told off the minutes, which seemed to diag into hours, and there stood that horse, unmoved and immovable, and there sat I, trying to possess my soul in patience. I tried in turn all the arts and sciences at my command used in the treatment of balky horses, but my equine friend would not budge an inch. I finally decided to give him five minutes more in which to repent. If, at the end of that time he still remained in his sins, I would go on foot and let him stay there till the day of judgment.

But not more than half the time limit had expired when I heard, above the wind, a rumbling sound far up the hillside. The rumble quickly became a roar, and a succession of crashes as a huge rock loosened by the rain, came thundering toward the road, smashing down underbrush, breaking off saplings and plowing up earth. I made one lunge over the buggy seat and about

three bounds down the road before the grand crash came. For an instant I caught sight of the old horse, as unrepenting as ever, then the great rock struck him amidships.

The next instant the top of a young tree came swirling down over my head, a great mass of wet earth swept across the road and bore me with it into the gorge below. For some time I was unconscious that there was any time or anything. When I came to a sense of my surroundings, I found myself at the bottom of the gulch, wedged in between two logs and half buried in mud. I clawed away as much of the earth as I could, and tried to extricate myself. But I found it as impossible to move my legs as it had been to move Methuselah. Poor old fellow! It had taken a landslide to "get a move on him." The judgment day had come upon him while he was yet in his sins. His obstinacy had been his complete undoing. There he was a few yards below me, lying under the wrecked buggy with his head in the creek.

It was raining harder by this time, and the roar of the wind up the canyon would have dismayed a stouter heart than mine. But, stout heart or faint, I was evidently in for a long siege. There wasn't a human habitation within miles so far as I knew, and if there had been, nobody could have heard my call for help above the howling storm. I made several useless attempts to free myself, but these only served to remind me that my right shoulder was badly sprained. My legs were too cramped and benumbed to report to the brain their true condition.

It is useless to dwell on the horrors I endured through the hours that followed. After a while it got dark down there in the canyon, then inky black as the night closed in. My shoulder ached frightfully, and my teeth chattered with the cold.

Once in a while I dozed off into semi-unconsciousness, to be roused by a sharper spasm of pain or a fiercer gust of wind. In this way the first part of the night went by.

Then a new terror came to me. The creek was rising! By reaching over the log that pinned me down I could feel the water as it swept by. Occasionally, in the lull of the wind, I could hear it tumbling over the rocks. Before this, my mental state had been one of dumb despair; now it became one of frenzied horror. To be held fast by the legs while the whirling waters rose and rose—to the waist, to the shoulder, to the chin—to be strangled there in the dark, with never a chance to fight for my life, was a fate too horrible to endure. Was there no power in all that vast forest but the power of destruction? Oh, there must be help somewhere!

I called for that help with all the strength of my voice, yet I knew in my heart that no human being could hear me. But the frenzy of desperation was upon me. I must find a way of escape. I must have help. I couldn't die in that way. "Help! Help!" I kept calling, sometimes with all my might, sometimes only in a whisper. A whisper was as good as a shout, for I could scarcely hear my own voice above the roaring wind. I seemed to realize for the first time in my life that I had a soul and this was its cry that would not be silenced.

And all this time the water was steadily rising!

I do not know how many minutes or hours passed. Clearly, there was no hope, no help. I had done all I could, now I must await the inevitable. Stolid despair mingled with stoic fortitude settled down upon me.

I may have dozed; perhaps I dreamed. But for the fact that I am now relating the experience, I should say it was all a dream. After awhile my eyes caught the glimmer

of a light far up on the opposite hillside. Then the light disappeared. Then it reappeared. And each time it reappeared and glimmered, grew steadier. It was a strange, wierd sight as it moved in an uncertain, zigzag course among the trees. In my state of mind it seemed an uncanny thing. I could not tell whether it was a symbol of hope or a summons to my doom. At any rate I was fascinated by it as it came nearer and nearer.

At last a great hope ruled out doubt and despair. The mystical light was a lantern flame, and the old man who carried it was a more welcome sight than would have been the fairest angelic vision. I shouted to him to hasten, as the water was now over the logs and was rising rapidly. But to my call he paid not the slightest heed—seemed not to hear me, though he was just across the stream on the opposite bank. He was a thin, shaggy man with long hair and bushy whiskers. In one hand he carried the lantern, in the other an axe. I shouted again to let him know where I was, but he marched by without even looking my way. Meanwhile I was yelling at him to come back, anger, despair and desperation in my voice.

When he had gone up stream for fifty or sixty yards, he crossed the creek on a fallen tree and came back on my side. I noticed that he walked with a firm and even step, avoiding slippery and rocky places as easily as if he had traversed the path a thousand times. When he reached the spot where I was, he looked at me a few seconds with glassy, unseeing eyes, handed me the lantern, and began to use his axe on the logs that had held me fast for so many hours. Every blow counted. The muddy water splashed over us both as his axe cut through it into the wood below, yet each stroke was delivered with a nicety and precision that astonished me. To the few re-

marks which I ventured to offer he made no reply.

When he had cut away the death trap in which I was imprisoned, my strange rescuer lifted me out of the mud and water, and literally carried me to a place of safety. There he straightened out my cramped legs and gave them a good rubbing. Then, silent and unseeing as before, he led the way over the fallen tree and along the path that zigzagged up the hill. Every now and then he would stop, take me by the arm—the unhurt one—and help support my lagging steps up the slippery way.

It was at least two miles from the creek to this strange man's abode. When we reached it, the strange man seemed to wake from his dream or trance or whatever was his condition. Upon relaxing from the tense state to which he had subjected himself, he seemed very much ex-

hausted, but after a little rest he made me comfortable by a huge fire place, doctored up my lame shoulder, and entertained me most hospitably.

I stayed with him two days, during which time I looked over some of his books—one of his two rooms was full of them—and listened to a good deal of talk on occult and mystical subjects. I found the old recluse very entertaining, and while I do not swallow nearly all the stuff he gave me, I am willing to admit that I was very glad to take the dose that saved my life.

Should you ever visit the venerable hermit in his mountain home, just call his attention to this story. Possibly he may explain how it was that he knew of my peril and came to my rescue. My task has been to record the incident as it happened. I have no explanation whatever to offer.



CHRISTMAS UNDER THE REDWOODS OF CALIFORNIA

By Paul G. Clark

"So, now is come our joyful'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

IT was started by a letter from Harold—I mean that famous Christmas we spent under the trees. A week before Yule-tide his missive found its way to our Pine-street home, saying that he had left New York with Ray. Harold is the uncle of the rest of us, but the average ages of the most being twenty-seven, his personality is simply at a par. The significant words in his epistle were: "We are bringing our heavy coats; reckon even in California it's chilly at Christmas." He had never been out here; the rest of us preceded him by only two years, and now there was to be something of a family re-union.

Cold at Christmas! Absurdity! Insult! We would show him! The patriotic blood of the entire Bunn family was aroused. Hilda and Grace joined in the protest. One year makes a Californian; we had the defensive zeal of pioneers. And the general roar from the "family club" provided, as was usual, an idea. We would make Harold and Aunt Ray eat their Christmas dinner out of doors.

Of course we would, too. "All hands on deck!" ordered father, who was even more resourceful than his sons. "We'll spend Christmas in the Redwoods! We'll do our frolicking out of doors! We'll build

a lean-to with a fire-place for the Yule log! And if our Eastern friends will perish from cold, they can perish!"

In the applause that followed, the Bunn family were stirred to action. We were a motherless bunch, just father, the boys and girls; perhaps for that reason we had cultivated our domestic ingenuity. Jessie was given the task of a menu in the most ancient order of Christmas. Lillian was appointed for decorations. Songs and universal merriment were the portion of Harvey. Lee was the committee on Yule Log. As for myself, I caught the next train for Sonoma County to select a suitable spot for the scenery. I got off at Guerneville, beat up the country around Bohemian Grove, and finally found the exact place for my fancy, on the Russian River.

There are only two carpenters in the country up there, and though they work on contract, their "speed" is ninety cents a day. I planned, therefore, nothing architecturally elaborate. We got a lot of lumber from Bleeker's mill, and set to work on the Christmas Hall. The place was of "infinite variety." We were in the heart of the Redwoods. It was accessible only after passing over a mile of winding mountain trail. The route left the wagon road and followed a foot-path for a quarter of a mile, a ridge running high above the valley. One made his way almost under hanging branches. From below rose the tops

of the mighty Redwoods, over which we seemed to walk. But above, on the slope we traversed, tier on tier of forest giants soared to heaven. The destination was a vast solitude; the trail ended in a grove of redwoods, filling a bowl, cleft in the mountain side, and climbing to the ridge above. A place to please the Druids! In this situation of forest romance, in a crisp asmosphere, the "family club" would spend Noel.

I was joined on the last day of work by Lillian. She was astonished at the size of my redwood pavilion. It was of crude planking, but spacious, mother earth being the floor, and out of stones we had built a spacious fireplace. My men were now enlisted with the lady decorator in search of greens. While arboring the house, Lee arrived with our Chinese cook. We decided to cook the dinner at a hotel not far down the trail, to transport it on donkeys, and merely erect a pantry for local disbursement. The following twenty-four hours were full of busy preparation.

The three of us were at the train at its arrival on Christmas Day from San Francisco. The family was there. Harold caught my hand in a mighty hand clasp; he introduced me to my new aunt. I saw instantly that Ray would be one of us. The party was filled with the most eager expectations, and our New York relatives were stupified by the surprise; they did not bring to the Redwoods their heavy top coats.

Old "Jack," the only horse I could secure, had a time of it hauling the crowd into the mountains. We must have made a hilarious spectacle. When the work of my carpenters was beheld, a redwood hall sprung by magic in the Druid grove, a spontaneous triple cheer was given for my humble self, and Harvey sang an original song on the spot. He consecrated my ideal location the "Grove of the Graces,"

and my enthusiastic Aunt Ray seized me—we giving the first waltz since the fairies were driven from that divine locality.

"Well, Master of Ceremonies," said Harold, bringing in that comedy way of his, to my father, "you have pleased us to Christmas taste; when will the show begin?"

Our Chinese boy had gotten the luggage unpacked, everyone loaned a hand at various employments, and in a few minutes the head of the family appeared on the green as the Lord of Misrule. We roasted refreshments at once, and began circulating the Yule dough, which are cookies pulled up into a "Christmas point," and with cider washed down. The entire party now went after the Yule log. Lee had left it at the top of the hill. The boys hoisted it, and then we went to "Redwood Hall." We brought it within that venerable edifice, and as we deposited it, to the music of a guitar Harvey's thoughtfulness had provided, sang the "Welcome Yule." It was a hearty burst we gave voice to, sincere in the balm of those mountains as ever rang by snow-bound hearth; and we bawled it twice:

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year,
Welcome Yule."

And we forthwith initiated that ancient section of the Redwoods to an old-line Christmas.

Including our guests, we were fifteen. We were given ardor by the holiday character of the hall. Lillian had set the red holly berries glistening everywhere. Smilax hung over the wire frame of Christmas bells, and as an ingenious device, real bells were placed inside; by attaching strings out-doors, they were sounded by "Lim" with startling and mysterious results of pleasure. There was a great table at one end—greens on the cloth. But



Christmas dinner in the California red woods.

no logs snapped on the fire-place. The lighting of the Yule log was a great ceremony.

That venerable bit of "heart of oak" being deposited on the earth, it was each one's turn to do his stunt, by order of the Lord of Misrule. Harold first stood on the log. He placed one graceful hand over his stomach, bowed and exclaimed: "Hungry as the sea, and can digest as much," and stepped down. It was so like Harold; we all remembered he got away with Aunt Maggie's double-decker beefsteaks in New York.

My cousin Hilda told a ghost story. It had happened to her. While staying at an old country house in Maine, she had come to breakfast and announced her immediate departure, having had a ghost enter her room, snatch a coverlet from the bed with bony fingers. It was so; the spread was not there. A late guest just then came in, remarked that he had been cold during the night, and knowing the next room to be empty, had taken a coverlet. And also stepped down.

We watched Ray take the stage with expectation. In that spirited style of hers (which during all the time we knew her was fire for our spirits), she gave this sentiment of old:

"Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas where snow-peaks stand
solemn and white!
Christmas where corn-fields lie
sunny and bright!
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!"

At which apt blending of East and West we gave the dramatic reciter a round cheer; and throughout the big "Christmas shed" the echo of human voices came back, "Christmas to-night!"

An exciting interruption oc-

curred. Ray was the first caught under the mistletoe, as she was going to a log-wood seat; Harvey was the winning man. As none of the boys had dared yet to embrace their handsome aunt, the incident was sensational. Harold said that if he were given two whole mince pies he would forgive all.

It being my turn, I gave forth the bit of verse that we used to get off when I went to school, centuries old, for aught I know, which runs: "Now, all our neighbor's chimneys smoke,"

"Pardon me," said Hilda, "the nearest is a mile away."

"Shut up—"

"Their Christmas blocks are burning;"

"Excuse me," exclaimed Lillian; "they haven't drunk enough cider yet."

"Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke"—

"Gad! Give them a little air!" drawled one of the boys.

"And all their spits are turning"—

"I thought you said the oven was choked?"

"Without the door let sorrow lie"—

"Kick it out."

Heedless of the conspiracy (hatched on the train), I finished with crescendo:

"And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!"

Which got me three cheers.

Little Jim climbed on the log and declared: "People should be merry and eat pies at Christmas." For that a bravo, and the announcement that dinner steamed in the "butler's pantry" (in the sheet-iron warmer with charcoal motive power I had installed.)

"Bring in the boar's head," ordered the King of Misrule.

"What!" shouted Harold and Ray, chorus.

"Sure. Boar from Marin County. So thick out here, Legislature offers bounty. So many boars killed annually, had to reduce bounty last session. Impoverish State."

Chinese Lim was bringing in that boar's head! The truth about it was, the family council had given up against it for a boar's head. "Why, a whole band of them came out of the woods after me at Napa," said father. "G'wan!" said the rest of us. "Fact! Somebody turned loose a lot of pigs in the woods up that way, and their man-eating descendants have tusks a foot long." This was reasonable truth—as result of which we took the hint, and "boar's head" now came in. It was roasted pig.

While our Yule log was lighted, crackling like an invasion, and the fire-place was piled high, the room darkened and illuminated with Christmas candles, we got wise to the dinner. With eyes on the "boar," we ate green turtle soup, and then we ate "boar-pig," as Harvey christened it. Along with this course we had "sammon," carp being unprocurable. We feasted on goose roasted, and drifted to neat's tongue with sallets; and then a great plum pudding, with sprig of holly crowning. Harold had two mince pies, the rest of us mince pie. These were wonders, made oblong, in true ancient pattern, recalling the manger—Lim's genius. There were "kickshaws," and the usual lingering finish. We had "frumerty," which are wheat cakes made in milk, spiced, sugared, raisined—with a dash of wine. It was Christmas to Harold's taste.

We made it merry with toast and song, and the sense of our isolation made us feel like princes. In the splendor of the Redwoods, in the

embrace of the majesty of the forest, by the pure heart of nature, our celebration grew fraught with a joy that men knew in the days of old, Saxons, Romans, Greeks, far back in the dimness of time, when they made glad at the first of the winter season.

Our Lord of Misrule started the wassailing. It was wassail to every one, in claret, with the sugar, nutmeg, toast, and roasted apples, that belong to wassail. We wassailed the "boar-pig," the roof-tree, Lim, and the mighty Redwoods towering about. We wassailed Yule log and candle light. It was Christmas! And the Lord of Misrule gave us:

"Wassail the bowl, with ancient
ribands fine,
Porridge with plums, and turkeys
with the chine.
The boar will use us kindly."

But Harvey exclaimed:

"We'll bring your friends down to
this large dinner;
It works the better eaten before
witnesses."

The afternoon seemed to glide on whirring wheels. We had a Horn dance, with all the boys surrounding heads with deer antlers and dancing on the green. We had charades and snapdragon; we even descended to juvenilia with "What is my thought like?" And we ended our forest Christmas in Sonoma with a Virginia reel.

The sun was dipping, over the tall, straight trees, lords of the valley and the mountains. Our train would pass at five. So we set our faces to the trail, after a ringing adieu to Redwood Hall.

TONITIAH

A Story of Ancient Cliff Life.

By Florence E. Brooks

WITHOUT the canyon the sun was at least two hours high; down in the bottom where the clear, crystal brook trickled along, half hidden by trees and low bushes, a deep, hazy shadow was creeping up and up till at last it reached the second tier of dwellings nestled snugly under the great arch of the beetling cliff.

Some of the cliff dwellers were drawing up the notched poles which they used for ladders, and making ready for the night, which would be upon them soon; others were sitting upon the flat roofs, singing and laughing.

On a house top somewhat apart from the others, a maiden sat with clasped hands gazing toward the west. The last rays of sunlight enveloped her in a golden flood making the beads of chalchuite and of obsidian around her neck and on her round, copper-colored arms scintillate with iridescent light.

Their wearer was of medium height, slim and willowy, and with the grace of a wild creature which knows not the restraining effect of tight clothing; her mantle of feather cloth was fastened over her left shoulder, but exposed the right. Her supple limbs were untrammelled by the cotton gown of nearly ankle length, which was belted in by a red scarf. On her small feet she wore sandals, and her blue-black hair hung in waves of night far below her waist.

She sighed deeply, while tears filled her soft, fawn-like eyes.

"Tonitiah! oh, Tonitiah!"

"Yea, here am I."

"What dost thou, sweet sister, alone and in tears?"

"I do but take my last happy look at the setting sun, Poyye, for tomorrow thou knowest I wed Sopete, and nevermore will I know happiness."

"Why, Tonitiah, how comes this, didst thou not freely, and of thine own will give Sopete thy promise?"

"Yea, but thou knowest the reason; thou knowest I am an orphan, and my life with my mother's people is hard, very hard, and I thought as the wife of Sopete they would cease to persecute me."

"Thou sayest truly, Tonitiah, for Sopete is a rich man. Often have I passed his dwelling, and sometimes if none were near have I lifted the entrance curtain and looked within. Many robes and blankets have I seen. Yea, and numberless ollas. And once, when old Sayap was out I went even to the inner room and peered within. There saw I a great pile of maize and many squash, and on a line strung across the chamber were deer skins. More than any other man of our tribe hath Sopete."

"Yea, that I know well, Poyye, but he is old and I love him not."

"Thou knewest that when thou gavest him thy promise, Tonitiah."

"But then it mattered not; for then, for then——"

"For then what, Tonitiah?"

"Oh, I cannot tell thee, Poyye, thou wilt despise me for a froward maid."

"Nay, that I will not do. I will help thee."

"Well, last night I had a dream. I dreamed the Navajos crept up upon the men of our tribe as they were in the fields cultivating the maize; stole upon them without warning and killed them all."

"Is that all?"

"Nay, I dreamed there was one of our young men, so straight and strong, so quiet and soft of speech, one I have ever liked, and when in my dream I saw his mangled form, I knew I more than liked him."

"Oh, Tonitiah, and he—what is his name?"

"Canst thou not guess? Thou knowest what young men are in the maize fields."

"Of a truth. It cannot be Nan-na?"

"Thou knowest better."

"Is is Okoya?"

"Nay."

Tonitiah covered her face with her hands.

Poyye studied a moment, then with a glad cry threw her arms about her friend.

"Oh, sweet sister, is it Tejos?" she asked.

Tonitiah answered not.

"It is; and thou hast well chosen. Now, of a truth will we be sisters."

"Dost thou forget my promise to Sopete? Ere I break my word I will e'en die."

"Talk not of dying, Tonitiah, nor yet shall thou wed Sopete, for I shall find some way to free thee. Long have I known that Tejos, this brother of mine, loves thee well, and would have spoken ere this hadst he known thou wouldst have favored his suit. But I must leave thee, Tonitiah, for I have somewhat to do before night."

Poyye was a young girl slightly taller than her bosom friend Tonitiah, and of an energetic, impulsive disposition. She was dressed very much as was the other maiden, except that her hair was arranged in

two coils or wheels behind the ears.

Now she climbed down the ladder, reaching from the roof of Tonitiah's dwelling to that of the one below, and from there by the same means to the ground. It was nearly dark, and she took a path along the foot of the cliff, which passed some dwellings standing alone, in one of which she lived. But she did not stop till she came to the cave-dwellings at the farther end of the community. Here she lifted the entrance curtain of one, and greeted the occupant, a woman who was kneeling before the fire place blowing upon the embers in an attempt to call to life the dying fire.

"How art thou to-day, Hannay? Is the pain in thy side still strong?"

"Yea, and I feel the chill of the nights. Had'st I but wood for a fire, perchance I could drive away this evil pain."

"I will get thee wood."

Suiting the action to the word, the girl went out, and after careful search secured a little wood. She returned to the cave, and putting some on the fire, carried the rest to the inner room. Then she sat down upon the floor with Hannay, and watched the bright blaze which now began to fill the chamber with light.

For several moments nothing was said, then Poyye, who sat with her hands clasped about her knees, sighed several times.

"What ailest thou, my child?" said the old woman.

"My heart is heavy with pain."

"What fears darken thy mind?"

"My adopted sister, whom thou knowest is dear to my heart, is to wed on the morrow Sopete, whom she loveth not. I have promised to help her, but how I know not."

Hannay looked stealthily around the cave, and drew closer to Poyye.

"Dost thou ask my help?"

"If thou would'st but give it, good Hannay."

"And did I give it could'st thou keep it secret, Poyye?"

"Of a surety thou knowest I could, and much would I do to free Tonitiah."

"Dost thou swear secrecy by the sacred fire?"

"Yea, I swear it."

"Then listen: I will give thee a powdered herb which thou must find some way to put in Sopete's food. It will cause him to sleep long and sound, and when at last he doth awake, he will care naught to wed Tonitiah. Thou need'st not fear Sayap, for she is deaf and half blind; she will not heed thee. And if perchance she should sleep heavy it will be well for her."

"Give me the powder, good Hannay, and I will go while Sopete is away at the estufa."

The girl took the powder, and taking hasty leave of Hannay, started for the dwelling of Sopete. The path led by one of the estufas, and she heard the voices of men and boys within. She stopped a moment to listen; gradually her eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the fire. She saw Sayap, the aged mother of Sopete, asleep on a bed of skins in a corner, so she crept quietly yet quickly to the inner chamber, where, after groping around she found a jar of freshly-ground maize ready for the morning meal. She mixed in the herb which Hannay had given her and left the dwelling.

It was still early, and she slipped into her own home without notice. For a long time after she had thrown herself upon her lowly bed of skins she could not sleep, being tormented with a guilty fear. What if the powder Hannay had given her should cause Sopete and Sayap also to sleep so soundly they never would awaken?

Poyye had no intention of committing murder, and when she recalled the fact that Hannay had long born a grudge against Sopete, she

felt more and more fearful of the consequences. However, at last she fell asleep with a vision of her beloved brother wedded to Tonitiah.

The next day when the sun was high overhead, as Poyye was returning from the brook, she heard a sound which struck terror to her guilty heart. It was the death wail, growing stronger every moment as more and more people took it up. She felt sure that she knew for whom it was sounded, and she had scarcely strength to drag herself home.

When Tonitiah learned that Sopete and Sayap had been found dead in their dwelling, she joined the wailers around the corpses. For four days both sexes moaned and wept. In the meantime the dead had been cremated.

On the evening of the fourth the council was called in the largest estufa. When the preliminary ceremonies were attended to, the tapop or governor opened the meeting.

"My brothers," said he, "Sopete and Sayap art gone to Shipapu. This is well, but it looketh much as if they had not been called by Those Above, but had been sent ere their time by foul means. If this be so, our duty lieth plain before us. The murderer we must find. Hast any here aught to tell?"

After a few moments of deep silence Chayon, who lived near the dwelling formerly occupied by Sopete, arose.

"My brothers, the night before the dead bodies of Sopete and Sayap were found, as I was on my way to the estufa, I saw coming out of Sopete's dwelling a woman, and from the step I judged a maid. She hastened away in the opposite direction and I followed her not. Her face I saw not."

The whole company listened breathlessly to this recital, then Nanna arose; he it was who had sought to wed Tonitiah, but being

a young man whom the whole tribe distrusted, and many disliked, the maiden had decided in favor of Sopete, since which the rejected suitor had cherished a deep resentment, however, keeping his state of mind to himself. Now was his time to get even. In these words he spoke:

"Of a surety, there is but one of our tribe like to wish Sopete out of the way, and that one is Tonitiah."

He stopped to observe the effect of his words.

The tribesmen looked from one to the other. Some evidently disagreed with him; others nodded their heads in affirmation. Nanna resumed:

"Sopete was a man of many years, and what more like than that Tonitiah should'st at the last moment regret her promise to wed him? And how easy to put him out of the way? As to Sayap, it mattered little should she also go to Shipapu. Those Above would'st have called her soon."

Here Chayon interrupted.

"Now that I think of it, 'tis true the maid I saw coming from Sopete's dwelling minded me of Tonitiah."

A low murmur broke out among the company.

"Send for the maid, that we may hear what sayeth she," said one.

An Indian was dispatched for Tonitiah, the whole company awaiting his return in silence and exceeding gravity. Soon the girl stood before them with drooping head and clasped hands.

The tapop informed her of what she was accused, upon which she proudly raised her head and demanded the name of her accuser, and upon being told it was Nanna, she gave the latter one unflinching look straight in the eyes, then dropped her head again.

"Hast thou naught to say?" asked the tapop.

"Nay, it were of no use, and it

mattereth little to me whether I be convicted or acquitted."

"How so? At thy age life should be sweet."

"Tonitiah hath not so found it."

"Wert thou at thine own dwelling all the evening before the discovery of the dead bodies of Sopete and Sayap?"

"Perchance so; I remember not."

"At least thou can'st remember if thou wert at Sopete's dwelling?"

"Nay, I cannot say."

"Thou meanest thou wilt not say."

"It mattereth not—Tonitiah's word would go for naught."

Nanna looked around the company with an expression which plainly said: "Spake I not the truth?"

"The maid is clearly guilty," here spake up Chayon, "else would she deny the accusation."

"Since the accused sayeth naught to clear herself, it lieth with us to take the vote," said the tapop.

Upon which the delegates voted, and were unanimous for conviction.

At once all was excitement, but Tonitiah stood quite unconcerned, with that stoicism for which the Indian has ever been noted. When informed that the punishment was death, she merely said: "It is well."

It was decided to award the punishment at once, and with all secrecy. Tonitiah was to be walled up alive in a deserted cave dwelling, and left to die of starvation.

A procession was formed with her near the head, and silently, in single file, they picked their way along the path, past the last occupied dwellings. There was no moon, and the stars afforded little light, so the strange company moved slowly.

After going some distance, they came to the cave which had been chosen for Tonitiah's tomb, and without a word she entered; then the opening was closed with small stones set in mortar, which had been brought for that purpose. There

was no other opening to the cave except a smoke hole over the door. This they did not close.

When all was secure, the Indians quietly dispersed, after again enjoining secrecy.

One who took part in these proceedings was Koya, the father of Poyye. When he returned so late to his home she was awakened, for she slept upon a pile of skins in the outer chamber through which he had to pass to reach the small, dark one where he and her mother slept.

Poyye, oppressed with a sense of present or coming evil, had been sleepless. At the first sign of day she rose, awaiting the coming of Tejos from the estufa. He appeared soon, and after greeting the inmates of the dwelling, he took from a bowl in a niche in the wall a pinch of yellow corn meal, and scattered it to the six regions, at the same time uttering a few words of prayer. By this means the Spirits Above were appeased, and Tejos sat down upon the floor with his father. His mother then placed before them their morning meal of corn cakes.

Before eating, all uttered a prayer. When they had finished, after another almost inaudible prayer of thanksgiving to Those Above, Tejos and his father took their departure for the maize fields, which were some distance from their dwelling. The cultivated ground of the community lay along the brookside in the lower end of the canyon. The acequias or ditches which had been dug to irrigate it helped to divide it up into fields, which were worked by the different clans. The field apportioned to Koya and his family was almost the last one. It was the time of year when weeds strove with the maize for mastery; therefore, this morning both Koya and Tejos were hard at work when the latter heard a low call. Looking quickly up he saw Poyye.

Koya was at the other end of the field, so Poyye crouched down

among the maize and crept stealthily to her brother. In a low voice she asked:

"Knowest thou what business kept our father so late last night in the estufa?"

"Nay, how should I know; I was not in mine own estufa."

"Methinks the business were of grave import, and perchance concerneth Tonitiah."

"Tonitiah! Why thinkest thou that?"

"I have but come from her dwelling, and she is not there."

"Well, what find ye strange in that?"

"This, that they say one from the council came to her home late at night and took her away, and she hath not been seen since."

"Art thou sure none have seen her since?"

"Yes; and, Tejos, I have somewhat more to tell thee. Long have I known thou lovest Tonitiah, but only of late have I learned she loveth thee."

At this piece of information, Tejos straightened up, breathed quickly, and a dark red flush flooded his swarthy face. He gazed intently into his sister's eyes.

"How knowest thou that, Poyye?"

"From her own lips. She it was who told me on the evening before Sopete's and Sayap's dead bodies were found."

"And yet, was she not willing to wed with Sopete?"

"Nay, she was not willing, but she promised; and thou knowest not Tonitiah if thou thinkest she could break her word."

At this juncture Poyye saw her father coming toward them, so she hastily took her departure.

All that day she was uneasy and troubled. She went again to Tonitiah's dwelling for news, but without success. However, late that afternoon, as she was returning from the brook with her tinaja poised securely upon her head, she met

Nanna. She had ever disliked him heartily, but now she attempted to pass, but he placed himself in the path before her, forcing her to stop. Pushing his evil face close to her's he inquired:

"Hast thou seen thy dear Tonitiah to-day or yesterday?"

"Nay, I have not seen her," said Poyye.

"Nor wilt thou be like to ever again."

The girl's heart beat fast, as with a little gasp she asked:

"What meanest thou?"

"That I may not tell thee; but Tonitiah the proud, Tonitiah the scornful one who did'st think she could say nay to one and yea to another, her thou wilt never see more."

Poyye gave him a disdainful look, and again attempted to pass.

"Oh, thou believest me not? Well, then, thou mayest, for Tonitiah's prison is her grave——"

Nanna stopped himself quickly, for he perceived he was saying too much.

But Poyye was shrewd enough to answer:

"I believe not a word thou sayest, for to lie is as easy to thee as to breathe."

With this parting shaft she at last succeeded in eluding her tormentor, and returning home in a troubled spirit.

If indeed what Nanna had said were true, then Tonitiah must have been accused of causing the deaths of Sopete and Sayap, and have been punished for the same, while she, the guilty one, remained unsuspected.

Poyye was torn between two desires—the one to tell all, and thus, perhaps, save Tonitiah; the other self-preservation. She knew that Tonitiah must suspect her of the crime, but would never denounce her. She resolved to make a last effort to find and free her friend. By the next day she had thought out a plan, and as soon as opportunity occurred, took her tinaja and saun-

tered slowly down to the brook, upon reaching which she peered carefully around to see if she were watched; then hiding the tinaja in the bushes, she hurried up the path toward the cave-dwellings.

Suddenly her heart stood still. Yes, there was a cave, the last of all, with its entrance freshly walled up. Oh, if she but dared to call Tonitiah; but no, after carefully noting the situation of the cave she walked on, not daring to return at once lest some prying eye should be upon her. At last she deemed it safe to turn back, and this time she did not so much as glance at the cave she felt satisfied was Tonitiah's prison. Poyye was a wise maiden.

When she had filled her tinaja with water and carried it home, she stole away to the fields of Tejos, and told him of her meeting and conversation with Nanna; also of her suspicions concerning Tonitiah, and the means she had taken to verify them.

Tejos had not been idle during these days, but had sought by every means in his power to get news of Tonitiah, while at the same time appearing unconcerned. But now, as he listened to Poyye, his eyes flashed, and a stern look came over his face as he exclaimed:

"This very night will I save her. Yea, I do swear it by the sacred fire of Montezuma."

He listened as Poyye gave him a careful description of the situation of the cave.

"How wilt thou save her, Tejos?"

"That thou shalt know in time, but see thou gettest me a store of corn cakes, for if it be not too late and there still be life in Tonitiah, she must have to eat. Now leave me, Poyye, lest some prying eye be upon us."

When Tejos came to his evening meal, Poyye slipped the corn cakes into his pouch, but she did not question him, and as soon as it became dark he went as usual to the estufa,

where he was soon apparently asleep. Some time after midnight he climbed noiselessly down the notched pole ladder and stole outside. Up the path he crept on his hands and knees till he came to the cave he sought. He rubbed his hands over the entrance and found the mortar still fresh and damp. Working with his obsidian knife he quickly dug away the stones. Then he called softly:

"Tonitiah, my heart's love, speak to me; 'tis thy Tejos. I come to save thee."

"I fear thou comest too late," replied Tonitiah in a faint voice.

"Nay, dear one, say not too late."

He gathered her up in his strong arms, and with difficulty climbed without. Making his way slowly, and still carrying his light burden—for she was too weak to walk—he hastened up the canyon to the point where the trail started up the cliff side to the mesa above. Before starting up he dipped water from the brook and offered it to Tonitiah. She drank eagerly, but turned with loathing from the food. Again they started, but ere long she lifted her head from his breast and whispered:

"'Tis sweet to feel thine arms enfold me—too sweet to last."

"Thou knowest now, sweet love, how dear thou art to Tejos."

"Aye, but 'tis too late. I fear—I fear I go to Shipapu."

"An' thou goest, I go. I swear it."

"Bend down thy head, Tejos, ere going. I must tell thee—I love thee well."

Not long after this Tonitiah sighed very gently, her arms relaxed their hold upon his neck, and she lay quiet and still in his arms.

Tejos had now reached the top of the cliff; he stopped, listened for her breath, felt for her heart beat, but she was dead.

With a heart-rending groan he gathered her fiercely in his arms, pressed her closely to his heart, and without an instant's hesitation sprang from the top of the cliff off into space.

Notes.

Chalchuite—Turquoise.

Obsidian—Volcanic glass.

Estufa—House of meeting, of council, etc. Were sacred buildings.

Tapop—Governor.

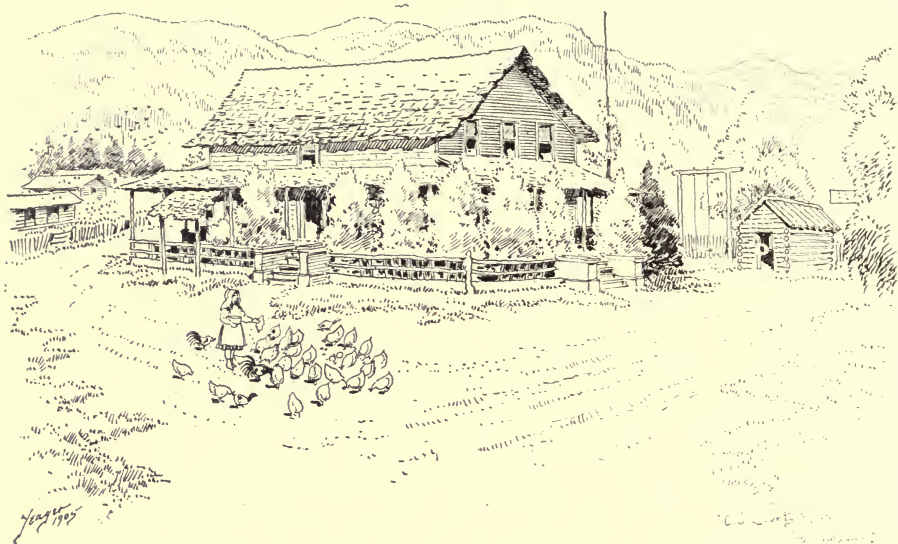
Shipapu—Spirit world.

Those Above—Spirits, or gods.

Tinaja—Large earthen water jar.

After the age of thirteen all boys were obliged to pass the night in the estufa of their clan.





MOUNT TAMALPAIS

Mount Tamalpais is a "fixture" in San Francisco's scenic and picturesque surroundings. The mountain is situated just north of the entrance to the Golden Gate, and the conveniences for reaching it are so perfect that in two hours one may stand upon its summit. The ascent is made over the "crookedest railway in the world," there being 281 curves in the eight miles of road. But it is when standing upon the top of the mountain the wonder of it all comes. As far as the eye can reach in any direction, a panorama of cities, towns, farms, hills, dales and mountains spreads out at one's feet, as it were, and all bound on the west by the blue, rolling Pacific. Perhaps it is not generally known from what the word Tamalpais is derived. In the long ago the Indian tribe "Tamals" inhabited the region immediately north of the Golden Gate. When the Spanish came, they spoke of the region as Tamalpies—"pies" meaning country—the country of

the Tamals Indians. The above illustration shows the site of "Old Liberty Ranch," which is one of the oldest landmarks on the road to the mountain's top, which towers 2,500 feet above and over hangs "Old Liberty." The journey to Tamalpais begins at the Union Ferry Depot, and thence via ferry boat, which affords the sight-seer most interesting views en route across the bay. Telegraph Hill, with its rows of houses clinging to cliffs, Fort Mason, Alcatraz Island, Angel Island, and skirting Berkeley, the site of the University of California, Sausalito is reached, thence via rail to Mill Valley, "the Little Switzerland," where the Tamalpais cars are found waiting to wind their way up to the heights of the great mountain. It is an awe-inspiring ride, yet on no railway in the world will a greater degree of safety be found, but one forgets even possible danger as the panorama gradually unfolds its charm and picturesque scenery.

THE WEDDING GIFT

By May-Ethelyn Bourne

HE had not been in these rooms since she died; and now as he wandered among her belongings, a wave of passionate pity for her rushed over him. The protecting tenderness with which he had enfolded her in life surged upward and recoiled with the futility, the impotence of it all. Not the needlessness, for he could not divest his mind of the feeling—the certainty that now, as ever, she needed him, she over whose grave the storm and wind swept to-night, she whose soul had trembled at storms, and on such nights had slept only when sheltered in his arms, lay out there alone while here, so near was scented warmth and all the dainty things she loved.

These four years, while he had wandered afar, her rooms had been kept warm and bright, for wherever her soul might be, here was her home, unchanged from the day they carried her from it forever; she might know—only the angels could tell.

Nothing had been disturbed; the white couch with its frail drapery, the toilet table burdened with crystal and silver, the perishable laces peeping from delicately-tinted satin cases, the exquisitely sheer garments in the white wood wardrobes—how typical of her were all these pale, fragile things!

A scarf of mousseline de soie lifted in the wind of his restless movement as he turned away from a chiffonier and wrapped about his hand. He shook off the clinging thing with a sort of terror; then smoothed it with a tremulous pity.

God! how she, too, had clung. All those ten long years, wrapping her silken, scented nature around him, creeping close and closer about his heart till it had scarce room to beat; encompassing his soul until he dared not move out into the strong beat and rush of life that he rejoiced in, lest he break or bruise some tiny tendril of her being. She folded him in her selfish love until he was almost smothered; kept him, by her helplessness and imperious, tearful tyranny, in the dim light of these rooms, with their over-powering sweetness, until he was warped, dwarfed, blinded—then she died.

Little by little he tried to come forth into the light; tried to take his old place among men, only to find he was fearfully apart from the life of his younger manhood; had completely lost his grasp of the things that had been so large a part of him before she came, and for which he had longed in those stifling years with a longing that was almost madness. He endeavored with pitiful eagerness to fit his cramped life to the broad, free life of his fellows, and failed.

Baffled and heart-sick, he finally left the old haunts and faces, and went where life was not the complicated existence of tradition environed men; where he might learn of earnest, simple souls and teach his own nature to unfold again from the beginning; little by little come back to his own, as one builds up a system depleted by slow starvation into a normal, healthy thing.

Day by day, there on the Western frontier, had he worked out his own

salvation. Far from the things that had made his world in the past, he wrought a new body and a new soul. Through physical toil he re-learned the keen joy of labor and rebuilt his wasted tissues into their old athletic strength. He found, as in youth, that to be alive and out-of-doors was a heritage beyond price; to meet nature hand to hand and vanquish was better than to reign.

As the body grew, so mind and soul expanded, bursting their mummy wrappings and breaking into flower, and then— She came.

She, the daughter of the plain; she whose very presence exhaled a freshness and a breadth of life that made him catch his breath, sending a tingle of delight through all his being, as some sweet, cool wind from the heights sweeps away the noisome vapors from below.

Clear as her own skies and grey as the granite of her hills her eyes were and calm as they. Tall with the lissom grace of the mountain pines she loved; hair brown as the furrows of the fields. Her soul beyond all telling steadfast, loyal, true. Her mind attuned to perfect comprehension of the great essential truths and stored with knowledge of the daily, simple needs of life.

There had been times in the struggle that was so nearly over when the other seemed summoning him and would not be denied, when a frenzy of fear pursued him for days, making methodical labor impossible, and now, before he reached out his hand and lifted the full cup to his lips, he must go back and sweep away those tangible reminders of the years before; no ghosts must linger to haunt the new tenement of his home and heart.

So once more he stood within the scented silence that had claimed him so long; the dim shadows seemed to harbor a diminutive figure of fragile daintiness; the place seemed alive with the echoes of a sweet,

querulous voice; the velvet darkness of her eyes, the silky yellow of her hair were burned into his brain.

Going to the windows he threw them wide, letting the morning sun and wind sweep through. The room must be dismantled and he would trust no one save himself.

One by one he folded and packed the garments, put away the belongings that were permeated with her personality; the books that had been hers—the weak or vicious contents of which he seemed to see her bending over as of old, until his soul sickened within him. The very pictures, with their strained or sentimental subjects he had grown to loathe—while strange, strange contradiction of temperament and character, here and there, among the litter of delicate trinkets, were numerous mechanical inventions of her own.

She had possessed a weird intensity of interest in constructing the sort of things that a boy of mechanical bent delights in making—boxes with hidden springs, reading desks to attach to her chair, a sliding panel behind a picture on the wall, and had even contrived a camera, using cigar boxes for the frame and making it light-proof with black oilcloth.

The man had often speculated over this peculiarity of her nature, and had seasons of hope that through this interest she might be coaxed into normal living, but in vain. Finally, some months before her death, she seemed to have a distaste for it all.

With a sigh the man laid down a half-finished model of a toy cannon that was discharged by touching a concealed spring, and turned to her desk. There were not as many papers in it as he had expected; the journal, in which she had written daily and voluminously, could be destroyed without going through—neither the right nor wish to read was his; a few letters—some from

friends, three or four from himself when away on the one occasion of his absence from her, at the time his father died—and what was this? A letter addressed to himself in her delicate, familiar writing. With a curious sense of sick fear he tore the envelope open and read:

“O! My Beloved!

“To-night, for the first time since we were married, you are far from me, and my soul hangs breathless on your safe return. I am frantic with fear lest something—some one—take you from me. You are the life of my life, and I know, absolutely, if you were dead I should not live one hour—I could not! I know I have not many years, perhaps not many months, to live, and then—then what will you do? If I could be sure that you would follow quickly I might rest, but I torture myself with doubts. It is utterly impossible that you can understand my love—how deep, how jealous it is of any waning or change. There are times when I am nearly mad with the thought that some day, some time, another woman may sit beside you in these rooms; lean on your love as I have leaned. Oh—no, no! It cannot be. I should come, even from the bounds of Hell to interfere.

“Yet, back of it all, deep in my soul, something tells me that even now the gods are calling me to vacate my place for her.

“Dear one, think of all these years, how I have worshiped you! I beg you on my knees, I entreat you do not put any one in my place—let it be mine until we meet again, or if we never meet, spare me that soul-hurt, for I shall know, wherever I may be.

“Again that accursed voice: ‘He will not spare you.’ So if it must me, my beloved, I submit. But surely you will come for one last tryst with me, and reading this, learn my great love, my weakness and my strength,

for I free my hands from Death to give you both a wedding gift.

“You will find it in the top drawer of the tall chiffonier; the key is in the small silver box in the right-hand drawer of my desk. When you, beyond all chance of changing, have decided to fill my place, in that last hour, before you leave these rooms—my rooms—to bring another to them, by the memory of all the years, I charge you not to fail to take my gift to her. You are big and brave of soul; you will not mind that she whom you love—oh, God!—shall know how deep was the love of

MIRIAM.”

In the depths of torment, all night he paced the rooms that, more than ever, seemed haunted by her presence. It was cruel, it was monstrous that a man’s whole nature should be dwarfed to such a stature. Over every inch of the way he fought the battle anew, soul-sick unto death; but four years of normal living and sane thought told, and when the morning paled, the victory was his.

Had he been weak in the past? Perhaps—but he was strong to mould the present and the future.

And the gift? He could not refuse it—it was the last thing he could do for her who had demanded so much. He would explain all—everything—to that sweet, serene, strong soul who waited for his coming. She would understand and be pitiful, as he was pitiful of that frail, tenacious being who, even from the grave, reached out and laid invisible yet potent hands on Life.

Resting his arms on the top of the chiffonier, he dropped his head upon them in utter weariness, then pulled himself together and turned the key in the lock. He was eager to be gone; to put forever behind him the horror that paralyzed his will. He laid a hand on the brass knob. The wood had apparently swelled, and the drawer stuck. He pulled again and fell back shot through the heart.



BRIDGET, QUEEN OF FATUHIVA

By Florence Hardiman Miller

OUT of the darkness and the hush of early morning came the sound of regular footsteps upon the pavement. Suddenly the fog was pierced by the beams of a rising, spectral sun and a young woman stood revealed. She had the fresh coloring and the pleasing combination of dark lashes and blue eyes, which are peculiar to natives of the "ould sod." Beneath her arm were a few packages from the water front grocery, and from her stout fingers was suspended a pail, its foaming contents secured at the same accommodating source. It was Christmas day, and packages and pail were indispensable to the observance of the festival.

Suddenly strong hands seized her, a gag was thrust between her teeth and a dark cloth thrown over her head. Her stout feet did valiant kicking, to no purpose, and her arms beat like a windmill's in the teeth of a gale. She was forcibly carried on board a ship called the Sea Gull. Three minutes later the anchor was weighed, and the trim vessel steam-

ed out of the bay, carrying in addition to her crew, a company of adventurers and the shanghaied woman, Bridget O'Leary, aged twenty-five years.

The captive was released from her bonds and thrust into a dark hole below the deck. For the first hour of her bondage she reveled in tears. In her humiliation, her mind reverted to unimportant things.

"Och, wisha, wisha," she moaned. "Who'll take me place at th' over-all factory?"

The tenement where she lived assumed the beauty and proportions of a brown stone front, as she receded from it, and the odors of her particular neighborhood, of decaying vegetables spread on sun-baked stands, of the refuse of a street where no broom brigade entered, were as a rose bouquet compared with the smells of the stuffy hold. She rocked back and forth in her sorrow.

"Pat 'll blame me for the spilled beer, an' Dinny, swate child, won't have a new suit on the back of him

the day." She was convulsed with grief at the thought that a strange, terrible thing had happened to her and her little world, not including the city's Four Hundred, would never know.

Late on that memorable day she was visited by one of the company, and ordered to cook dinner. Bridget, somewhat composed, greeted his overtures with scorn.

"Cook f'r ye, is it? Thin it's Bridget O'Leary that'll not touch her hand to it."

She was again locked in her noisy quarters and given time to reflect. For two days the enraged woman held out; on the third, weak from hunger and sick from the rolling sea, with a lively sense of what might befall her should she continue obdurate, she relented.

Installed in the galley she prepared simple dishes made familiar by her life's limited training. The saleratus biscuits were relished with the strong coffee and there lurked in the Irish stews the right dash of pepper and a flavor of garlic. No one questioned, nor affronted her save a dog of a Portuguese, and she silenced him with her doubled fist and blazing eyes. Her abductors had caught a Tartar, and they tacitly admitted the truth by their humble conduct.

Bridget with her arms bared to her elbow and "carrotty" hair curling crisply about her face, cooked, ate and even slept in the narrow confines of the ship's kitchen. The homesickness that beset her as she gazed over the vast Pacific, the longing for the old life of the tenement and the factory, she beat back bravely; her soul was a strong one, caught between the upper and the nether stones of a strange circumstance.

The truth slowly dawned upon the woman. This was a treasure ship named and victualled for a long voyage, and she was riding the high seas because a cook was needed that

raw morning when they sailed, and she had been the first available person. As the days passed the water looked like spun glass and the airs blew softly. Bridget knew they were in a tropical sea. Strange birds flew over the ship; sometimes a flying fish would fall on deck.

"Dinny Murphy's daughter Nell waits for me after tea," would proceed with melodious intent from the woman's throat, and the soft swish of the water at the ship's keel and the rattling of the dishes in the hot water made merry accompaniment. The trade winds blew and the ship veered from her course. Her fellow voyagers were by turn revoltingly gay or grimly taciturn, but always coldly respectful to the cook. Contrary winds set in, and one night, midst the fury of a gale, the Sea Gull dashed upon the rocks of one of the Marquesas group of islands. There she rocked for hours—her engine pounding and a hole stove in her bottom. When morning dawned all that remained of her was a mass of wreckage floating in the circumscribed harbor.

Bridget, thrown upon the rocks by the action of an angry sea, lay with her face upturned to the rising sun. Her garments were drenched with salt spray, and she was benumbed with cold, but miraculously preserved. She became conscious of her surroundings, and painfully raising herself upon one elbow, stared about her. The enchanting scenery, tropical vegetation and lofty peaks made slight impression upon her mind. Her companions, well-hated, but companions still, were missing, and she was on an unknown shore. She raised her voice in the wilderness, like one of old; she cried out in raucous tones: "Och, wisha, wisha, I wud be better dead."

A group of natives, furtively watching, broke in upon her lamentations with wailing cries. She wiped her eyes, and trembling with

fear struggled to an upright position. She noticed that the demeanor of the islanders was mild and their expressions amiable. Courage returned to her in the rush of emotion superceding terror. She waved her hand jauntily in their direction, with an air of familiarity, and enquired in the melodious brogue of her Tipperary tongue:

"How air yez?"

Was it the careless grace of the salutation, or the unexpected appearance in their midst of a being so plenteously endowed with charms that conciliated the brown skinned company? Their faces relaxed into smiles, and they squatted in a semi-circle about her at a respectful distance. Had Bridget consulted an oracle, or a time table, she could not have arranged matters more opportunely. The natives had lost their queen a few days before, and they were quick to accept the new-comer as sent by the gods.

Miss O'Leary was now mistress of the situation. Its humor appealed to her and native coquetry came to her aid. She blew airy kisses to them from chilled and reddened fingers after the manner of the gay horseback riders at Woodward's Gardens. Enraptured with this further condescension on the part of one of apparently more than human origin, the natives crowned her with wreaths and scattering branches of cocoanut palm in her path, bore her in triumph to the late queen's dwelling.

"It's hungry I am—bring me something to eat," she cried, making signs of inward distress. Bountifully supplied, she retired to the privacy of the hut and devoured the bread fruit and goats' milk offered by her devotees. While she ate she thought of the adulation heaped upon her, who had been unaccustomed to any sort of consideration, and she came intuitively into the knowledge that to hold supremacy she must tread upon her subjects with an iron

heel. Her water-stained garments were smoothed and the tangles brushed out of her hair until it shone like burnished copper. Refreshed, full of energy, she walked forth with lofty head and arms akimbo, her red hands deployed upon her hips. The natives were lazily sprawled upon the ground. Their brown bodies shone with palm oil, and their white teeth gleamed as they smiled in wide-mouthed, childish fashion. Bridget asserted her authority at once, in unstinted measure.

"Get up ivery lazy naygur of yez, an' go to wurrk."

Her commanding figure and bright blue eyes spoke a language which could not be misunderstood, if her words were unintelligible. Suiting the action to the word, she uprooted a small piece of the dense brush that grew with tropical exuberance about the home of royalty. The loyal subjects heeded the adjuration and followed their queen's example.

When Bridget saw them hard at work, like all sensible rulers she ceased her labors, and seating herself beneath a tree, directed their efforts. Perspiration rolled from the brown bodies, and the indolent children of the South Seas received their first lesson in industry from the raw Irish woman.

Bridget held benign sway on the island for three years without awakening suspicion on the part of the suzerain power. Though her name was unheralded among the rulers of petty kingdoms, she did not abate a jot of her authority, which became as time passed absolute. In all this time she never saw a white face. Her inherited Agrarian tastes came into play; the soil was tilled, the wild goats milked and their product turned to account. The natives were sent to neighboring islands to sell copra, or to the occasional ship in need of plenishing.

The woman whose administrative powers came so near to eclipse in

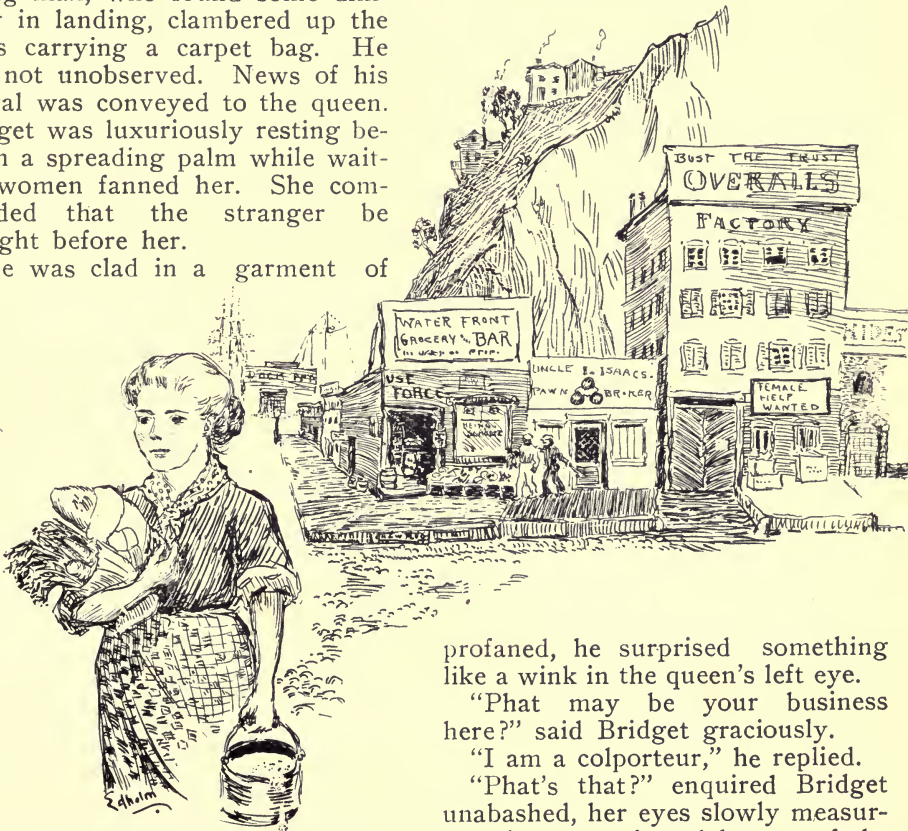
an overall factory, who suffered from the domination of a drunken and profane brother, developed into a ruler of humane purpose. Withal she waxed rich and grew stout and handsome with the years.

One morning a schooner, sent out with missionary intent, dropped anchor below the rocky eminence that crowns the isle of Fatuhiva. A young man, who found some difficulty in landing, clambered up the rocks carrying a carpet bag. He was not unobserved. News of his arrival was conveyed to the queen. Bridget was luxuriously resting beneath a spreading palm while waiting women fanned her. She commanded that the stranger be brought before her.

She was clad in a garment of

shrewd intelligence. His spirits rose, and he stepped forward with easy assurance to shake her hand.

The islanders, unaccustomed to this mode of salutation, sprang between them with loud cries and threatening gestures. The young man retreated in a confused manner, but, casting a backward glance at the royal person he had so nearly



"She carried packages and a foaming pail."

skins. A chain of snake rattles hung about her neck and a bracelet of shark's teeth showed above the tattooed hands. Her face was beaming with anticipation as the trembling visitor was brought before her. He noted at once that the ruler of twelve square miles or more of kingdom was unquestionably a white woman, and that her glance held

profaned, he surprised something like a wink in the queen's left eye.

"Phat may be your business here?" said Bridget graciously.

"I am a colporteur," he replied.

"Phat's that?" enquired Bridget unabashed, her eyes slowly measuring the strength and beauty of the stalwart young figure.

"I carry books and tracts. I have been sent out to distribute them by the Ladies' Aid of Smithtown," the young man said with a show of dignity.

"Who's Mr. Ladyzade?" said Bridget cautiously, the thought of a rival looming unpleasantly in her mind.

"It is not a Mister at all, but a church society."

"Huh," said the queen. "Give me wan of the buks."

She viewed the pamphlet handed to her with some curiosity. After turning it wrong side up and the reverse, it was tucked under her arm for further consideration.

"How long will ye stay?" was the next question.

"With your permission until the schooner Morning Glory returns from her cruise among the islands."

Bridget was not displeased at the thought of a guest, but she cunningly determined to show her unstinted authority in this realm.

"I'll ax ye three questions. Your loife depends upon the answers ye make."

The young man, whose name was Orlando, was staggered at this turn of affairs. What questions might not proceed from a mind limited in training but despotic in power? Slowly the portentous riddles came forth, compound of native wit and womanly vanity.

"How far is it from a dog's muzzle to the tip of his tail?"

Knowledge would not gain in this trial, but a nimble wit might succeed. Orlando fanned his flushed face with his straw hat and looked down at his summer tweeds for inspiration.

"Your Highness," he said, "it is the same distance as from the tip of his tail to his muzzle."

Bridget was pleased with the astute youth. She laughed immoderately and with some lack of dignity at the clever reply. How good it was to see some one from civilization. She was longing for home, and it was as the woman, not the ruler, that she propounded the next question:

"Do girls be wearing bangs now?"

"I really do not know," stammered the victim. "You see, your Highness, I have been studying very hard this year, and I have not found time to observe the prevailing style in hair dressing."

"Very poor taste ye show," commented Bridget, dryly. She beckoned her body guard closer, and Orlando noticed with some trepidation that a big native was sharpening the edge of his hatchet upon a stone.

"Do skirts be full or gored this year?" said the queen, after an impressive silence.

What could a young man fresh from college know of the intricate details of feminine attire. He looked from Bridget's peculiar costume to the blue, brooding sky for an answer, and he found it. He turned to the wholesome woman, and said without a tremor of the voice:

"The dress you have on is of the present style, and I confess that I have seen nothing prettier nor more becoming."

Bridget was pleased with a gentleman of such discriminating taste and one who could flatter so delicately withal. She led him to a seat beside her and ordered a feast prepared in his honor. The books brought by Orlando and pledged to good purposes by the Ladies' Aid, were used in propping one side of the throne of Bridget, which had grown insecure and tottered as much from her increased weight as from its constant use. As the days passed, the queen and Orlando became good friends. He told her of his struggle for an education.

"Ejucation," said Bridget sagely, "is all roight in its place. It wudn't do here. Ye're ejucated; see where yez are. I' monejucated, iuk at me," and she beamed on him complacently from her superior social height.

The missionary schooner was due. Orlando suggested to the queen that she return home on a visit.

"Manny's the night I've damed of going back rich," replied Bridget. "I'd luv til be able to go to the over-all factory an' say: 'How much for ut all, brick and mortar, blood and bones?' My, but the ould Skylocks wud stare at me. Bridget O'Leary's not entoirely happy here, but me

subjects cudn't do without me. They're childher, good obaydiant childher, an' I'll stay wid them."

One day Bridget summoned the young man to her. She had woven a hat of rushes and adorned it with the plumage of a bird. She placed it over her bright locks usually bared to the sun and wind.

"Tell me how it luks, and if it is on straight," she commanded, with unfeminine directness.

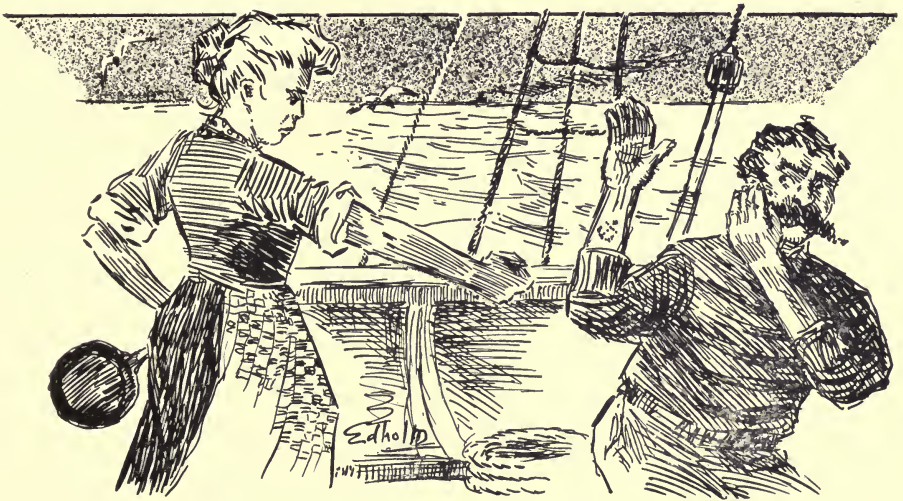
"It's beautiful, and becomes you." Orlando was young and not unkind, and the kindly face, in spite of exposure, was not unlovely.

"How wud ye loike to be king?" asked Bridget suddenly, the color

"I am an ungrateful dog, your Highness, but my affections are already engaged," he responded.

Whereupon Bridget forgot the dignity which encompasses royalty and sobbed aloud at thought of her future loneliness.

Next morning the Morning Glory dropped anchor in the harbor. Among its passengers was Orlando's father. A sharp thorn in the flesh of the ambitious son was the prodigal parent. He was a convivial old gentleman brought on the winter's cruise that he might be kept from temptation. A vision of his dapper person, high-colored complexion and bleared eyes pre-



"Silenced the Portuguese."

flaming in her face at sight of his evident embarrassment. "Ye wud not ax me because of me vast possessions," she concluded artfully, as she waved her hand in the direction of the forests of palm and the sunny lowlands.

It was a curious love making, like a scene from a comic opera. Here were the makeshift splendor and the tinsel crown. The moaning surf and the substantial woman standing before her hut were real things. Orlando was distinctly unhappy.

sented itself to Orlando, and he sighed. His father was a gentleman when sober, but in his cups unpleasant, even maudlin.

The young man was in good spirits when he greeted his friends next morning. He carried an invitation from the island queen to all on board to partake of Bridget's hospitality. His ardor was dampened at finding his fond parent in irons. At the last port he contrived to secure the cheering beverage, and returned on board under its mellowing influence.

The ship's discipline must be maintained, and he was placed under restraint. He received his son with tears and protestations of regret. Released from durance, shaven and attired in clean linen, he accompanied the party on shore.

The scene was indelibly engraved on the young man's memory. The feast spread beneath the tropical foliage, the nimble-footed, brown-skinned servitors and the large-framed, self-reliant woman who had created this Celtic garden patch out of the rank verdure and rich soil of her island home, made a brilliant picture. Bridget was adorned with barbaric splendor and exhaled the fragrance of palm oil.

After the roast pig and the fried bananas were disposed of to the inner satisfaction, each man toasted the hospitable ruler in deep draughts of seltzer brought from the Morning Glory for the purpose. Orlando's father made the supreme effort of the day. All other speeches paled beside the elegance of his diction, the felicity of his expressions. He closed in this manner:

"The great mother heart of this island queen has taken into its warmth the untutored children of a savage race. She has developed their latent talents and taught them the value of industry. Now, with a rare comeliness of person, with gifts extraordinary, she is superbly fitted for the high position she holds."

A storm of applause greeted the noble effort. Bridget was enraptured. She arose, somewhat awkwardly, to the occasion.

"Youse are welcome to an ye have

had. It's Bridget O'Leary's that's honored the day."

The queen transferred her attentions from son to father during the long afternoon, and made him the confidante of her plans. Before dusk fell the men were ordered on ship, the anchor was weighed, and the homeward voyage begun. In the confusion, Orlando lost sight of his father. He sought him after the bustle subsided, but found only a note pinned to the pillow in his bunk. Tearing it open with trembling hands he read:

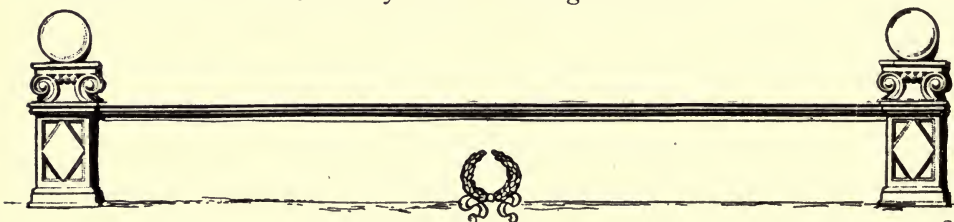
"You Rascal:

"I have caught the queen's heart in the rebound, and the ship's captain has made us one. We send you love and greetings. Done under my hand and seal.

"Rex, King Consort of Fatuhiva."

Orlando fumbled for a field glass and hurried on deck. The sun bathed the receding island in its brilliant glow. Two figures were visible upon the sentinel rock. One was of ample figure and bright-hued hair the other the spare, erect figure of an elderly man. Bridget was no longer sole ruler in her realm. The young man watched them as the fires of day faded into the embers of the West, then paced the deck in a thoughtful mood.

Though his father was disposed of for all time, Orlando was not entirely happy. He owed something to the good queen Bridget. Had she confided in him he would have told her the truth about his prodigal parent. He turned in and sleepily consoled himself with the inward reasoning that it would not have changed matters.



AN INDIAN LEGEND



THE BEAR AND THE WRANGEL
TRIBE

By Zula M. Taylor

In the silent wilderness,
Grew the Indian legend!

In the depths of mighty forests,
In the silence hushed and deep,
Where the graceful fern unfolds,
And violets wake from winter's
sleep;
Where the trees moss-grown and
lichened,
Tower as sentinels towards the
sky,
Wherein the fledgling's basket
cradle
Swings to the wind's soft lullaby;

Where the wild deer swiftly run-
ning—
Swifter, fleetier than the wind,
Far outstrips the dusky hunter—
Here was born the Indian Le-
gend!

Kahtlati sat before his grand-
father's lodge diligently trying to
carve, with a broken Indian-made
knife, a copy of the scoop which
his grandfather was fashioning out
of a piece of white cedar.

Nakina was old, too old to fish
or hunt; therefore he spent his time
in carving scoops like the one he
held in his hand, and other things
such as paddles, bows and arrows,
etc., out of the wood of the fir and
white cedar.

Kahtlati was young, too young to
fish or hunt, therefore he spent his
time in running about like a wild
deer, or listening to his grand-
father's tales of achievement when
he was a hunter, young and strong.

Kahtlati's father was a chief, as
was also Nakina. Their village in
South-eastern Alaska was perched
on a beetling cliff on the shore of
the ocean. Back of the cliff and the
village towered the forest, deep and
dark, with trees over a century old.
Near the village were other cliffs of
dark gray rock, studded with myr-
iads of garnets. Kahtlati sometimes
extracted the garnets from the rock
to play with, and his grandfather
would pierce those that were hard
enough and give them to Kahtlati's
sisters for beads.

Kahtlati often sat perched like a

blackbird on a rock near his grandfather's lodge and listened to the booming of the waves as they rolled inward and dashed against the rocks on the shore. From here he could look far out to sea and watch the ships that seemed like white-winged birds no larger than gulls,

sion and then there would be a great feast.

There would be no ships now for many moons, but if there would be no ship, there was the potlatch, which would be a time of much rejoicing.

Nakina had gathered together all



Nakina telling the story of the legend.

as they sailed far to the Northward. He could see, moreover, Wrangel Mission Church, from its perch on the rock, rough-hewn and chinked with mud, with its plain board cross against the sky.

Once a year the white-winged ships would come to Wrangel Mis-

the scoops in the village to be used in this celebration, but after all had been collected there were still not enough to go round; therefore Nakina must set to work to carve more.

Kahtlati was very much interested in their fashioning. Some day it would be his duty to carve scoops

—so it behooved him now to learn.

They were curious-looking objects, with a bowl about six inches long by two and one-half inches broad, and a handle about as long as the bowl. On the front of the handle were two rows of foot-prints—one pointing upwards and the other downwards, and on the top crouched a bear.

These scoops were called totems.

At a certain season of the year, all the Wrangel Indians from the villages far and near, went into the woods to gather a quantity of queer black berries. Canoes were filled with these, and at the potlatch the Indians gathered and danced around them, glorious in paint and feathers, shrieking and howling in a manner fearful to hear.

Each Indian armed with a scoop, dipped up the berries during the wild dance around the canoes, and endeavored to empty it at one mouthful.

As Kahlati sat gravely trying to carve the bear, with one eye on his grandfather from time to time, to see how he did it, he said:

"Sire, why do we put the bear on the top, and what are these foot-prints for?"

"My son," Nakina replied, "the bear, which is our emblem, and the footprints, are part of the totem, and the totem represents a legend—a legend of our tribe."

"Tell me the legend, sire," said Kahlati, and thus his grandfather began:

"Know, then, my son, that many moons have passed, so many moons indeed that our greatest sachems

have lost all count, as the wise men of our tribe have said, since the Great Spirit opened the sky and poured upon the world rivers of water from his reservoir up yonder.

"With all the tribes upon the earth the Great Spirit was very angry. Therefore they must be destroyed. But if all were destroyed there would be none to build up a new race, so he sent his angel to seek out the best and give them warning.

"The angel visited, in the solemn stillness of the night a sachem of our tribe, and told him the Great Spirit would fill up the earth with water, even to the highest mountain tops.

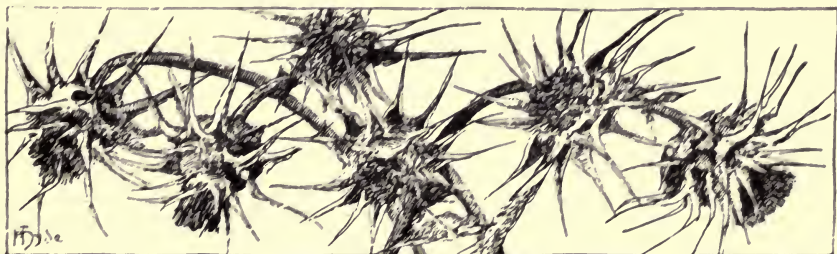
"The sachem rose up in haste and gathering his people about him, journeyed for many days away from the sea.

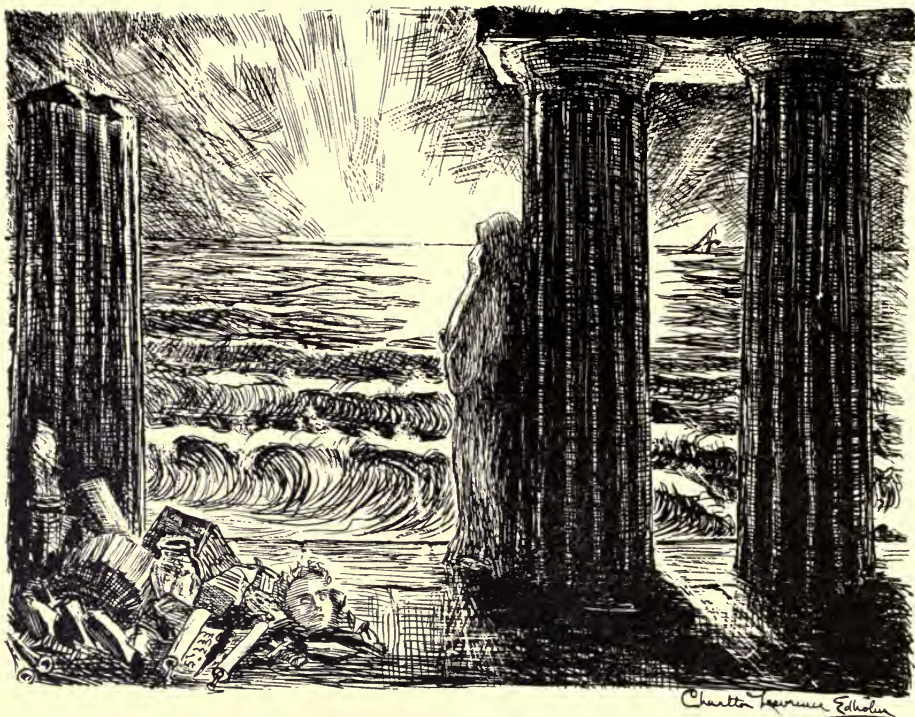
"When he arrived at the highest mountain, he set the young men to work, and ere long they had erected many tall poles. Then, when the waters began to cover the earth, the strong and the agile climbed the poles and crouched like bears at the top.

"After many days the Great Spirit again drew the waters up into the sky, and the sachem and those who had ascended the poles came down, faint from hunger. They were the only survivors; all others had perished in the surging flood.

"Thus, my son, are we the descendants of the only survivors of the wrath of the great Spirit, and it is thus that the bear is the emblem of our tribe."

So spoke Nakina, high chief of the Wrangel Tribe.





"And yet unmoved amid the wrath of ages . . . he stands, the Mystic."

THE MYSTIC

By Stanly Coghill

His eye has pierced the Shadow of the Seeming,
His lore is not the logic of the crowd,
The frothing world with discords harsh and loud
That strive to break his harmony of dreaming.

Life is a shadow of dead lives behind it.
It throws its shade again on lives before,
And "why" and "wherefore" are too long a law
For plumb or square or rule to ever find it.

Only the spirit sees the spirit's glories;
And Indra hides his heaven from our eyes.
We lift weak gaze unto his ancient skies,
And prate and tell each other pretty stories

Lo! we are wise. Our navies win the battle.
Where are our fathers' fathers? They are gone.
We follow at the breaking of the morn,
Confused our wisdom to a childish prattle.

And yet unmoved amid the Wrath of Ages,
The rise and falling of a people's tide,
Heedless of Lethe rolling on beside,
He stands, the Mystic, with his brother sages.

How has he pierced the Falling of the Shadow?
We pause and in the darkness falter, fall.
We see the coffin and the funeral pall,
Then madly seek some phantom El Dorado.

Urged by Unrest whose name we call Ambition,
We build us navies, conquer realms afar,
We waste our people in a foolish war,
A pyramid brought Pharaoh to perdition.

And still they stand and point beyond our seeing,
Adown the fading vista of the years,
Lone sentinels they stand, these poet-seers,
The guardians of some secret of our being.

They have found rest in their strange contemplation.
We find no rest. We seek it everywhere,
Turn to our use the earth, the seas, the air,
And for pastime exterminate a nation.

We shriek of progress, struggle madly forward,
Our priests cry ravin from their pulpit stairs,
We blaspheme God with mur'drous, bloody prayers.
The cross of Peace is raised to lead us warward.

Among the nations we are greatest, proudest,
A breath of wind and then our task is done.
A race is dwelling somewhere 'neath the sun
Who'll crush us when our boastings are the loudest.

And yet unmoved amid this Wrath of Ages,
This falling of a People in their pride,
Heedless of Lethe rolling on beside,
He stands, the Mystic, with his brother sages.

"THE HOUSES WHERE GODS DO DWELL"

By Mrs. W. D. Tillotson

MOST of us require a taskmaster, yet he does not of a necessity need to assume definite form and proportions, for there is a more subtle agonizing sting in the lash which poverty lays upon our backs than ever dwelt in the steel-braided instrument of torture in the hand of the Roman guard, and under its urgent, goading influence we find neither rest nor peace.

We know of hearts that bleed and brows that sweat under the pressure of love's resistless influence, while he who takes proud ambition for his master is driven on and on, like a ship before the tempest, and his haven of rest, his port of safety, is always and forever, as his days and his years go by, just beyond that horizon which fate with relentless hand shuts down before his eager eyes.

A day now far away, that left its impress upon my life and taught its lesson, brought thoughts like these as I stood with a friend before a collection of ivory carvings in Japan's gigantic capital city. We noted the lifelike and varying expressions, the symmetry, pose and strength of the outlines. We grew enthusiastic over filmy ivory finely spun as spider's webs. There was a delicacy, daintiness, beauty everywhere.

At length, as we took up an artistic carving of a Japanese child, we saw that the veining of the bottom of the foot was as carefully traced as were the lines of the face.

A step further on was a mammoth ivory eagle that afterwards

was seen and admired by the Emperor and became one of his possessions. Peering under the outstretched wings, we discovered that the obscure and hidden portions were as accurately and daintily chiseled as were those parts that met every eye.

As I pondered I asked: "Why does the workman do this? Why this infinite care bestowed upon the pencillings of the feathers hidden securely from view?"

My friend, enraptured with the beauty around her, began to quote Longfellow's appealing poem:

"In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care.
Each minute and unseen part."

My hand went out in restraining gesture, for in the unspoken line my thought found its answer: "For the Gods everywhere." Yes, here was the artisan's taskmaster, the impelling motive that possessed his life and thought and urged him on to perfection. Call this superstition, if you will, but its power was felt with telling effect in all the handiwork of the inhabitant of olden Japan. As was but natural, his houses of worship as the abiding place of his gods furnish highest proof of this, and it is here we find art's choicest treasures in carving, painting, lacquer ware and embroidery.

In speaking of Japanese houses of worship, it might be well to call attention first to the wayside shrines that appear at short intervals by

the roadside. It is sometimes an insignificant looking shed with an arched roof, or we find the image seated comfortably in a niche in a rock or hillside. Before these the lady of rank steps from her jinrikisha to offer her devotions to its patron saint, or one who works in the tea firing goes down steps in the gray light of the morning to murmur her prayers ere she begins the arduous task that holds her captive till the day is done. The lady's

upon one or more of these deities for help and protection.

The Englishman skurries along in his dog-cart to his office, the American rolls along in his carriage, but few of these have knelt before the invisible shrine in the secret chamber of his own heart to invoke the guidance and blessing of the Lord of all.

In olden times one of the virgin daughters of the Mikado remained at the shrine of the great sun god-



Yomei—Mon Gate, Nikko.

maid going from her home to that of her mistress where she is to be ears, eyes and hands for her until far into the night, perhaps lingers if but for a moment.

The jinrikisha man, with eager eyes on the lookout for a fare, will not forget to pause before his favorite shrine. All these find time before the day of duty begins to call

dess at Ise, keeping watch over the mirror, the sword and the jewel, which the Mikado had inherited from that beneficent goddess.

To-day, all over Japan, are shrines dedicated to this revered personage, and yearly pilgrims journey thither in great numbers. That they may enjoy this great privilege and blessing (for he is blest who visits many

shrines) societies have been formed, called *koju*, in which each member contributes perhaps one cent a month into a general fund, which is used to defray the expenses of these pilgrimages. When the proper season arrives, lots are cast and the lucky one represents the others at a shrine designated by the company. Others start, "taking nothing for their journey save a staff only, no script, no bread, no money in their purse." They go from shop to shop carrying a bamboo cup in one hand and a bell in the other. The leader rings the bell and recites his wants in a high, nasal, sing-song, which generally has the effect of bringing some member of the household to the door with a small contribution to assist him on his way.

Many make the ascent of Fujiyama, Bandaisan, Otake and other mountains, upon whose rugged sides is built many a sacred shrine and upon whose lofty summit dwells the spirit of a powerful god whose favor they seek.

These pilgrims usually dress in white, and wear broad, high, peaked hats. A strip of matting protects the back from sun and rain. The women do not participate in these outings, as there is a popular superstition that the great spirit is not fond of even the daintiest of musmees, and would deal certain death to any feminine personage who ventures within his sacred domain.

At each shrine the devotee visits he is supposed to leave some offering, even though it be but a small one, and travelers generally hang their sandals on one of the wooden pegs provided for the purpose as an indication that they desire to walk in the path of virtue.

The shrines dedicated to Inari, the patron god of rice and husbandry, are numerous. In them will be found images or painted pictures of foxes, as they are supposed to be the messengers of the goddess. At harvest time floats are built in the

fields and gaily decorated with banners and grains. Musicians, dressed in ridiculous fashion and wearing horrible masks, render heart-breaking, ear-splitting music, to show their appreciation of the bounty of the goddess.

Although the Buddhist and Shintoist belief finds expression in many temples and shrines all over the empire, they are readily distinguished one from the other. The Shinto temple has a thatched roof while the Buddhist is tiled. The Shinto temple is a plain wooden structure, without furnishing or ornamentation of any kind, while the Buddhist brings all the art of the carver and painter, the skill of the weaver and embroiderer, to make his house of worship gorgeous. In times long ago, offerings of cloth were brought at festival times and tied to the branches of the Cleyra tree. In commemoration of this custom, bunches of paper are now tied to a wand and fastened to the entrance of the Shinto temple.

As the temple of the Shintoist is bare and devoid of furnishings, so was his religion equally without dogma, creed or code. He had no conception of a deity other than the ancestors of the imperial family, the memory of great men, the gods of the wind, fire, food and anything and everything that came in his way.

But upon the introduction of Buddhism, the Buddhist priests gradually drove back the Shintoist, with his simple, unostentatious ceremonies, until Buddhist priests served even in some of the Shinto temples. The result of this is a mixture of the two religions in the minds of the common people, and they may be seen worshipping indiscriminately at the shrine of either religion.

Japan received Buddhism from Korea, where it had been introduced from China. From the Japanese historians, we learn that in 552 A. D. a golden image of Buddha, together

with some scrolls of sacred writing were sent to Mikado Kimmeri by King Hakusaione of the Korean States. The Mikado was inclined to accept this new religion, but the majority of his councillors were conservative Shintoists, and persuaded him to decline the proffered gift. After its refusal by the Mikado, the Korean king offered the golden Buddha to Sogo-no-Iname, who not only accepted it, but set it up in his

diately increased in severity, until the people became alarmed and allowed the temple to be rebuilt. Then, as ever, quick to improve an opportunity, the Buddhist monks and nuns flocked over from Korea in great numbers, and from this time Buddhism has been the established religion of the country.

Although Shintoism has many adherents and is still protected by the Government, it is to Buddhism that



Store of treasure at Nikko.

country house and made it the first Buddhist temple in Japan.

A pestilence followed so closely upon this act that the Shintoist saw in it an opportunity of raising popular opinion against the new religion, and he improved it with such good effect that the temple was raided and the image destroyed. But the pestilence was neither a respecter of persons nor religions, and it imme-

Japan owes her advancement in education, art, science and everything in every department of social and intellectual activity. Consequently, it is to Buddhistic, rather than to Shinto temples, we must go for all evidence of past superiority in the arts of carving and painting.

In searching for a house of worship in an American city, the stranger strolls through the principal

streets and finds it near at hand, its site being chosen for the convenience of the multitude. But he who seeks a temple in Japan must go to the quiet stillness of the mountain side, search in the depths of a beautiful grove or peer into the shadowy recess of the wooded dell, for the Japanese makes not his prayers to be seen of men, but steals away where "silence now is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er the still and pulseless world," and there, although he bows down to blocks of wood or stone, unconsciously he worships nature's god.

Following a mountain path, out from the little village of Atami, I unexpectedly came upon a little red lacquered temple set serenely upon the side of a lovely knoll, and almost hidden in a luxuriant growth of foliage. I drank from the wooden cup that hung by the side of the enclosed spring and sat down to rest in the shade. Blue and white iris grew in a trench near by, while above the rustle of the leaves could be heard the faint splashing of a waterfall.

I was soon interrupted by the appearance of two Japanese women, who came slowly down the path with the spirit of devotion written upon their faces. Mother and daughter, I took them to be, from the quiet gray of one kimona and the gay, fantastic one of the other. That they belonged to a family of distinction I knew by the ancestral crest embroidered on the back and sleeves of the mother's kimona.

Approaching the temple, they grasped a long rope I had noticed hanging there, clanged it against the gong to call up the deity, murmured their prayers, deposited their offering before the altar, and went away, giving me a look in passing that told me I was an intruder.

The village of Hakone, nestling beside its limpid lake in whose calm and crystal depths old Fuji paints its outlines in bold and beautiful

relief, offers yet another opportunity for the devout to pray, for hiding behind a mass of glorious, radiant maples, we discovered a small red temple.

To reach Miyanoshita from Hakone, the energetic one enjoys a walk of several miles over a beautiful mountain path or the more indolent one climbs into the kago, doubles his feet under him, and allows his lithe, brown legged coolies to carry him over the way.

This little village is famous as a health resort, as its mineral springs furnish most delightful and invigorating baths. Tourists and foreign residents love to linger here, but they have not driven out the native's belief in his god of stone, or broken him of his desire to repair to the house of his God to offer his devotions, for there is here a more pretentious temple than at Hakone.

The little village of Kamakura, about ten miles from Yokohama, holds another most interesting house "where Gods do dwell," as it is here the Diabutsu or great Buddha abides. Venerable and hoary with age, sitting complacently upon his stone foundation, he gives but little evidence of the tempests that have swept over him for more than six hundred years. He tells you not of the tidal wave that carried him out to sea in 1495. His mouth, four feet long, opens not to divulge the secrets of the confessional, or whisper to you of the thousands upon thousands who have come to the never failing altar fires within his hollow body, or of the one among the many who, having written his prayer upon a piece of paper and chewed it into a wad, throws it toward the altar, watching the result with drawn breath, and gone off hopeful that the prayer would be answered if the wad has stuck to the altar, or drawn himself dejectedly away if the aim has not been true.

The Buddha can certainly lay

claim to magnificent proportions, as his height is forty-seven feet; his face eight and one-half feet long, his ears six and one-half feet long. As one proof of his still being a heathen, I will say that his waist circumference is ninety-eight feet. His eyes of gold are three in number. The third is placed in the center of his forehead, and is the spiritual eye

brocades, crepes and embroideries, the sweetest dressing gowns and kimono, and also as the home of the most bewitching geisha girls in all Japan," is likewise equally well known for its palatial temples. It is here that the great monastery of Koyasan, with the adjacent temples, delights and awes the traveler with its beautiful carvings, rich and cost-



Interior temple view, Kioto.

of which students of occultism tell us.

Here, as elsewhere, the beauty of nature calls for the instinctive worship of the creator of all things, as the great idol is surrounded by a grass-grown, flower-decked garden; while over his head toss magnificent oak and crytomeria trees.

Kioto, famous as a manufacturing city and quoted "as the place where you can buy the most lovely

ly hangings and furnishings and the deep, subtle tints of the master's brush which no artist of modern times can produce.

The capital city has many attractive temples within the confines of its one hundred square miles. In the beautiful public gardens, called Shiba Park, are found the temples of seven shoguns, of the once powerful Tokugawa dynasty. On either side of the stone pavement leading

to the entrance of the temple grounds are stone lanterns, from five to eight feet in height, which have been built by admirers of the dead shoguns. At the festival of the lanterns, when the souls of the dead are supposed to visit the earth, lights are placed in these and show a weird, uncanny brightness through the openings in the stone.

At Shokansha is a Shinto shrine, erected in 1869 to the memory of those who had fallen in battle for the Emperor, particularly to those slain in the rebellion of 1868, when the shogunate was abolished and the government re-organized on a basis of pure absolutism, with the Mikado as sole wielder of all authority. The shrine is bare of all furnishings, according to the Shintoist belief and practice. Adjoining the grounds is a large stone tower, in the top of which a light burns each night in honor of all those who fought and died in the different wars of rebellion.

Uyeno Park, one of the most beautiful spots in Tokio, is entered through an avenue of magnificent trees. Stone lanterns erected to the memory of five shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty, are found here as at Shiba Park. In the temple grounds is a Diabutsu twenty-two feet high and made of bronze.

Asakasa Park contains a very popular Buddhist temple, called Kinyan-zan, but is more commonly known as Asakasa Kwannon, in honor of the Buddhist goddess of that name. The image of the goddess is of pure gold, and is considered so precious that it is kept in an inner room of the temple and is seen by no one but the priests. It is said to be but two inches in height. At the gateway is a red building containing two colossal gods, whose business it is to frighten away demons, and certainly one can imagine them making even a demon quake with fear, so hideous is their aspect.

Thanking kind fate that these are

inanimate objects of wood, we pass them bravely and enter the grounds and find the walk leading to the temple lined with shops, having for sale toys, ornaments, curios, etc. Around us fly great numbers of sacred pigeons. It is considered a privilege to be able to feed them, so in order to give visitors this opportunity, old women with bent backs, sunken eyes and shriveled, sun-browned faces, offer for sale peas or rice in little earthen pots.

Beside the large temple containing the golden goddess, there are several smaller temples, with shrines, images, etc. There is also a pagoda, an octagon building containing many hundreds of idols, and a large hall for the performance of religious rites.

Kameido, famous for its beautiful wisteria blossoms, is one of the most attractive places in Tokio. There is here a Shinto temple, dedicated to Tenjin, the god of literature. This personage is worshipped by those who wish to become learned, and a festival is held here in his honor on the 25th of each month. At this time, boys and girls learning to write bring brushes and pencils as offerings to the god so that they may enjoy the benefit of his favor. Formerly a literary society, composed of poets, dramatists, etc., met here once a year.

Sengakuji temple, about half a mile from Shinagawa station, is celebrated all over Japan as the graves of the forty-seven Ronins. This stirring story of the days of feudalism is described at length in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," but a synopsis may be given as follows: A lord had been compelled to commit hari-kari because he had in a moment of so considered righteous indignation drawn his sword and wounded a courtier of a shogun. Out of 300 vassals, these immortal forty-seven agreed to avenge the death of their master. To avoid suspicion and to be better able to carry out their

scheme, these Ronins separated for a year, but were, as the story reads, "ever faithful to the object in view." At the expiration of the year the vassals returned to Yedo, and one night attacked the house of their enemy, and after a brisk struggle with his retainers succeeded in cutting off the head of him who had caused their master's death. This they carried to the grave of the dead hero, and after washing

on the sword and the story of revenge was ended, but their valor, told to-day in many a neat, cozy home, is sung by the professional story teller and acted upon the stage by the best Japanese actors with harrowing realism.

But as the Oriental tradesman keeps his rarest curio, his richest brocade, his costliest gem until the last, and draws it from the depths of his flowing sleeve with trium-



Stairway leading to the tomb of Shogun Iyezacu.

ph, in the well near by, which was pointed out to us, they laid it on the master's tomb. After spending some time saying their prayers, they sent the head back to the relatives. They then gave themselves up to the authorities, who, understanding the feeling that prompted the deed, allowed them the honor of dying by their own hands. Thus one by one the forty-seven brave Ronins fell up-

phant, gleaming eyes, and lays it before you as something that must command your admiration, so do we now bring forward the gem of all Japan, her richest treasure, her dearest pride—beautiful Nikko. The name signifies "sunny splendor," and well it is deserved. It has been said "Use not the word magnificent until you have seen Nikko."

It is here that the devout Bud-

dhist comes with bowed head and reverent steps to worship and render homage to the gods, for it is in Nikko we find the largest temples in Japan. Desiring to visit these, we procured tickets, good for three days, from the authorities, summon jinrikishas, and start, with eager expectations of a day of enjoyment.

We had arrived so late the day before that we had no opportunity of looking around us. We had relished the nicely cooked dinner, served in American style, in the neat little dining room, while in the garden in the rear, a tiny waterfall tinkled and splashed and sparkled in the light of beautiful Japanese lanterns, and the "tuntum" of the samizan from an adjoining room combined to make the scene as bewitching and romantic as the bridal couple at the next table could have desired.

And now as we sped one after another down the narrow path a scene met our eye that made us feel that Nikko's glory could never be told by tongue or pen. The little village nestles in a lovely valley surrounded by ever green hills, dotted with flowers, and higher up crowned with magnificent cryptomeria trees to their very summit. Above and beyond these, rugged mountain peaks tower protectingly. A clear, swift, mountain stream flows through the valley, and we now cross the bridge that spans it. Only a short distance from this we see the famous red lacquer bridge, sacred to the footsteps of members of the royal family. It is said to be eighty-four feet long and rests on stone piers, firmly fixed in the rocks. The bridge was built in 1638, and the wonderful preservative qualities of the lacquer are plainly shown here, as the bridge is in a perfect state of preservation. When General Grant was making his tour of the world he was offered the privilege of walking across this bridge, but as he recognized the fact that it was only an intense de-

sire to show him special honor that prompted the invitation he courteously refused, much to the satisfaction of his hosts.

A ride of a few minutes brings us to the temple gates; on the left is the monastery of Mangwanji, and on the right, the monastery of Jodoin. There we hastily inspect and pass on to the northern part of the grounds where we found the Hall of the Three Buddhas, containing the 1,000 handed Kwannon and the horse-headed Kwannon, monstrosities that made us shiver. Opposite to the monastery is a granite torii twenty-seven and a half feet high, erected in 1618. On the left is a red lacquered pagoda, five stories high and most lavishly carved. Following our guides out of this enclosure we find ourselves in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a high red lacquered wall. God is deified in nature in the temple grounds. The Buddhist surrounds his sanctuary with beautiful, restful groves; his house of worship is a house of splendor; his abode is a hut that his god may dwell in a palace. As we stood in the perfect stillness of the mountain seclusion no sound came to us but the sighing, nay, I fancied the pleading, of the old oak and cryptomeria trees, as their branches swept the roofs of the temples and I could feel the presence of the Deity here rather than in the gay and gaudy trappings of the temples around us.

Becoming weary from climbing the stone steps that lead to all the temple buildings, we sit down under the beautiful shade and proceed to devour in true tourist style the luncheon our coolies had carried for us from the hotel. We ate, and after drinking from the spring, enclosed in a stone basin, we felt refreshed and ready again to endure the fatigue of "those dreadful steps."

Our attention is now turned to the three large buildings which are used as the storehouse for treasure

belonging to the great shogun Iyeyasu and other temple treasures. They, in common with all Buddhist temple buildings, are painted with red lacquer, while the doorways and arches are elaborately carved and painted. The roof is of tiling, and at the end of each tile is the crest of its builder.

On the left of the gate is a venerable giant tree, enclosed by a railing. It is said to be the one that Iyeyasu planted in a pot shortly before his death. It was soon after transplanted here and grew and flourished until to-day it is a thing of beauty and grandeur amid all the splendor of its surroundings.

We next visited the holy water cistern, which is carved out of a solid piece of granite, and covered with a roof made of richly carved and painted wood. Beyond the cistern is a handsomely decorated building, containing the Buddhistic scriptures. Entering we found upon a gold colored wall many interesting paintings, scrolls and pictures, of grotesque images. Climbing another flight of stone steps we come to what is considered by many to be the best specimen of Japanese carving, painting and architecture in all Japan. It is the Omei Mongate, painted in white lacquer, and most elaborately carved and gorgeously painted; the entire structure abounds in most wonderful productions of the Japanese carver. On either side is a long cloister, carved and decorated with an equally lavish hand. One of the buildings contains a stage for the performance of sacred dances, and in the other is an altar, on which fragrant cedar is burned.

From here we come to the building where the oratory and chapel are found. We reach the oratory through a gate of Chinese wood that is inlaid and carved with exquisite beauty and delicacy of workmanship. We are met here by priests with shaven heads and clad in flow-

ing robes, who give us the command of old, "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." We obey, and discarding the habiliments of our native land, we draw on over our stockings clumsy, thick woolen socks, provided by the priests. The size of these socks led us to believe that the first foreign visitor to this temple was from world famed Chicago.

But as we are now within the sacred walls of the temple, we put away such irreverent thoughts and look about us. We see that the room is covered with heavy, soft, padded matting, each strip of which has a black binding about two inches in width. Scattered throughout the building are images, candles, drums, tablets, prayer papers, and costly gold lacquered boxes containing priestly garments and temple paraphernalia. The ceilings and walls are gorgeously carved and painted and hung with rich tapestries and embroideries, while from the ceilings swing quaint odd-shaped lanterns. Inquiring of our guide when services would be held, we were told that upon certain feast days, or great festival seasons, the priests appear swinging censers and chanting prayers, but at other times the temple was a place of quiet devotion. A small inner room contains an altar whose fires are never extinguished. Before it the devotee casts his offerings when saying his prayers. I have never seen a piece larger than a two cent piece, and from that down to 1-10 of a cent. At the side of the altar is a gong, which the worshipper uses to call up his deity.

A smiling young priest greeted us at the door, but he was soon joined by an older brother, who showed us most plainly that he was of the anti-foreign class. This feeling of the priest against the foreigner is not surprising, for in the happy days before the "red-haired barbarian"

forced his way into the empire, great power and dominion was his. Blind superstition yields him implicit faith and unquestioned obedience. But the English-speaking young student or tradesman wags his head and stands not in awe of priestly displeasure or censure.

So great a number of the rising generation have become neglectful of the ancestral worship that it is not uncommon for a temple to lose so many of its adherents that it is abandoned, and its furnishings and hangings sold to seekers after the quaint and curious, who carry them away to a far-distant land, where they furnish a delightful corner in a luxuriant home. Consequently, the priest finds himself in much the same predicament as did Senator Ingalls when he declared himself to be a "statesman out of a job."

Having seen one large temple, one practically sees all, so giving but a hasty inspection to the mausoleum of the Third Shogun Iyemitsu, we climbed a zig-zag stairway of 200 steps to the tomb of the first Shogun Iyeyasu. This is a small bronze pagoda, surrounded by a fence, the gate of which is securely locked to keep intruders at a respectful distance from the resting place of the greatest of all shoguns.

We had heard much of the carving of the "sleeping cat" by the famous left-handed artist of olden time, Hidari Jingoro, so we now came back to the enclosure and saw above a small doorway a huge white cat, snoozing peacefully in a long sleep that knows no waking. What its significance was we could not learn or discover why there should here be this cat whereas in other places we saw birds, elephants, dragons and grotesque and hideous images of divers and many gods.

The day was done. The azalias that bloom on the mountain side and reflect their brightness in the mountain lakes bowed their heads and nodded "good-night." The sun

gave to mountain top and lake a last flaming touch of glory and was gone. From the monastery a bell rang out a farewell to the day and called the monks to prayer.

Few can visit a temple, even though it be dedicated to a heathen god, without a feeling of awe possessing his soul as he thinks of the many, many weary ones of earth who have here poured out their heart's woe. And who can say that they have not been comforted, for I think the Father of all is near to the simple, earnest heathen and pities him in his blindness. But to some the temple may be only an object of curiosity or even of derision, but surely no one could stand in the midst of Nikko's beauty and hear the deep melody of the old monastery bell, as its boom rang out on the mountain air and was taken up by the peaks and hurled from one to the other and dropped in solemn, yet musical, cadences to the valley, without a feeling of worshipful ecstasy possessing his heart.

As I write of that first evening in Nikko, I live again the day when I stood with that little friend, between whom and me fate has rolled an ocean, and I find in the temple a further illustration of the heathen's belief "that the Gods see everywhere." It made the Japanese artist to paint the obscure, darkened corner of the temple with the same masterful stroke and harmony of coloring that surrounded the altar. The carving that was hidden in the lacquer box and saw the light of day perhaps but once in his lifetime, felt the delicacy and deftness of his knife, even as did the swinging censer, for queries he: "Do not the gods see everywhere?"

This thought fills him with terror if perchance his work is not well-done, for he knows not of our God and Father. Mayhap, if he did, he would more than do we strive to make the hidden and secret things

of his life to bear the scrutiny of the great Master, since for Him his heart would feel the throb of love and not the dull, cold chill of fear. We do well if we can say with him:

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the houses where Gods dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

Discovery of a Remarkable Pre-Columbian Fortress

AND ANCIENT IRRIGATING CANAL ON THE GILA RIVER

By Newton H. Chittenden

EXTENDED explorations among the ruins of the most ancient American settlers of Southern Colorado, Northern and Central Arizona, and New Mexico, made during the years 1888 and 1889, afforded convincing evidence that both the inhabitants of the plains and canyons lived in a state of perpetual warfare of the most desperate character, with the wild hunter tribes of that region. Indeed, it seems reasonable that had it not been for the fierce and long continued onslaughts of the savage red men upon the peaceable pueblo agriculturists occupying the arable and irrigable valleys and mesas, that there would have been no cliff dwellers and none of their wonderful abodes in the desolate mountain fastnesses. It is not natural for man to assume unnecessary burdens. Of hundreds of their little castle homes examined, all were carefully constructed upon defensive plans; human nests perched under overhanging cliffs, hundreds of feet above the trails, with very small entrances, many of them, especially their stone sleeping apartments, provided with thick stone door slabs and strong, bars to enable them suc-

cessfully to resist their merciless enemies. For additional protection they walled in the tops of near-lying precipitous mountain peaks. Several such were found in Walnut Canyon, Arizona. It is probable that no portion of the human family has ever been subjected to a more desperate struggle for existence than these semi-civilized American farmers, battling against the powerful savage tribes surrounding, and the destroying elements of earthquakes, fire, drouth and flood.

Desiring to make still more thorough research among the remains of the same people farther southward, and also to examine the mounds of the Arkansas, Red and Mississippi valleys, for that purpose I devoted eighteen months traversing the continent with pack burros over 3,000 miles, afoot through Southern California and Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana to the Gulf of Mexico.

About one hundred and twenty-five miles from Yuma, Arizona, on the east bank of the Gila river, I camped for several days with a band of Papago Indians, and examined the most important pre-historic

ruins in that section of country. An old white hunter had told me of a remarkable mountain fortress which he had entered some years previous, situated a few miles north of Gila River. In searching for a fording place shallow enough for my pack burro to cross, I discovered an ancient irrigating canal used perhaps more than a thousand years ago for watering the fields and gardens of flourishing agricultural communities. It was from thirty to fifty feet in width, with great cottonwood and other trees growing therefrom. Again and again I waded into the river up to my waist, not finding a place where "cinto" could cross over—but on the second day's trial was so fortunate as to meet a most hospitable, energetic, intelligent and enthusiastic pioneer (Spencer); who although over 75 years of age, not only carried me over the swift-flowing river with his powerful horse, but guided me to an exceedingly interesting canyon resort of Pre-Columbians, where, upon the red sand stone wall over more than five hundred square feet of surface, they had engraved and etched hundreds of their strange sign characters and figures chiefly mythological and symbolic signification.

Desiring, if possible, to reach that day the prehistoric stronghold referred to, I advanced about ten miles over a circuitous mountain trail to an elevated commanding mesa. There carefully surveying the wonderful landscape of mountain, desert and valley, about five miles to the southward, my eyes rested upon a high, precipitous bluff which from the description given me by the hunter I recognized as the place of refuge and defense of the Ancient Valley dwellers against the fierce attacks of the wild aboriginal tribes. Pressing rapidly forward, in a little more than an hour I was climbing a steep, winding trail over great boulders, and narrow defiles where a single brave warrior

could successfully defend against many enemies, finally reaching the outer works of the fortress, the foundations of four stone fortifications, and soon after a massive stone wall from five to eight feet in height, upon which I walked over four hundred feet. It extended from a wide earthquake rent in the mountain top on the east entirely across the summit to its western side, rising precipitously several hundred feet above the valley. There was a narrow passage in the center covered by flanking defenses. Within the enclosure, large enough for a thousand people, were the ruins of twenty-eight different structures, square and circular, from 12 to 30 feet in diameter, and broken metals, milling stones, and mortars, indicating that it was not only a place of refuge, but also occupied by a permanent garrison. It is probable that the river, now nearly a mile distant, then ran close under the eastern bluff, about a thousand feet from the main breastwork. When I separated from Mr. Spencer it was agreed that my arrival within the fortress should be signaled to him in his cabin home, six miles distant, by a fire at night from the topmost height of that long-abandoned stronghold.

Collecting everything combustible, soon after nightfall I illuminated the summit, until not only pioneer Spencer, who was watching, saw it, but the natives and others for many miles around.

Having exhausted my water supply during the day's exceptional effort, such severe thirst was felt that I determined upon a midnight attempt to reach the river. Succeeding after many falls, bumps and scratches, and also in finding my way in the darkness through several miles of dense bottom growth to the ford we had crossed in the morning I ventured in. The current was much stronger than I had supposed, and when nearly over,

carried me off both feet and rapidly down stream. Throwing away my shoes and leggings, with great effort I struggled out upon the bank, where I was immediately seized with violent cramps, for the water was very cold. Wrapping my feet

in a canvas provision sack, cut in two for that purpose, and walking with much difficulty, soon after sunrise I was welcomed, warmed and feasted in the hospitable frontier cabin home of Spencer and his noble wife.

TRANSITION

By Edna A. Prather

Expectant on the threshold of the year,
Two silent watchful shapes did stand and wait
For souls, that on their hurrying way might fear .
Dim mysteries beyond the guarded gate.

And Lo! two souls upon their journey bent
One, sin-stained, weary, weighted with much care,
Did pause at sight of the dark way, and rent
Its garments, and cried out: "No rest lies there."

And one, that waited in the void, did go
Swift to the soul that cursed, did ease and lay
Its burden on the soul that stayed, and so
Turned back with song—and vanished on its way.

But lo! the second soul—by burdens crushed—
Paused not, nor backward looked, but through the
gate
That led to mysteries, passed on through hushed
And windless silence, and did bless its fate.

Then the remaining shape—gaunt, gray and sad
Kept with the toiling soul in dismal pace,
Urged it, beneath its weight of tears—did add
Love's crown of thorns to shadow its blind face.

Thus on, and on, until the way diverged.
Vast mountains rose to God—and far stars sang
In mighty choring, that beat and surged
Around the poor stained soul God glorifies.



Winter flowers in California.



"It was a pretty picture, this trio of wild creatures."

WHAT PUZZLED THE DOE

By Clarence Hawkes

IT was the last of October, and the barbaric coloring of autumn was aflame upon the high mountain top and deep down in the slumberous valley. It had come like a conflagration, catching first a bush, or a swamp maple along some water-course, but the bright flames had spread from sumac to ash, and mounting higher and higher, had at last set their bright seal upon beech and rock maple, until on this crisp autumn morning the mountain was a veritable Sinai. So bright it was that no artist's brush could have adequately reproduced it, yet it blended so well with the brown pasture land and the green meadow that the eye was soothed and the senses

rested by this gorgeous pastoral in the great harmony of nature.

It wanted half an hour of sunrise, and the pretty country village at the foot of the mountain still slept; only one enterprising farm-house sent forth its wreath of blue smoke.

A silent old crow was winging his way over the valley to distant cornfields. He had slept comfortably in the top of a spruce on the mountain side all night and was going for his breakfast.

It was very chilly for the time of year, and white frost was on the weeds and grass along the runways and by the brookside. And in many places the grasses were fringed with fretted beads of frozen mist, that

would vanish like a shadow at the touch of the sun.

Down an old cow-path that led from the wooded slopes of the mountain to the open fields below, a proud buck came leading his little family to the turnip field, where they had made a fine breakfast the morning before. The buck came like a lord of the forest, stepping with that quick, firm tread, so full of grace and strength. There was something in the motion of those slim legs that suggested steel springs that could at any moment rebound with lightning rapidity.

When he came to a brush fence or other obstruction, he made the boast of his subtle limbs good, for he bounded over it with an airiness that fairly seemed to set at naught the laws of gravitation.

He was followed at a short distance by a doe, who was in turn closely followed by a fawn of seven or eight months. The doe gave herself less airs than the buck, still her every motion was light and airy, but the fawn, with his pretty leopard's coat and dainty manners, was the fairest of them all.

He followed like a dutiful offspring, the footprints of his mother, knowing that she would choose the best footing and keep him from harm. Whenever the trio stopped, he crowded forward against his mother's side and thrust an inquisitive muzzle towards hers, asking what it meant.

Occasionally the buck or doe would nip the top of a tempting head of grass or weed, but they did not stop, for their minds were upon turnips. It was the first day of the open season in the State of Vermont—but they knew not of laws or legislators; besides the morning breeze was just as fresh and the fields just as sweet as they had been the day before.

Presently the three bounded over a low stone wall and were in the field of turnips. The doe faced the wind

and the buck the opposite direction, that they might cover both points of compass with their keen nostrils. They always took this precaution whether sleeping or awake, for it gave one more safeguard from their many dangers.

It took but three or four stamps of those keen, cutting hoofs to lay the dirt bare around the root of a turnip and then it was pulled with the teeth and eaten at leisure.

It was a pretty picture, this trio of wild creatures getting their breakfast from the bounty of nature and the toil of man. But the meal did not proceed leisurely, as our domestic animals feed, with occasional stops to gaze leisurely about, but it was hurried and restless, with sudden startled upliftings of the head, and a continual twitching of that short tail.

Once the buck raised his head and tested the air in all directions, snorting and stamping and shaking his head, as though doubtful or suspicious, but he finally concluded that the taint had been in his own nostrils, and the doe and fawn who had raised their heads excitedly, resumed their feeding.

A moment later there was a small puff of smoke from behind a little spruce, away at the other side of the meadow, nearly four hundred yards away, and a 38-55 Winchester rifle bullet, singing its dirge of destruction came hurtling across the intervening distance.

The little herd did not see the smoke, their heads being down among the green turnip tops, and bullets travel nearly as fast as sound, so there was no warning, not even a suspicion; for what nostrils, however keen, could be expected to distinguish the dreaded man-scent a quarter of a mile away, without the wind was very strong and the case an exception.

In the same second that the sharp crack of the Winchester came up the wind to the feeding deer, the

man-sent missile caught his wild brother, the buck, fairly behind the shoulder, and he sprang into the air with a short, explosive snort. The bewildered and paralyzed brain said: "Flee!" but his limbs refused for once to obey, and the noble animal collapsed and fell heavily; then heaved a deep sigh and stretched out motionless in death.

It was a great shot, perhaps a lucky shot, but nevertheless the gun and hunter were talked of in the village for days.

The doe and the fawn threw up their heads, wild-eyed and terrified. Their native instinct said "flee," but the sight of their mute and bleeding protector, the one upon whom they had always relied in time of danger, and the uncertain echo of the rifle that seemed to come from all directions at once, held them spell-bound, rooted by fear, to the spot.

Then there was another puff of smoke from behind the little spruce, and a second bullet cut a row of turnip tops under the doe's belly, burying itself in the field beyond. It was a good line shot, but a little low. Then the wild instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and the doe and fawn bounded away over the wall and were soon lost in the woods at the foot of the mountain.

On and on they went, the wild mother leading in graceful bounds, and the dutiful fawn following in her hoofprints, for that was the only safe way, going at such a breakneck pace. Their white flags were up, and the fear that had been bred in their veins since the days of Adam, grew, rather than diminished, as they fled.

Possibly the frightened doe expected the buck to rejoin them soon, but neither she nor the forest nor the brookside ever saw him again, for his antlers were hung above the fireplace in the hunter's home, and his brown coat made a soft mat for the feet of small children.

Who shall say that the mind (or at least the intelligence) of the doe,

as she fled through the wilderness, did not go crying back, like the voice of the wind, to her fallen mate. That the first mad hour of their love tryst in the autumnal forest, beneath the witchery of the hunter's moon, was not remembered, with hopeless longing. Or that proud crucial hour, when she first led the day-old fawn forth from the scene of its birth to greet its sire.

Who shall say that all these things were not remembered, for they were the life of this wild creature, and life is what we feed on. It is its own antecedent, whether dumb, as of the wilderness, or as eloquent with cultured phrases as the brain of a scholar.

The greatest men of all times have recognized this kindred heart in all life, as Shakespeare's Duke, who gave the trees tongues, and read the running brook, or the pessimistic Jacques in the same play, who saw the Hind weep by the brookside because of his wound.

On through deep gulches, where the spruce and pine hung darkling; by tamarack swamps, where their hoofs sunk deep in the soft moss and the ferns were still green; through long stretches of first growth that the woodman's axe had spared, they fled, it mattered not where they went so long as they saw not man, or any trace of his handiwork. Once when they came suddenly out into a mowing they heard that terrifying roar again, like the crack of doom, and fled on, fear lending wings to their hoofs.

This time it was only an irate farmer blazing away at a woodchuck with a rusty old shotgun, but they had not that fine discrimination that saw the difference between a Winchester and an old muzzle-loader, and so their fear was wasted.

For the first hour or two the seven months' old fawn bounded lightly after its mother, exulting in its sinewy limbs and in the joy of flight. It gave such a thrill to spurn the

green sward with those dainty hoofs and then to rise lightly over a brush fence or stone wall.

But as the flight wore on, without cessation, the fawn lagged behind, and was coaxed and threatened by its wild mother, who knew their danger better than her offspring.

In the middle of the forenoon they trotted into a broad green meadow that stretched away as far as eye could reach. It was traversed by a wide, swift river, which the doe would have swam, had she been alone, for the more water a deer puts behind it the safer it feels, but the current was too swift, and the swim was too long for the fawn.

Midway in the meadow, where the lush grass was high and buttercups and daisies grew profusely, they crossed an imaginary line, which henceforth was to play an important part in their fortunes, but they knew naught of it, and so did not profit by the act.

After the meadows were passed, the foothills came close in to the great river, and afforded them better cover for their flight. Here, too, they found a peculiar path, broad and straight, with two glittering strips just so far apart, stretching away into the distance. There were convenient sticks to step upon, and for a time the way was easy.

But soon they heard a rumble and a shriek that was like nothing they had ever heard before. It gave new wings to their hoofs, and they fled on like the wind.

But the rumbling grew louder and louder, and again that demoniacal shriek sounded across the broad river, and reverberated among the foothills, now coming from this direction and then from that, as the echoes rolled from hilltop to hilltop.

Then a great hissing, smoking, roaring monster, running like a moose, with both thunder and lightning in his hoofbeats, came after them out of the north.

They strained every muscle and

their hoofs rose and fell with lightning rapidity. Then the hideous demon gave a series of short, wild shrieks, and made the hills ring, and added to it a strange rhythmic beating sound.

With that instinct bred from long generations of their kind that had fled before hounds and other pursuing foes, the doe doubled sharply to the right, leaving the track at a high embankment, taking a plunge of twenty feet down a sharp incline. With dutiful instinct the fawn followed, straining its shoulders in the plunge, and the two disappeared in the spruces, the fawn limping painfully while the train rushed on like the passing of a hurricane.

In the deep spruces the doe turned back to coax and caress her injured offspring, which was bleating painfully. With her warm muzzle she stifled the sounds of pain, for she knew that any noise on their part was dangerous. To travel any further that day was out of the question. So she hid the fawn in a fallen tree-top and ranged nearby, occasionally taking shelter in the friendly cover.

There they rested until the sun was low in the west, when hunger and a sense of peril that still lurked in their wake, made the doe restless, and by dint of coaxing and caressing on her part, they resumed their flight, but at a much slower pace.

Soon they came out on the brow of a hill overlooking a village. This was the abode of man, their worst enemy, so they made a detour, going further into the foothills. In so doing they crossed one of those broad, smooth paths that they noticed so frequently, but did not dare follow it, being suspicious of everything that was not natural, and this surely was artificial.

Shortly after crossing the path, they heard a peculiar short cry, at regular intervals, that seemed to come nearer and nearer. They quickened their pace, going as fast as the

fawn reasonably could with its lame shoulder, but it was not fast enough, for they soon began to be annoyed by the cry of a foxhound that came nearer and nearer. This new danger was certainly on their scent, and they could not escape it as usual in flight. Then they crossed the broad artificial path again, and the baying drew nearer. The doe stamped and snorted, and the fawn limped painfully after her.

As they crossed the broad path for the second time, a team rumbled past, and the driver noticed the fleeing doe and fawn, and the pursuing hound.

Down in the village he stopped at a farmhouse, and hailed a stalwart man sitting on the piazza.

"Hello, Jem," he cried, "say, I just saw a doe and fawn cross the road. They went into Thompson's pasture and Si Higgin's hound was right on 'em. The fawn seemed to be about did up. You had better go up and see what'll come of it."

"All right; much obliged," was the reply. "Guess I'll take along a revolver. Mebbe I'll have occasion to use it."

He went into the house, put on his coat, thrust a large revolver into his pocket and hurried up the road.

In the spruces about forty rods from where the traveler had seen the doe and fawn cross the road they came to bay. The fawn could limp no further, and the doe, with that strong maternal instinct which is the most beautiful thing in the life of the wild, would not desert her offspring, even in the face of great danger to herself.

The hound came in furiously, following at sight, and baying a steady stream, until the forest was filled with its cries.

The mother hid the injured one in a thicket, and came out bravely to meet the enemy. The hound circled round and round, trying to get into the thicket, springing at the doe's throat, and snapping and snarl-

ing. But she kept him at bay for a time, striking with those sharp-cutting hoofs, but the present anxiety and the long days of flight had sapped her strength and nearly crazed her; she gasped for breath and each inspiration was a long-drawn whistle, while the hound was fresh and eager for the quarry.

Then there was a cracking of the underbrush, and another enemy hurried to the scene. It was man, the most dread of them all. At the sight of him the hound renewed his efforts—springing, snapping and snarling at the now doubly-terrified doe.

It was a strange and pathetic picture, illustrating three stages in the manifold form of animal life. First there was the wild creature, slight and graceful, with but one thought in her paralyzed brain, that of self-preservation. Next was the domestic animal, half wild and half civilized, eager for the chase and the taste of warm blood, and lastly man, by Eden's decree the sovereign of all living things, at once the most intelligent and most fearful of them all.

With a soul capable of the best things, and a body capable of the worst.

Again the hound sprang at the doe's throat, catching her squarely and bringing her to the ground. Then the man raised his arm, something gleamed in the moonlight that filtered through the skylight in the forest roof, and then that roar which had ushered in this hideous day, again woke the quiet of the woods. But miracle of miracles, the lightning and the bright flame that mean death to denizens of the woods, did not injure them this time. With a howl of pain the hound loosed his hold on the doe's throat, and limped away into the darkness. Bewildered and amazed, the doe struggled to her feet and fled in an opposite direction. The fawn followed slowly and bleating in answer to her calls of alarm, while the man was left

alone holding the smoking revolver.

In a tangle of weeds and clematis, underneath a low-hanging hemlock, they found rest and shelter, and their strength and courage soon returned to them, but it was a strange land into which they had come, for the hounds no longer followed them, and the thunder no longer killed, but that miracle in the woods was the queerest of all.

But the explanation was very simple. It was not an accident that the fatal lightning had struck the hound instead of the deer, for the man was a gamewarden enforcing the law in the State of Massachusetts which protects the deer from both hounds and men and leaves them tenants of the wilderness, unfettered and free as the winds that blow.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SUN

BY SARAH P. MONKS

All gold and crimson burns the sky,
 All gold and crimson burns the sea,
 Dark forms of birds go sweeping by
 In wayward lines across the sky,
 To where in silent splendor lie
 The Islands of the Sun.

The sea-birds wander as they list
 'Thro' bitter spray, o'er struggling seas,
 Across the surges sunset kist,
 Across the purple banks of mist,
 Till weary wings find peace, I wist,
 In Islands of the Sun.

Mayhap my ships that outward went
 And never came again to me,
 Mayhap my winged hours misspent,
 And dreams and fancies passion pent,
 Have found some port of sweet content
 In Islands of the Sun.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS

By Armond

President Theodore Roosevelt is one of the cleverest and most forceful writers of our times. The wonder is how he can find escape from the burdens and cares of State to indulge in writing on subjects that are foreign to his official life. But he does occasionally find escape, and when he returns he always has something of value and of interest to his fellow-countrymen. It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt is fond of braving the hardships and dangers of mountain, and gorge and canyon to battle face to face with the wildest of wild animals, and his experiences are always thrilling as well as instructive, and always between the lines of his recitals of adventures may be found observations on the wilds he is traversing, which become prediction of fertile farms and happy homes when pioneers shall blaze the way for the incoming of home seekers into lands now in possession of ferocious beasts of the forest. And perhaps nothing the illustrious statesman and ideal hunter has ever said or written concerning his experiences in the West's mountain region will command more attention than his recently published book called "Outdoor Pastime of an American Hunter." It is a story that reads like fiction, but the scenes and the experiences were intensely and thrillingly real. First is described a trip with cougar hounds, then a Colorado bear hunt, followed by wolf-coursing. Hunting in the cattle country and shooting at mountain sheep is followed by an "outing" with white-tail deer, also with the Rocky Mountain black-tail and

the round-horned elk. The best and most comprehensive description of the nation's wilderness reserves and the Yellowstone Park yet given to the public will be found in "Outdoor Pastimes." It is a charming story of real life in the wilds of the United States in heroic setting and coloring.

Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

Theodore Roberts has given us a charming tale, "Brothers of Peril," of Colonial days away up in Newfoundland, in which a young Englishman is the center of thrilling yet deeply interesting romantic adventures among a tribe of now extinct Beothic Indians. The theme is largely historical, but enough fiction, though not the impossible, is woven into the story to give it all a most fascinating interest. The style is at once vigorous and pleasing.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Government Regulation of Railway Rates," by Hugo Richard Meyer, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in the University of Chicago, may be considered an authoritative work on the subject. It is not often that the economist has an opportunity to present a book of such practical interest and timely importance. The volume embodies the results of a twelve years' study of this question by the author, and is brought thoroughly up-to-date, covering the facts brought out at the special hearing of the Senate Committee last May. The subject is treated in a completely practical

manner, and in addition to giving its author high rank as an authority on this question, is likely to have an influence on the decision of Congress as to the legislation to be enacted on this subject at its coming session. Mr. Meyer draws the conclusion that "whatever evils now exist (in the management of the railways) none of them is at all commensurate with the harm which must result from bestowing the power to fix railway rates upon the Interstate Commerce Commission."

The Macmillan Company, New York.

There is the peculiar charm about this little story, "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," that I find in all Miss Florence Morse Kingsley's books. Almost guiltless of a plot, it still holds the readers' interest all through the unfolding of Cynthia's year of waiting for a death that is balked in the end. And of course at the finish comes back the lover of her youth, as he always does in fiction, and seldom or never in real life. It is a sweet and charming New England tale of old-fashioned ways of living, but with some rather pointed and wholesome truths to be discovered in the reading of it.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

J. Breckenridge Ellis has given to us a novel of rare sentiment, mystery and humor under the title of "Stork's Nest." The action is in Missouri, where "fancy's dream" may roam over steep uphill, up rugged mountains and across wide valleys and plains, and the author has made the best of inspiration born of such environment. It is a charming story, and wholesome as it is interesting. More of such books would be good for the public's good. Illustrations by Elizabeth Ingham.

Moffat, Yard & Company, New York.

"Ways of Nature," by John Burroughs, who has been well called the dean of American outdoor writers, is, more than any other one man, responsible for the present widespread interest in nature. "Ways of Nature" is an admirable book for its object—the setting forth of a rational view of nature's methods—the view of those who have made the closest study of the habits of animals. When Mr. Burroughs fought with his characteristic vigor what he believed to be a pernicious tendency in recent books about wild animals, it was to be expected that he would be attacked in return. This book answers the attacks made upon him, but is as forcible and skillful in the aggressive as in the defensive.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"Tales of the Road," by Charles N. Crendson, is enjoyable to the last degree. You cannot think of a man either too commercial or too cultivated in his tastes to fail of hearty enjoyment in the reading of this book. This is because its stories are "the real thing" and deal simply and pointedly with human nature. "Tales of the Road" is an elemental book that grips and holds the attention by its dual lines of interest: the well-told anecdote that awakens a quick response in the mind of every one who has played the game of barter and sale, and the clear, sharp and practical illumination which these stories shed upon the real, underlying principles of good salesmanship, it is in fact, as one merchant puts it, "as full of valuable points as a porcupine."

Thompson & Thomas, Chicago.

A splendid book for boys is "The Red Chief," by Everett T. Tomlinson. It is a story of the Cherry Valley massacre and of Brant's deeds in the year 1778. The plot deals with the experiences of the scattered people on the frontiers of New York

after the surrender of Burgoyne and the retreat of St. Leger. Brant, the renowned Mohawk chief, in connection with Johnson, was massing the warriors of the Six Nations to act with the Tories in falling upon the settlements. The attack upon Cherry Valley was one of the most tragic of all. The book contains many stirring accounts of experiences and adventures, and they are all based upon events that actually occurred, and therefore it is of actual historical value, besides being interesting and exciting in its appeal to boys.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Laura E. Richards has given us a sequel to "Mrs. Tree" in "Mrs. Tree's Will," and it overflows with quaintness and oddities. The personages so realistically drawn are no masquerading farmers and fishermen pattering pseudo-bucolic claptrap and vulgar saws, but real odd, quaint, primitive products of their rock-ribbed environment, most evidently drawn from the conscientious study of veritable living originals. Nor is this study limited to the portrayal of one single principal character, leaving in half light or obscurity the remaining figures of the group. As conscientiously as Dickens's own masterpieces does this sketch present the real separate human traits and oddities of each of the many subordinate characters. Mrs. Richard's acquaintance with original New England stock is long and intimate, and her illumination of its qualities is brightened with humor and softened by affection. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill.

Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

"The Speculations of John Steele," by Robert Barr, is a very lively story of a lively modern American in very active business and political channels, hence the

story deals intimately with the great questions of the day. Steele begins life in the most humble way, and fights for advancement until he is recognized as a business and social factor of power and influence. His adventures in the worlds of finance, commerce and love, are both amusing and instructive.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, N. Y.

"Greatness in Literature," by W. P. Trent, Professor of English Literature in Columbia University, is composed of eight papers on literary topics. As Professor Trent carefully explains at the outset, it might be described as a volume of literary addresses, rather than discursive essays. A certain definite line of thought is followed in each instance, and the whole is designed primarily to benefit the critic and teacher of literature. "But to that other large class known as the 'careful reader,'" the book will prove both wholesome and timely. The first paper, for example, takes up the question of "Greatness in Literature"—that is, the relative merits and rank of various authors. Although Professor Trent admits that it is a "rash attempt" to place different grades of genius in their respective places, he yet points out certain rules and considerations which should undoubtedly aid critics and readers in the just appreciation of the best.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"The Great Parliamentary Battle and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the Civil War," by Thomas Ricaud Martin, contains the great speeches of Northern and Southern statesmen on the occasion of the farewell speeches of the remarkable coterie of Southern Senators who surrendered their commissions to cast their fortunes with the Confederacy. They were as distinguished a body

of men as ever influenced a legislative assembly, and were great actors among the political sources of their day. These speeches give them rank among the great masters of English eloquence and style. It is safe to say that a most eventful and sensational page of American history was turned at noonday, December 1, 1861, when the Vice-President of the United States called the Senate to order. No more pathetic scene is recorded in history than the farewell of these men when they surrendered their commissions to cast their lives with the Confederacy.

The Neal Publishing Co., Washington and New York.

"The Flight of Georgiana," by Robert Neilson Stephens, is a story of love and peril in England in 1746, just after the battle of Culloden. The hero is a young Jacobite officer, escaping for his life, but his first glimpses of Georgiana puts everything else from his mind. In the exciting adventures which attend this reckless lover, the utmost courage, audacity and wit are called into play. The whole story, in matter and style, represents the author's endeavor to tell a romantic tale that shall be free from all sentimentality and affectation, and to depict humanity, not only as it displayed itself in the eighteenth century, but as it manifests itself at all times.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"A Servant of the Public" needs no special mention, except that it is the product of the mind of Anthony Hope. It is a novel, to be sure, but it is far from being all fiction. "A Servant of the People" deals largely with the life and the emotions of a distinguished actress while off the stage. The thread of the narrative shows in graphic word painting how she lived and moved and ordered her life outside of her profession, and also how the one influenced the

other. The book is a study in heroics, with a broad and charming quality of the truest of true womanhood everywhere dominating.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Heart's Haven," by Katharine Evans Blake, illustrated in colors by E. M. Ashe, is in many ways a remarkable book. The story has its beginnings at the founding of the Rappite community among the Pennsylvania hills at the close of the eighteenth century, where the nucleus of the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth was to be founded. The theme winds threads of love, devotion and religious fanaticism about Laurence von Korassel, Count of Rosenther, and his accomplished and beautiful American wife. Under protest of her great and loving heart Leah Korassel accompanied her husband to Pennsylvania and identified herself with the colony from a sense of duty to the man she loved. From the moment her husband announces his purpose to join the new religious sect in America down to the last act in the drama of a wild and foolish dream, the story overflows with rapidly changing incidents, the while making a story replete with thrilling interest.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"Jungle Tales and Jungle People," by Casper Whitney, is a decidedly interesting story of travel, adventure and observation in the Far East. The author was evidently moved to make long journeys in the wilds as well as among civilized people of Eastern Asia by a spirit of adventure, and was stirred to write about them for the information he could impart to the reading public. He depicts the human and brute life of India, Sumatra, Malay, Siam and the Far East generally in graphic and thrilling style. It is an entertaining

and instructive book from beginning to end.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

David Graham Phillips has given us a genuine "climber" story in "The Social Secretary," which is intensified by illustrations by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. "The Social Secretary" lays bare the process by which the Burks, hitherto obscure Westerners, achieve a first place in Washington society. The secretary is Miss Augusta Talltowers, through whose tact, perseverance and personal charm the difficult feat is accomplished. Incidentally Miss Talltowers falls in love, which adds to the interest of the story.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"San Quentin Days" is a little book of poems written by a convict in the San Quentin penitentiary. The poems are not great literary productions, but they do show that their author has a large fountain of love and tenderness in his heart, and that but for the one fatal mistake he might have been held in high esteem for true manliness and moral worth. His verse at times reaches the heights of lofty idealism.

Jos. M. Anderson, Sacramento, Cal.

"The Divine Comedy of Dante" is a series of lectures (four) delivered before the Ethical Society of St. Louis by its lecturer, Walter L. Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon is recognized as one of the most scholarly of the leaders of the ethical culture movement, and he delivered these lectures especially for those who have never read the poem, but would like to know something of it.

S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia.

"Sweethearts and Beaux" is by Minna Thomas Antrim, which is surprising, seeing that she can write

in a pleasing and entertaining way. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy will have to give way. "Sweethearts and Beaux" is far worse. Still a whole lot of people will buy and enjoy the little book. Some folks are built that way, mentally and ethically speaking.

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

"The True Character of the Bible," by Rev. L. P. Mercer, is an interpretation of the Scriptures from the view point of Swedenborg, Rev. Mercer being a leading minister of that sect, called the New Church. The book is a clear and comprehensive analysis of the history of Revelation, of the law of Divine Inspiration, of Correspondence, of parables, and of "higher criticism." All denominations will find the book instructive and a positive help in things spiritual.

The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia.

"The Best Policy," by Elliot Flower, illustrated by Geo. Boehm and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, is an argument in favor of life insurance, and the question is handled with ability as a principle in one's business life. Of course there is comedy and there is tragedy woven into and about a love story to give it interest, and on the whole it is an entertaining as well as an instructive book, the more so because it takes the "lid off" of things in the life insurance business that the public ought to know about.

"Cameron, of Lochiel," translated from the French of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, by Charles G. D. Roberts, is an interesting and valuable romance, which deals with that period in Canadian history when French and English were struggling for possession of that country. Its main theme recounts the romance of one Archie Cameron of Lochiel, who

finds himself by the stress of duty compelled to wage war against his old-time friends and the family of his sweetheart, a position which cannot fail to win for him the sympathy of all readers.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Semiramis and Other Plays," by Oliver Tilford Dargan, suggests not only a painstaking adjustment of historical facts and of fiction, but a scholarly weaving of the incidents into comprehensive dialogue. The first play, "Semiramis," opens in the tent of Menones on the plain before Ninerah, and from thence on the action is accumulative in thrilling situations. The second act begins in a hall in the palace of Ninus, king of Assyria; the third in the gardens overlooking the lake, and the fourth in the tent of Hucak, king of Armenia. The second play, "Carlotta," deals with Carlotta, wife of the ill-fated Maximillian of Mexico, and the incidents related to that tragedy. The third play, "The Poet," finds its theme in the life and writings of Edgar Allen Poe, and contemporary celebrities. It is a collection of rare plays and is as interesting as it is instructive.

Brentano's, New York.

"The Fusser's Book" is a set of "Rules" for the conduct of people, by Anna Archibald and Georgiana James, with elaborate illustrations by Florence Wyman. The book will please dyspeptics and pessimists, and the man or woman who is "soured on the world" or has been jilted in a love affair will pore over its pages and cry for more.

Fox, Duffield & Company, New York.

"The Grapple," by Grace MacGowan Cooke, is unlike anything this distinguished writer has given to the public. But for a fascinating and cleverly woven love story running through the book, it might be

called a very commonplace discussion of the labor question. There is an attempt to give both sides of the disastrous coal strike in Illinois, but it is very evident that the writer of the story has not spent much time in the study of the philosophy and science of economics. On the whole, however, it is an interesting book.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"McAllister and his Double," by Arthur Train, may be classed with Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes." The predicaments that McAllister's double (otherwise his one-time valet, Wilkins) brings his ex-employer into, are ludicrous in the extreme, and always enjoyable because of the fact that their climax is invariably the extrication of both master and man. The reading public could easily stand many more of the same kind of stories from Train, with a McAllister in the title role.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"At the Sign of the Dollar," by Wallace Irwin, illustrated by E. W. Kemble, is a book of fun, wit and satire on American character, observed and guessed at, and all done in very good verse. He is stupid to the boundary line of idiocy who fails to be amused and entertained by this effort of Irwin.

Fox, Duffield & Company, New York.

"The Armstrongs," by Laura E. Richards, tells about three city children—Edith, May and Agatha Armstrong—who spend a summer with their mother's spinster cousin, Miss Eunice Verney, who occupies a big ancestral farm in the country. The visit to Bywood is fruitful in adventures, which are related to the mother of the girls in a series of letters written by each of the children, and also by dear, prim, kind-hearted Miss Eunice. Phil, the brother of the three girls, and a very wide-

awake and attractive boy, also figures prominently in the story. "The Armstrongs" is breezy, spirited and fascinating, and the girl will be fortunate who can add it to her bookshelf.

Dana Estes & Company, Boston.

"Our Little French Cousin," by Blanche McManus, and illustrated by the author, is a charming story of the daily life of a little French girl, living in a Norman village in France. The characteristics of the people are interwoven with Norman history in a way that makes the book one of great interest to both young and old.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"The Return to the Trails" is another one of Charles G. D. Roberts' interesting animal stories, and it is fully up to the best he has written. The book recites adventure wherein desperate as well as amusing situations are encountered in valley and upon mountain. The story holds the attention of the reader throughout. The book is illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Emerson Hough's new novel, "Heart's Desire," is a highly entertaining story of a contented town and the peculiarity of its citizens, including two lovers of the more fortunate kind. The breezy atmosphere and crisp freshness in and about the town of "Heart's Desire" gives the theme plenty of the emotional, the serious and the grotesque. Illustrated.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Baglioni" is a notable piece of dramatic verse by Henry Lane Eno. It is a five-act drama of high poetic quality, and of a favor rarely found in the dramatic writings of the present day. The source of the story is found in the chronicles of a his-

torian contemporary with the celebrated Baglioni family, which ruled in Umbria for half a century or more, who was, it is supposed, an actual witness of many of the exciting scenes which he records, and whose literary talents were largely devoted to the annals of this family.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"John Whopper," by Thomas M. Clark, late Bishop of Rhode Island, with an introduction by Bishop Potter, is a thrilling but wholesome story for boys. The theme of the story is how a newsboy traveled all over the world, including a visit to the North Pole.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Life More Abundant," by Henry Wood, is a very clear and comprehensive analysis and review of the Bible from the view point of modern application, including the use and the abuse of the higher criticism of the Sacred Book. Mr. Wood attempts to apply a test to the sufficiency as well as the authenticity of the Bible, and his work shows diligent research and careful comparison. It is a valuable book for believers as well as disbelievers in the Written Word.

Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

"The Larkin's Wedding" is an illustrated story by Alice McAlilly of rare fascination. The scene is laid in the Middle West, and the characters are real people of the kind that instantly engage one's sympathy and downright liking. The story is fairly saturated with gayety, good humor and shrewd philosophy. Mrs. Larkins's outlook on life is as sane and wholesome as it is humorous, crystallizing in happy phrase whole chapters of every-day experience.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"The Counsels of a Worldly Grandmother" is by Persis Mather,

and consists of a series of letters dealing with the daily round of modern society, social success, the value of ancestors, the fad of philanthropy, the art of conversation, snobbishness, vulgarity, the subject of marriage and divorce, and all the incidents of worldly life, as known in what is generally called the "inner circles." The letters, in fact, give the personal observations of an experienced and sensible member of society.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"A Little Girl in Old San Francisco," by Amanda M. Douglas, is the tenth book of the "Little Girl Series," and each one is a gem in its way. This tenth little girl travels all the way from Maine to California by the water route in the early days of the "Yankee immigration" to the Golden Gate, and the voyage and the incidents in her life during long years of sojourn on the Pacific Coast are told in a pleasing and decidedly instructive way. It is a splendid story.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

"Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie," by Stephen Conrad, is an uproarious story in spots, and as a whole it is what might be called the "philosophy of fun," with many awkward as well as many picturesque situations. The theme is a delightful stepmother and her curious but forceful philosophy. The story has a plot, of course, but it is of the wholesome sort. The book should quickly get a strong hold on the public.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

"Merciful Unto Me, a Sinner," by Elinor Dawson, is a story, and something more. The theme is in harmony with higher ethics, and the story abounds throughout with object lessons for those who are struggling against adverse environment,

and who is not? The book was written, no doubt, to encourage the development of the moral bravery and heroism that is at least latent in every one; besides that, the story is one of interest and altogether uplifting.

Thompson & Thomas, Chicago.

"Yourie Guardenin" is an anonymous production, but evidently the author knows a great deal of what he tells about. The book is a study of Russian character, but there is enough fiction woven about well-known facts to make the story of great interest, especially at this time when the Russian populace is occupying so much of the public eye in the struggle of the common people to secure a larger degree of personal liberty and more voice in the administration of the government. It is a deeply interesting book.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

"Patty in the City," by Carolyn Wells, is a breezy, wholesome novel whose theme is the transplantation of a country girl to New York. But Patty was not a poor girl who had to go out into the world to fight the battle of life alone. She was installed in the great city with her father, who did business there, and at once entered the swim of more or less fashionable life. The story is interesting as to the trend of the theme, while the blending of situations is artistic. Patty is an exceedingly enjoyable character. The illustrations are excellent.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

"The Deluge," by David Graham Phillips, artistically illustrated by George Gibbs, is a book that will sell by the thousand, because the story deals with the heart-made merchandise of, and of the power of gold. But, after all, fiction as it is, in some measure it is more truth than fic-

tion as mirrored in the shadowy glass of much of modern fashionable life. It is a strongly written story, and the situations are graphically painted.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"The Romance of Gentle Will," by Clyde C. Westover, is asserted by the author to be a hitherto unpublished chapter in the story, or stories, of the love of Shakespeare. If the data for the story be substantially trustworthy, the book will be received by the admirers of the "Immortal Bard" with deep gratitude, for it presents a phase of his life that has hitherto been hidden in the darkness of the centuries, nor is there any reason to question the author in the premises. But call it pure fiction, even then it is intensely interesting.

The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

"Nedra," by George Barr McCutcheon and handsomely illustrated in colors by Harrison Fisher, is a story that begins in Chicago and ends where it should—marriage—but between the beginning and the end, plenty of the spectacular, the hazardous, the heroic and the tenderness and devotion of a real woman. "Nedra" is one of the most interesting and forceful novels of the year. Although it is fiction, it paints realities in colorings that attract the reader from the first to the last chapter.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, has just issued an exceedingly handsome volume of James Whitcomb Riley's "Songs O' Cheer," with twenty-six exquisite illustrations by Will Vanter. The "O' Cheer" poems include over fifty of Riley's best inspirations, and the book is worthy of a con-

spicuous place upon the library table of every man and woman who loves sweet verse and lofty ideals.

"Little Almond Blossoms," by Jessie Juliet Knox, is a collection of charming pen pictures of child life in the land of the almond-eyed Celestials. The book contains fairy stories, such as the little folk of the Flowery Kingdom love to hear, and graphic descriptions of the home environment and amusements of the children of the country of Kong-Fu-Tse. The tales are exquisitely illustrated and embellished with pictures of Chinese children. Although it is a book of more than 240 pages, the reader wishes there were more.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

"The Wood Fire in No. 3," by F. Hopkins Smith, illustrated in colors by Alonzo Kimball, is a story of the painter, Mr. Whistler, and his friends who gather from time to time around the wood fire in No. 3, and is told with all the humor, tenderness and gayety of which the author is master. In this group of congenial men, the spirit of goodfellowship finds free play in the frank exchange of odd or humorous experiences common to clubable men the world over.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Spanish Settlements in Florida," with maps, by Woodbury Lowery, is a continuation of "The Spanish Settlements in the Present Limits of the United States 1513-1561," but the story is complete in itself. It embraces the period of the French settlement in Florida under Ribaut and Laudonniere, their expulsion of Pedro Menendez de Aviles, and the foundation of the first permanent Spanish colony. In addition to the relation of the events in Florida, the volume contains a review of the Spanish policy with re-

gard to French aggression in North America, and the diplomatic relations between Philip II and Catherine de Medici in respect to their conflicting claims to Florida, both previous and subsequent to the massacre of the Huguenots by the Spaniards. It also gives the history of the various missions in Florida, South Carolina and Virginia undertaken at the instigation of Spain.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"Vital Questions," by Henry Dwight Chapin, M. D., is a stirring appeal to all classes of people. It is no doubt true that the physician wields a tremendous power for good, both physical and mental. He has unusual chances to study the individual, the family and the community. It is worth while, then, to pause awhile and listen to a physician of ability and reputation discussing some of the "vital questions" of society and the individual. Though he takes some of the best known questions, they are the ones which come up for continual answer and doubt, such as "Inequality," "Poverty," "The Child," "Health," "Education" and "Success." The discussions are free from motive, except to find the underlying truth and set it forth in the plainest terms. They are wholesome and stimulating to a marked degree and cover a wide range of interest.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

The latest of the Pocket Books is "A Fool for Love," by Francis Lynde, and illustrated by George Brehm. The Pocket Book Series is, as most people know, short stories by the best writers, and "A Fool for Love" is fully up to the standard of the series.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

"The Quest of the Gorgon" is a musical drama, the text being by Newton J. Tharp, and the music by Theodore Vogt, whose theme deals with the gods and goddesses of the mythology of the Homeric period. The story is divided into five episodes, the one merging into the other without a jar. As a literary production, "The Quest of the Gorgon" at once reaches the heights of worthy merit and maintains its excellence of diction, smoothness of action and strong conception throughout. A choral number of great brilliancy is introduced with so much realism thrown about it one is almost persuaded that he is living in the days when Perseus set out to slay Gorgon. The music is largely descriptive, which unveils the motifs so distinctly that the theme and the score are charmingly interwoven.

"The Diary of a Bride," by Anne Warner, illustrated in colors by the Decorative Designers, is undoubtedly one of the most original and readable books of the season. Beginning with the "fateful seven letters, married," this bride describes her emotions, hopes, joys and fears during the first year of her wedded life. But the book does not keep to the dead level of honeymoon sentimentality. Instead, while there are many little touches of affection, it embodies an agreeable dash of humor, a story of home-making, a taste for the unconventional, and, throughout, a rambling vein of feminine reflections on many things which make it thoroughly attractive.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

"The Loves of Great Composers," by Gustav Kobbe, is an entertaining book, with the stories of the great composers told in a chatty and attractive way. Instead of treating certain famous figures of musical history in a formal way, Mr. Kobbe

draws aside the veil from their inner life and shows the men themselves and the heart affairs which swayed or moulded their genius. The romances of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner are told, and many new facts are given, and old errors corrected. Thus the fact is established that Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved" was not the Countess Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the "Moonlight Sonata," but her cousin, Countess Therese Brunswick, and the story of the courtship, engagement and separation is fully told. Similarly, a widespread myth regarding the Countess Potocka, who sang for the dying Chopin, is here exploded. Untranslated material furnishes the basis of the Schumann, Liszt and Wagner stories, replete with new and interesting data.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

"The House of a Thousand Candles," by Meredith Nicholson, illustrated in colors by Howard C. Christy, is fiction of the better class, but the thread of the story is not weakened by prudishness. As a whole, the book is entertaining and instructive, so much so that the reader is not likely to put it aside until "the most patient of women" steps out into the sunshine of spring time. The author knows much of the "heart doctrine," and he has not been beggarly of it in this praiseworthy story.

Bobbs, Merrill & Company, Indianapolis.

"Oriental Studies," by Lewis Dayton Burdick, is a scholarly study of the antiquity of our ethical ideals, and the unprejudiced mind will admit that he has demolished the theory that the Mosaic Law forms the ground-work of existing civil and moral laws. The author goes to the bottom of his theme and finds

codes of ethics and laws that antedated Moses by thousands of years. That is to say, the people of the ancient world furnished Moses with data for his Sinai revelations. "Oriental Studies" is one of the most useful books of the year.

The Irving Company, Oxford, New York.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York, has issued another charming story from the pen of Florence Warden, "The House by the River." "The House on the Marsh," by the same author, had an almost unprecedented sale, and her latest effort excels it in every way. No place in this story is found where interest lags, but rather is interest intensified as the theme unfolds. From the standpoint of ethics, the book is all that could be desired, and as a literary production the story is practically faultless.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, has just issued "The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer," by Frank H. Vizetelly, which contains valuable directions to authors as to the manner of preparing copy and correcting proofs.

"The Divine Philosophy," by G. J. Ferchen, A. M., Ph. D., is a manual to assist Bible students, and altogether it is one of the best and clearest expositions of the Swedenborg interpretation of the Bible that has been given to the world.

The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia.

"Louisiana," the latest of the American Commonwealth Series, by Albert Phelps, is, perhaps, the most interesting because it deals with the Latin settlements in the Mississippi Valley. The book clearly sets forth how France sent its subjects to the Mississippi region to restrict the English colonies.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., N. Y.

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